Encounter

February 1973 35p

Beyond the Old & New Left

What Prospects for Socialism?

Richard Lowenthal

Journey to Ethiopia

David Holden

SAMIZDAT
Julius Telesin

STORY
Stephen Thorpe

TERRORISM
D. V. Segre &
J. H. Adler

ART BOOKS

Anthony Powell
Derwent May
Edward Lucie-Smith
Denys Sutton
Paul Overy
Pierre Schneider

Willy Brandt's Germany

John Mander

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now you can stay in one of the best hotels in New York -for free

If you have a week to spare fly with us to New York this winter.

We'll fly you over on one of our 747s. Put you up in one of the best hotels in New York (you have a choice of three). You'll have a single or double room with your own private bath. We take you sightseeing. And then after a week we fly you back again.

The all-inclusive tour prices start from £117– even that's a saving of about 30% on the normal economy airfare available for a one-week tour. The rest is on us. (Prices based on 7/8-day winter group inclusive tour fares effective Nov.1st to Dec.14th, 1972, and Jan.5th to Mar.31st,1973 for groups of 10 passengers. You don't have to form a group yourself. Your travel agent or Pan Am will do it.)

So, if that sounds like a nice thing to do, your travel agent can tell you more, or send for our brochure for full details.

The world's most experienced airline. Pan Am

To Pan Am, P.O. Box 700, London SW4

Please send me your free brochure of Pan Am's winter bargain tours to the U.S.A.

Name_____

Address_____

ENC. 4

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

FEBRUARY 1973

VOL. XL NO. 2

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* D. J. ENRIGHT

MANAGING EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley.* ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Bryan Healing.*
GENERAL MANAGER: *Anthony Robinson.* ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall.*
ADVISORY BOARD: *Maurice Cranston, Anthony Hartley, Leo Labedz, John Mander, Goronwy Rees, Edward Shils, John Weightman.*

Published monthly by Encounter Ltd. at 59 St Martin's Lane London WC2N 4JS
Per copy: UK 35p: USA & Canada $1·25: Back numbers 35p ($1·25).
Annual subscription: UK £4: USA & Canada $14 (by air $15·50): Elsewhere £4·95.
Full-time students (state place and course of study): UK £3·15: USA and Canada $10: Elsewhere £3·15.
Trade/Subscription Department: Encounter Ltd. 59 St Martin's Lane London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194).
US news-stand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. P.O. Box 6014, Long Island City, N.Y. 11106.
Authorised as Second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © *1973 by Encounter Ltd.*

THE FLESH BETWEEN *(story)* 3 *Stephen J. Thorpe*

WHAT PROSPECTS FOR SOCIALISM? 8 *Richard Lowenthal*

THE ECOLOGY OF TERRORISM 17 *D. V. Segre & J. H. Adler*

INSIDE "SAMIZDAT" 25 *Julius Telesin*

COLUMN 34 *R*

THEATRE

NO BUSINESS TO BE LIKE SHOW-BUSINESS 37 *John Weightman*

POETRY

Karen Gershon 7, *Douglas Dunn* 16, *Wolf Biermann* 24, *Graeme Wilson* 39, *Michael Burn* 40, *Peter Porter* 41

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION: ASPECTS OF ART

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD? 43 *Edward Lucie-Smith*

FROM PILLAR TO POSTER 47 *Paul Overy*

THE FLIGHT FROM ROMANTICISM 53 *Anthony Powell*

"CHRIST OR A SAUCEPAN" 55 *Derwent May*

THE AGE OF NEO-CLASSICISM 59 *Pierre Schneider*

ON THE SCRUTINY OF LABELS 63 *Denys Sutton*

EAST & WEST

WILLY BRANDT'S VICTORY 68 *John Mander*

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

ETHIOPIA—FORTY YEARS ON 76 *David Holden*

TELEVISION

ANGLO-AMERICAN DIFFERENCES 88 *Stuart Hood*

LETTERS 92

AUTHORS 96

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABACUS

THE DISTINGUISHED NEW IMPRINT FOR MODERN NON-FICTION

Four Titles For February Publication

UFOs – OPERATION TROJAN HORSE
John A. Keel **60p**

Is there a hidden power on Earth directing unidentified flying objects?

THE PARADE'S GONE BY
Kevin Brownlow **£1-75**

A vivid, affectionate portrait of Hollywood and the silent film era – profusely illustrated with many rare photographs

TOUCH THE EARTH *Terri McLuhan* **75p**

A moving collection of writings of the Red Indian nation from the time of the first European settlements to the present day – illustrated with superb photographs by Edward S. Curtis.

THE VIEW OVER ATLANTIS
John Michell **75p**

Was there an ancient mystical science emanating from the lost continent? And is there present day evidence of its existence?

For a full list of ABACUS books, please write to the Publicity Department, Sphere Books Ltd, 30-32 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stephen J. Thorpe

The Flesh Between

BEFORE THE WAR—which is not to distinguish it from other wars, but from other people's wars—I lived at home with mother. At that time I thought she was crazy.

Mother was a gaunt, aristocratic woman, hard-minded. She was opinionated, yes, but strangely so in that her intelligence was as deep as it was hard and encompassed not only a broad range of subject matter but also a variety of points of view within each subject. Upon hearing me say this, one who had not known her might imagine her a sloppy liberal, floundering in a mass of media-induced opinion. Such was not the case.

In conversation with others she would pick a point of view and stick to it no matter the topics touched. This ability in a dispute to see the various sides, sort them out, then pick her consistent line of reasoning, depending on time, place, and company involved, could have made her a great mediator; but, alas, she chose always that side of an argument most distasteful to those others present. Consequently, my father left her when I was still a child, and by the time I was ten, she had no friends to speak of—or to—which caused her great suffering.

It was during the time I passed through ages eleven to eighteen that I thought her crazy. She used to sit in the parlour and hold heated dialogues with herself, always on the most controversial issue of the day and choosing the most diametrically opposed positions. When I was in my seventeenth year I asked her about these schizophrenic conversations, indicating that they both displeased and worried me. Although she appeared upset, she gave a one sentence reply which conveyed to me the development of boredom and her fear of intellectual atrophy subsequent to the time she ceased to be welcome in the houses of our city's intelligentsia, while making it perfectly clear that I had no business either listening to her or commenting on her activities. She spent the greater portion of the last year of her life staring silently at the parlour wall.

All this was, as I said, at that time before The War when I had not yet left home and was still ambulatory. Ah, the connotations of that word, "ambulatory." I doubt that anyone who has full use of his limbs can appreciate the exuberant poetry contained in those five syllables. Each day I hold them up in varying combinations to admire their rolling gait against the pale green canopy of what was once my mother's bed in the second floor master bedroom of the house preserved against my eventual return. In them I see the sun, burning a panoply of rough-cut gem stones into the wind-ruffed surface of a mountain lake and reflecting softly from the variegated colour tones of a surrounding meadow in full spring blossom. I see a younger, more slender image of myself unscarred by The War, walking freely through the meadow to the edge of the lake, climbing to the top of a nearby peak for an overview of this spacious valley through which I daily amble, which I call Amble in symbolic honour of her relationship to that seldom visited sister spot in my mind, the Greek river Meander.

TO THE WAR I give thanks for showing me this place in my mind where I, untiring, experience unrestricted freedom of movement. Without The War I would not have been confined to this empty bedroom with its

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

canopy bed and faded walls from which I commence my cerebral journeys to Amble.

SHORTLY after the military hospital returned me to the house—empty of mother these past three years but carrying on with the old staff of servants and grounds keepers—I had Molly, with the help of the gardener and his son, move all the furniture from the room. The tables and chairs, stools and throw pillows disgusted me with their implications of people standing and walking and sitting down. They were an affront to this obese walrus of a body which lies here unable to take its directions from my self—housed mainly in my head and to a lesser extent in these two arms whose hands are barely able to touch over the immobile bulk of my stomach.

One might suspect that I am bitter. That is not true. The view of the ideal world, Amble, which The War's paralysing wound has given, has been worth any pain I might once have felt, has expunged even the political bitterness I experienced in my earlier youth. Rather than wish I had never been in The War, I wish that the enemy who fired his blessed bullet had aimed a trifle more carefully to strike my spine less than an inch higher. Had his training been more thorough he might also have taken my arms and their hands, the seat and source of the conflict which now distracts me from paradise.

I AM LEFT-HANDED by birth. Had I been born into a left-handed world, my present problem would probably not have arisen, but it is a right-handed world and the anxiety of my seldom-used right hand, on stage as it is with a myriad more accomplished peers, has always been acute. My wounding, otherwise such a boon, has provoked considerable suffering and much sweaty twisting of sheets down along the right side of my blubbery half corpse, for my right hand feels slighted, and, indeed, it has good cause. Some sort of glandular complication which my doctor either cannot or will not describe fully, has swelled my body with fat to a point where it is physically impossible for my hands to undertake a mutual project.

Some months ago, they, my hands, could work together at knitting and macramé and my life in the canopy bed was as harmonious, though not as pleasant, as my life in the fields of Amble. However, as my corpus of flesh grew and hand to hand contact became more difficult, I abandoned two-handed crafts and came to rely more and more on my stronger left hand for the daily necessities of life. The crafts simply were not worth the grotesque clawing at belly blubber required to bring my two hands together and also they detracted from time I could spend in Amble.

At that time I, where I reside in my head, still had some control over my two remaining limbs, but my right hand alone was so clumsy as to be almost useless and I ignored it. Now, I see my ignoring as an ignoble sort of ignorance. That I could not see the result of my neglect is not so much lamentable as darkly humorous. What developed was jealousy on the right and a glimmering of hostile suspicion on the left.

I was also master of myself in a number of small ways which, then, seemed insignificant. I had such a fixation on the control of my hands, a hangover from what passed as physical therapy at the military hospital, that I missed noticing the control I was able to exercise on my breathing, my bladder—my retention of bladder control was a source of constant consternation to my doctor—on the dilation and contraction of my heart and blood vessels. I am almost certain that, had I been more cognisant of these functions, I could have prevented the shaping struggle, since in the beginning neither side felt strong enough to embark on an adventure alone.

I talk about things I could have done. I must admit that I wasn't aware of the struggle in its origins because I was preoccupied with my habit of ambling along Meander and, more often, meandering through Amble. Now, at the moment of crisis, I can only attempt to reconstruct what actually took place by applying those powers with which I was able to build Amble in the first place.

Oh yes, in my more lucid moments I admit that Amble is a place I made rather than found; but even with affairs as they now stand, I affirm that the time and mental energy burned in Amble's construction was infinitely better used there than here in this room to which I have been rudely recalled. No, strike that last statement from the record. It was designed to prejudice my audience. I desire not to force a value judgment;

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rather, I reconstruct and recount the events in the chain that leads to the present.

What happened during my ambles was that my rebuffed and neglected right hand plotted vengeance against my left. It reasoned, and correctly so, that if my left hand were maimed or disposed of, I would be obliged to depend on the right. To storm the left by force was difficult, that tactic blocked both by the current balance of power and the inert flesh occupying the space between them. But I am, in all parts, as subtle as my mother's intellect.

During that early period of the conflict, I remember something of my occasional returns to the canopied bed, and I did notice that I most often found my right hand forced as high up on my rib cage as it was able to reach, clutching and relaxing, clutching and relaxing. I didn't mark the activity at the time, but subsequent events lead me to understand that the plot was to take over my lungs, to make my right lung and then the left in sympathy with it completely dependent on my right hand. My subconscious didn't object, indeed, I think it cooperated in the effort as I remember Amble at that time taking on details that had not been present before and can only conclude that these were due to the release of mental energy made possible by entrusting the matter of breathing to what I thought was a loyal right hand.

It wasn't until after this recognition that my right hand, and not I, had control of my lungs, that my left became alarmed enough to take action. Before, the left had been too busy with its regular tasks to notice what it afterward considered subversive acts undertaken on the right. My left hand took the most obvious course open; it took over my heart. Thus, I awakened one afternoon to the ludicrous scene of two pudgy-fingered hands working frantically at the thick, yielding surface of my body.

There followed a period of alignments and divisiveness throughout the bulk of my blubber-ridden frame. It was as if my still mobile lateral extremities were contesting for the allegiance of the whole, down to the last molecule. Much to the relief of my doctor, who had been outspoken about his distaste for medical mysteries, I lost control of my bladder. As both my hands seemed totally involved in projects of their own, responsibility for my thrice daily feeding devolved upon poor Molly, less outspoken than my doctor though she finds me infinitely more distasteful on a level far removed from the medical aspects of my case.

THE DOCTOR thinks I am dying. Molly, in her inimitable distant servant attitude, treats me as if I were already dead; but since the struggle between my two hands began in earnest, I must admit I have felt more alive than before I became bed-ridden. Portions of my anatomy which previously ticked out their functions with quiet discretion have lately been behaving in such a way as to make me aware for the first time of their life and vitality. Beneath the thick layer of fat, I feel great pulsing fluctuations as my various organs and banks of half-atrophied muscle undergo shifting contortions in response to the alternate calls of right and left.

Of late I have taken to returning from Amble to lie in this bare room and watch the shiftings of living tides across the wasteland of my heretofore inert bulk. I feel a new sort of life growing in me. I don't mean to make the misleading implication that I think I will recover. My organic tides are not so much an action of the whole as they are a response by the whole—most of which remains useless fat—to the individual and often conflicting actions of a comparatively small amount of tissue. Though they now control both respiration and circulation—and I assume that one of them controls my bladder—neither hand has been able to incite to action or even win over entirely the greater part of the flesh between them. Control of tissue, however, appears to have been only part of the strategy.

I spent most of today in Amble. Something strange and wonderful is happening. The springtime which has endured there for so long, which I thought was eternal, has been giving rapid way to summer and I have been content to pass most of my time sitting by the lake and watching the changes in colour caused by the unseasonable rise in temperature. Also, I am increasingly aware that someone else is there with me. I haven't yet met this other being—I think of her as female for some reason—but I sense that I am being watched.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contrary to what I would have expected, the thought that another has stumbled into my utopia has brought with it a delicious excitement. Part of the reason I have voluntarily suspended my normal freedom of movement in Amble has been to prolong the delicate suspense of speculations about whom I will find upon investigation. It is, therefore, distressing that I find myself obliged to remain in the canopy bed after dinner.

For some reason Molly found me more repugnant than usual this evening. When I suggested that she stop shoving bits of steak into my mouth she complied readily and walked efficiently out of the room without even a good-night. I am sorry for having been short with her. She has been a good and devoted servant, but for some reason her right-handedness and her way of perching expertly on the right side of the bed to feed me was repellent.

Also, I am somewhat distracted by the uncomfortable feeling that during my absence the bed has taken on additional cargo, a number of small articles which are poking into the folds of fat where they meet the mattress on both sides of my body. My main discomfort is located between hip and rib cage on my right side, although there is a considerable concentration of objects in the same location on the left.

Something is afoot—I might appropriately say afinger. My hands have left off their ministrations to my body and I am afflicted by a peculiar twitching below both shoulders. The idea enters my head that after arduous training, my pectoral muscles have been given control of heart and lungs, freeing my hands for some kind of confrontation. Fingers probe the fat along both my sides, probe and depart, probe and depart, and with each departure my physical discomfort lessens.

Exerting some effort, I am able to move my head enough to see part of what is going on. The bedclothes have been pushed askew down around my pelvis, and laid out on the sheet to my right there is a peculiar array: a lighter, shaving brush, a small can of aerosol deodorant, several forks, a butter knife, and a fountain pen. These things I can only take as a makeshift arsenal. That of the other side is smaller but more potentially lethal: a fork, two knives, a feather duster, and a straight razor.

MOLLY HAS LEFT ME comfortably propped up in the bed and when I relax from my attempts to ascertain what is going on in the areas shadowed by my fat, I have an easy view of my nightshirt where it stretches over the mound of my torso. It is quiet, that mound; except for the twitching pectorals at the lower edge of my vision, its pulsings have stopped in anticipation of events to come. It lies still to create the illusion that it is disinterested, fallow ground, a theatre for the planting in which it won't take part. Watching, I feel like a spectator at a jousting match.

I don't have to wait long. On my right a hand creeps three-fingered toward the arena's centre, clutching the open fountain pen menacingly between thumb and forefinger. The foray is met by my fork-wielding left. Fierce fencing ensues across intervening fat. Ink splatters my nightshirt. Right lunges to score an enraging blue-stained prick on the second knuckle of left's forefinger. Left retreats out of view only to return seconds later, cutting swaths in the air with the razor.

The razor strokes are dangerously low. They cause contracting shudders in the outermost fatty layers. A button is clipped neatly and I am momentarily distracted by its description of an orderly arc toward the headboard. I look back to find a stand-off. Right's pen point has been severed about a quarter inch down the stem, and he has withdrawn out of range where he waits for a moment before retreating to the arsenal.

I smell fluid and hear the lighter wheel rasp against flint. Abruptly, right returns to the scene, gripping the deodorant can which spouts a stream of flaming gas. Left is caught off guard and in spite of his flurry of defensive cuts the sweet scent of flesh rises under the sickening stench of flaming deodorant.

Escalation has been startlingly abrupt. My body is suddenly engaged in an undirected riot of movement. Deep-lying organs, which have long been taking irrational sides in a conflict they initially regarded as an interestingly harmless contest for an insignificant amount of power, are making a last minute grasp of sanity. The heavings of my innards

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

throw up a mound of innocent fat which, like a hapless human wave, is instantly shredded and burned. Concurrently, my pectoral muscles—high enough above the scene of combat to remain aligned—push against their captive organs in an effort by the right to reduce the girth of my torso and an attempt made by both sides to deny life-giving oxygen to each other. The mystery of where my sphincter's loyalty lies is solved; I feel a spreading wetness indicative of an ineffectual spout of water directed at right's flame thrower.

Distracted by the indignity of wetting myself, I have missed part of the action. My right hand has been mortally wounded. It rests on the sheet, spouting blood from a cut that has half severed it from its wrist; and beside it lies the deodorant can, flame dead except for the bubbling plastic top which is melting and dripping fire on to the mattress.

Left is clearly the victor, but in the pain of the burns it has sustained and its weakness from lack of oxygen, it has gone berserk. It lunges at my right pectoral, sinking the razor into ridged muscle; and I, impatient to be gone from this place, catch it between my teeth and crush the last life out of its blackened fingers.

I said earlier that with a bit more attention to what was going on around me I might have prevented this conflict. The question of prevention is now academic. My body heaves in an agony of death shudders, chaotic, negating any notion of remaining goals and strategies.

I am leaving this disordered churning of charred and bleeding flesh, this atmosphere fouled by the smouldering mattress, for the pastoral quiet of Amble. . . .

THIS TIME the journey out of my body is incredibly difficult. I arrive to lie strangely incapacitated in the paradise constructed specifically to allow myself freedom of movement. The landscape here is hazy. It shades in and out of focus and I would have trouble staying except that that other being I previously sensed, is sitting here beside me. She is the only landmark I am able to see clearly.

She is mother. Erect and graceful in her aristocratic glory, she still reflects perfectly the image of the society which had refused her. She is comforting me as I die, telling me that I have done the right thing, the only thing I could have done; but there are long pauses between her consolations and I realise that in her mind she is also chiding me for the course, or perhaps courses, I did not take. As Amble fades, I realise she was never crazy. I realise that until a very short time ago, until my own engagement as social mirror, she was the most totally human and logically consistent person who ever lived.

Copyright © Stephen Thorpe 1973

Note to Stella

A growing girl grows out of everything.
What shall I do with this love which made me tend you
now that you're able to fend for yourself?
Parents make families which children break.
Before you start living for your children's sake:
take what I gave you, spend it on yourself.

Karen Gershon

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richard Lowenthal

What Prospects for Socialism?

THE PURPOSE of this essay is to discuss the political chances of socialist movements in industrially advanced, democratic societies. It does not deal with the problems of "Socialist" states under Communist one-party rule, nor with those of "socialist" movements seeking to transform countries still wrestling with the problems of modernisation. Even within the industrially advanced democracies, I shall only try to deal with movements which, for all their differences in programme and strategy, have a minimum of common outlook with regard to the direction in which they seek to transform society and the kind of means they envisage—an outlook based, I believe, on a common origin.

The common direction of all socialist movements, it seems to me, is the goal of a social order founded on more social and economic *equality*, higher social and economic *security*, and greater emphasis on *community values* than are produced by the spontaneous development of an industrial economy under the profit motive. The common denominator of the means all these movements envisage for approaching that goal is that they seek some form of effective *social control* over the dynamics of that economy.

THREE MAIN TYPES OF MOVEMENTS falling under this broad definition exist in modern societies today. They are distinguished not only by different emphasis and elaboration with regard to various aspects of the goal, but—more relevant for their political chances—by different strategies for achieving it.

1. The *Communists* believe that the socialist ideal can become reality only in a society without social classes and without state power; that the road to that goal must pass through the nationalisation or collectivisation of all means of production (hence through the destruction of the basis of livelihood of all classes defined by their private ownership of means of production, which demands repeated revolutionary upheavals); and that this achievement requires a concentration of dictatorial state power in the hands of their Party for a considerable period. Even where they work patiently within the framework of liberal-democratic institutions, their ultimate concept of social control is therefore not democratic control in this framework, but monopolistic control by their own centralistic Party.

2. The *Social Democrats* regard a classless and stateless society as utopian in the sense of being strictly impossible in modern technological conditions. They consider the preservation of individual liberties as equally important with the socialist goal itself, and a pluralistic democracy as a precondition both for the defence of individual liberties and for effective social control. They therefore reject a programme of total nationalisation and collectivisation that could be imposed only by a revolutionary dictatorship and seek to exercise social control of the economic system in the direction of the socialist goal by reforms within the framework of political democracy such as the use of techniques for economic planning, the expansion of public enterprise, of social security and of workers' participation in management, and educational measures aimed at equality of opportunity and at a transformation of social values. They, too, need governmental power for this programme, but they will seek it only in democratic conditions where the continued existence of rival parties makes it precarious and impermanent.

3. The various currents of the *New Left* share with the Communists the commitment to the goal of a classless and stateless society and the critique of pluralistic democracy as a form of capitalist class rule. They tend, however, to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reject a long-term party dictatorship as contrary to the goal of effective social control and to the "withering away" of the state. Accordingly, they are less committed to the nationalisation or collectivisation of the property of small producers, and strategically less concerned with the revolutionary seizure of state power. Instead, they concentrate on the direct weakening of the institutions they regard as the bastions of the physical, economic and ideological power of the ruling class—by seeking "democratic" participation in the control of the state executive, of enterprise management and of the organs of education and opinion, using for this purpose a combination of legal reform and extra-legal mass action. In this way, they hope to take over the levers for manipulating the consciousness of the masses, to paralyse the levers of state power and to disorganise the functioning of the capitalist economy to a point where a society free from exploitation and oppression will emerge in some undefined way.

The Deradicalisation of Classical Socialism

AN ATTEMPT TO JUDGE the political chances of these three types of socialist movements demands an analysis of the principal problems causing social discontent in industrially advanced societies, and of the adequacy of the different strategies for dealing with these problems. In seeking to sketch the outlines of such an analysis, I shall start from the salient change produced in recent decades by the successful solution of some formerly central problems of those societies and the rise of others.

From the time of Karl Marx to the 1930s, the most powerful single cause of mass discontent in modern industrial societies was the cyclical development of uncontrolled capitalist economies in general and the recurrence of mass unemployment in particular. Closely linked with economic instability were the phenomena of mass poverty and social insecurity. These were felt most acutely by the industrial working class, but they also afflicted the ranks of the small independent producers in constant danger of ruin, as well as the distributive trades and their employees. During the same period, which coincided with the heyday of the nation-states and colonial empires, the "imperialist" conflicts between the major powers were visibly motivated in part by economic rivalries for markets, raw materials, and spheres of capital investment; so that the two World Wars appeared in many eyes as due mainly to the influence of profit-seeking private interests on goverment policies. Accordingly, the classical socialist mass movements of both the Social Democratic and the Communist type appealed primarily to the industrial working class. Their immediate programmes concentrated —along with the defence or expansion of democracy (according to the situation)—on achieving steady economic growth, full and stable employment, comprehensive social security and international peace and cooperation by planned control of the economic process, with the help of such measures of nationalisation (or other forms of state intervention) as each party thought necessary and possible.

Under the impact of the world economic crisis of 1929–32 and of World War II and its aftermath, many of these problems have been solved or greatly reduced in importance in the leading Western industrial societies and in Japan—without revolutionary changes in the structure of ownership and under democratic political régimes. Techniques for achieving steady economic growth with high or near-full employment—first tried out toward the end of the Depression by the Swedish Social Democrats, the German National Socialists and the American New Deal, then spread by the requirements of rearmament and a war economy—have been generalised throughout the advanced democratic countries in the post-War period and proved largely independent from war or war-like conditions. The resulting economic affluence has combined with democratic pressures to make possible considerable, if uneven, expansions of social security in the same countries. It has also ended working-class poverty as a mass phenomenon. The same transformation of the economic system has enabled the dismantling of the colonial empires to take place without the expected reduction of the living standards of the metropolitan masses, which have in fact resumed their rise. Finally, economic rivalries among the democratic industrial countries have not, of course, disappeared. But they have greatly lost in virulence owing both to common prosperity, to increasing economic interpenetration and to the perception of a common political interest in resisting the pressure of the Communist powers. This has been most striking in the development of supra-national economic institutions in Western Europe.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As a result of these developments, most of the classical socialist movements in the advanced democracies have been increasingly "deradicalised" in their practice and (to a lesser extent) in their ideology. The Social Democrats have played a leading role in the post-War transformation of Britain; but they have been most persistently successful in the Scandinavian countries where they were least committed to demands for nationalisation and concentrated most exclusively on employment policy, social security, and redistributive reform. In West Germany, they achieved a growing share of governmental power only after a sharp break with the ideological remnants of doctrinaire traditions. In France and Italy, where the Communists traditionally constituted the leading party of the working class, they have evolved (after the short period of the anti-fascist post-War coalitions) from violent opposition in 1948–9 to verbally radical, but practically reformist, opposition of a type similar to the pre-1914 Social Democrats during the 1950s and early 60s. More recently they have made increasing efforts to become acceptable partners for a government coalition including assurances that they would respect the rules of the democratic game even if in power.

New Factors of Popular Discontent

Since the middle 1960s, however, new factors of popular discontent with the political, economic, and social functioning of the "capitalist democracies" have become increasingly effective, and have begun once again to transform the political scene.

1. Possibly of only transitory importance, but probably responsible for the timing of the change, has been the widespread revival of belief in a link between capitalist interest and war among intellectuals and the youth which started from the revulsion against the fighting in Viet Nam. It was this experience which gave a new plausibility to the fear that the East-West conflict with its attendant arms race was bound to lead to the horrors of actual war, and to the "explanation" of the entire conflict by the machinations of the "military-industrial complex" or by the class interests of the capitalists in general. Thus the universal desire for peace was once again turned into a motivation for radical anti-capitalism.

2. Most powerful among the new factors is probably the cultural revolt of an important part of the young generation against the "Affluent Society" itself—the rebellion against its cult of the consumer's most marginal material enjoyments, its spirit of competitive achievement, and the emptiness of its leisure activities which results from the evident lack of a common purpose. In linking the spiritual emptiness from which they suffer with the predominance of the profit motive and of competition on the market, the rebels devalue the productive achievements of the modern societies and look for an alternative in a socialist community of sacrifice. On that basis, they bitterly reject all authorities which accept the prevailing values, and direct their revolt not only against capitalist ownership but against every form of established authority or "domination."

3. Closest to the traditional motivations for mass discontent is the apparent revival of the "class struggle" in the advanced democracies in the context of accelerating inflation, and the emergence of stubborn, marginal, but by no means negligible pockets of poverty. The solution of the problem of maintaining high employment and steady economic growth has created the new, hitherto unsolved problem of combining this achievement with monetary stability and trade union freedom. True, many experts regard a moderate rate of inflation as an acceptable price for assuring employment and freedom. But to keep it moderate requires a degree of restraint from both unions and employers that is difficult to ensure in conditions of full political and organisational freedom and in a climate of otherwise unrestrained materialism. In turn, accelerating inflation may not only bring competitive disadvantage for whichever country runs ahead of others, but above all spells social disadvantage for the mass of small savers as well as the recipients of fixed salaries, social insurance rents and welfare payments, which include precisely the most persistent pockets of real poverty. The result is a spreading conviction that the mechanism of "the System" permits advantages to one group—a strong craft union, say, or a mass union, or the recipients of social benefits—only at the expense of another, and that restraint in such conditions is not meritorious but stupid.

4. However, the problem likely to prove ultimately decisive for the fate of "the System", and of any socialist alternative, is that of the physical and biological limits to economic

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

growth. This problem has for some time attracted widespread attention in the form of the fear of a "poisoned environment"; but it also includes the increasingly unmanageable ugliness and traffic chaos in our overcrowded cities, and the aspect of a possible exhaustion of raw material and energy resources is clearly even more vital. In the short run, the call for protection of the environment against pollution and for attention to urban problems is a powerful reinforcement for the old socialist argument that private economic activity may cause heavy social costs that do not appear in the calculations of the individual entrepreneur, and that social control of investment decisions is therefore necessary. It thus strengthens the demand for more public control of the direction—as distinct from the volume—of investment put forward on other social and cultural grounds. In the long run, the current debate about a suggested need to slow down the growth of output, and also of the human population, drastically or even to zero raises the question of the survival of the very type of industrial society we have known so far—a type that has been fundamentally geared to the assumption of growth both in the "capitalist" and in the Communist-governed economies.

ALL THE NEW FACTORS of popular discontent that have made themselves felt in the "capitalist" democracies in recent years favour at first sight a revival of the strength and militancy of socialist movements, because they clearly reinforce the call for a greater emphasis on community values at the expense of the profit motive and of other forms of material self-interest, and for a corresponding strengthening of social control. The opposition of community values to the material egotism of individuals and groups lies at the core of the cultural revolt of the young. A similar shift in the balance of motivations from self-interest to community interest is increasingly regarded as a precondition for stopping accelerated inflation without resort either to a return to mass unemployment or to a suppression of trade union freedom.

But obviously such a shift cannot be achieved by any amount of preaching while the dynamism of the economy remains based on the unrestrained pursuit of profit. The relevance of capitalism to war and the armament race may well prove far more limited than is assumed in the mythology of the radical Left, as both the poverty of its economic arguments and the recent policies of the conservative Nixon-Kissinger administration in the U.S. indicate. But as Cold War tensions abate, the conflicts of economic interest among the advanced capitalist democracies are gaining in importance as obstacles to stable international cooperation, even though they continue to be far less virulent than comparable conflicts among Communist states. Above all, an adjustment of industrial societies to the awareness of limits of growth seems inconceivable without extensive qualitative controls of the direction of investment, designed to ensure the primacy of the survival of the community over the free pursuit of profit by each particular enterprise.

The "New Left"

OF THE THREE MAIN TYPES of socialist movements existing today, the "New Left" is most naturally attuned to these new factors of social discontent. Indeed, it is the direct expression of the fact that many young people have come to reject a value system centred on material consumption, private gain and economic growth, as well as the need for efforts, sacrifices and discipline to achieve those goals. Within a few years, various movements of the "New Left" have been remarkably successful in transforming the climate of public discussion, undermining established authority, gaining influence on many educational institutions and weakening the organs of state power in a number of advanced democratic societies. They have also, by the example of militant actions of a new type and by organised work within the "established" left-wing parties and trade unions, begun to influence the policy of the latter in the direction of shattering the reformist consensus of the previous period. In France, the student revolt of May 1968 became the occasion of mass strikes that forced a more militant wage policy on the Communist-led trade unions and through them on the Communist Party. In Italy, a similar result was achieved by the gradual impact of "wildcat strikes" frequently led by younger workers under the influence of radical splinter groups. In West Germany and Scandinavia, organised left-wing factions have developed in the Social Democratic parties due to the systematic work of younger activists representing the resurgence of ideology. "New Left" activity has thus converged with the inflationary tendencies of the system itself to restore a measure of working-class militancy in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western Europe, even though the movement first arose outside the industrial working class.

Yet although "New Left" actions have frequently scored successes both for their immediate tactical objectives and for their strategic goal of transforming public consciousness, the movements of this type continue to lack the organisational and programmatic coherence which would qualify them as candidates for winning state power in their own right. Indeed, a profound distrust of every form of state power and an emphasis on "mass action" from below continue to be characteristic not only of their psychology and behaviour, but of whatever strategic political concepts they have so far developed. Yet effective social control of advanced industrial economies is not seriously conceivable without the use of the coordinated coercive power of the state. Any attempt to replace it in this function by piecemeal activities from below—by means of strikes, factory occupations, workers' control, boycotts, etc.—must necessarily increase the tendency toward economic chaos in general the more successful it is in detail. It therefore risks producing not a socialist new order, but a fascist backlash.

It follows that the "New Left" movements cannot by themselves bring about a political victory for "socialism" in their present form. Their impact on its chances will ultimately depend either on their evolution into new parties with a clearer concept of the road to power, or—more likely and more immediately—on the influence of their ideas and tactics on the established Social Democratic and Communist parties.

Difficulties & Contradictions

WILL THE Social Democratic parties be able to harness the new forces of popular discontent for an attractive programme of extending social control by democratic reforms? Such a development is conceivable, because these parties are showing themselves, after a period of complacent ideological stagnation shattered by New Left criticism, increasingly open to new ideas, and because some of the new issues have a much broader potential appeal to the electorate than mere class issues. But any strategy for extending state control of the economy by peaceful democratic reform must in present conditions face at least three major difficulties.

The first difficulty is that a more comprehensive policy of state control of the economy is not compatible with a one-sided policy of redistribution in favour of the industrial working class, either in substance or in tactics—and the "left" currents in the Social Democratic and the trade union movement are committed to both. A more effective qualitative control of the direction of investment, and even more an effort to slow down economic growth, is bound to be bitterly resisted by most of the capitalist owners and most of the "leisure class" accustomed to indulge in competitive consumption of luxury goods. It can only be justified by a decisive appeal to community values such as health, urban renewal, care for the poor, and ultimately to long-term survival; and it can only be achieved with the support of broad strata of middle-class intellectuals, technicians, and employees and of such receivers of fixed incomes as the civil servants, the small savers, and the publicly-supported poor. The support of these strata cannot be won—and the argument for more control not be credibly sustained—by a party whose special ties to the unions cause it to satisfy wage demands at the price of accelerated inflation, or to gear a redistributive tax policy exclusively to the interests of the industrial workers. As the industrial working class is a declining minority in all advanced countries, one-sided, militant redistribution in its favour is a recipe for political crisis ending possibly in revolution, but more likely in fascist reaction—certainly not for sustained democratic reform.

THE SECOND MAJOR DIFFICULTY concerns the very nature of any policy of controlling the direction and/or slowing down the pace of economic growth. The great achievement of the first major advance towards social control of capitalist economies has been the assurance of reasonably stable employment at a high level by means of steady economic growth. It was a growth that was uneven only inasmuch as technological innovations and new needs produced sudden spurts of demand for some goods and a falling-off for others.

The recognition that the rapid growth of certain lines of production may cause harm to the environment out of all proportion to their usefulness to individual buyers, or that it tends quickly to exhaust resources that may be needed for more vital purposes for many years to come, does not make these lines automatically unprofitable. It depends on a judgment about their social importance or harmfulness that is different

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from that expressed by monetary demand on the market in the absence of qualitative controls. It can therefore only be made effective by specific measures which either change the data for the market or directly interfere with it by administrative orders. The same applies *a fortiori* to a distinction between technological innovations that tend to save or to waste scarce raw materials, to economise or to use up city space, to permit the long-term satisfaction of basic needs with less goods or to stimulate the need for more.

But apart from the inherent difficulty of winning acceptance for such qualitative controls (which may well be opposed by many consumers in the interest of variety and freedom of choice as well as by capitalist producers in search of profits), their overall effect is likely to slow down the average pace of economic growth in the advanced industrial countries, as may indeed be inevitable if the approach of resource exhaustion is to be avoided—and this is bound to affect the level of employment in several ways, because employment largely depends on investment. On one side, the decision to stop investment for growth in certain directions is bound to create pockets of unemployment that can only be absorbed gradually by the retraining of workers and the relocation of alternative industries. On the other hand, such absorption will only be possible to the extent that overall growth continues. In a market economy, that can only be assured if there are always one or more particular lines of investment in new "growth industries" that provide the basis for the profit expectations of other investors and hence the impetus for the whole movement. In short, planning for high and stable employment in a limited growth economy poses problems which, while not insoluble, are inherently far more complicated than planning for stimulation of maximum growth. While at first sight each particular problem can be handled most easily by imposing particular measures of restriction or stimulation, the proliferation of such measures threatens to produce a loss of flexibility and efficiency and a consequent impoverishment in the manner familiar from war economies or from administrative planning of the Soviet type.

Now I do believe that *some* such loss of consumer satisfaction due to increased controls is indeed a preferable alternative to an uncontrolled race towards increasing destruction of the environment and exhaustion of resources; and it may therefore have to be accepted as an inescapable part of any realistic "socialist" programme for the coming period. But the difficulty of striking the right balance and of preparing a coordinated set of measures that will be both effective and democratically acceptable is surely obvious.

THE THIRD MAJOR DIFFICULTY lies in the narrow limits of any purely national policy of controlling economic growth. This is familiar from the present problem of keeping the employment- and growth-stimulating policies of different countries in step in conditions of national sovereignty over monetary policy. Any country that temporarily adopts deflationary measures may gain a competitive advantage in foreign trade, or may compel its competitors to deflate as well at the expense of full employment. But while this has proved manageable in a context of universal commitment to steady growth, a major policy reversal in favour of a long-term slow-down could clearly not be carried through in a national context. The risks of widening technological gaps opening between nations accustomed to close economic cooperation and leading to the creation of new trade barriers between them, need only be mentioned to show that a slow-down policy could only be carried out by agreement among the leading industrial nations of the world—hence after a victory of the control programme in most of them. A socialist policy in this field can only be international. Moreover, the implications of a slow-down of growth for armaments policy raise the question of its feasibility in a world divided by long-term conflict between rival power groups.

IN ADDITION TO THESE three major difficulties of extending social control over the economy by democratic structural reforms within the advanced societies, there is the enormous problem of their impact on the "Third World". The poor and underdeveloped countries with rapidly increasing populations constitute the majority of mankind. These countries cannot, and should not, be expected to slow down their (often all-too-slow) economic growth, on which the attainment of a tolerable standard of living for their masses depends. No politically and humanly conceivable redistribution between the "rich" and the "poor" countries could possibly enable them to dispense with such growth. Moreover, they may well feel that a slowdown of economic growth in the advanced countries would further reduce their

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chances of obtaining adequate outlets for their exports and sufficient aid for their own economic development.

Above all, no long-term equilibrium on this planet is now conceivable without a slow-down and probably an end to the growth of population, which concerns those countries in the first place. Even apart from the fundamental difficulty for any government to control a growth that depends, after all, on the most private enterprise that exists, many of the governments concerned may well be ideologically reluctant to stop the growth of what they regard as a power resource in the long run. But this is, I must note, not really a special difficulty for a Social Democratic solution of the problems of the modern societies, but a general difficulty for any solution.

A Communist Alternative?

AT FIRST GLANCE, most of the major difficulties of extending state control by democratic reform appear to favour the *Communist* alternative. Fundamentally opposed as they are to the régimes of the advanced democracies, the Communists will find it easy to exploit the new popular revulsion against war and the "anti-Communist" Cold War. They have merely to return to their tradition of class struggle in order to support the new trade union militancy against any appeals for restraint or "concerted action", while denouncing the acceleration of inflation and ascribing it to the machinations of the monopolies and, more generally, to the capitalist system founded on private profits. They are also free to advocate both nationalisation and increasingly detailed planning as in harmony with their doctrine and with the model of the Soviet Union. Thus they have a good chance of influencing the activism of the "New Left" (including those of its currents that operate in other socialist parties) by offering it a way of combining anti-capitalist and anti-government militancy with a power-oriented political strategy.

But the Communists in the advanced democracies can do this only at a price—that of abandoning their efforts of recent years to become "democratically respectable" in order to qualify for membership in a government majority. These efforts have long shaped their political strategy in Italy and have lately increasingly influenced it in France. It was precisely this strategy which made them potentially useful to Soviet foreign policy in a climate of *détente*, and formed the basis of the compromise under which Moscow tolerated a measure of criticism on their part so long as they maintained a general pro-Soviet orientation. A return to the pursuit of militancy without regard for the functioning of "the System" would necessarily isolate the Communists from their potential democratic partners. While it might bring them short-term successes among sections of the working class, it would cause—for the reasons I have mentioned in discussing the problems of Social Democracy—bitter resentment among large sections of the middle classes and the recipients of fixed incomes. This would not only deprive them of any chance of winning a democratic majority on their own; it would also ensure that, if they succeeded in creating a major crisis of the democratic system, the hopes of most of the victims of that crisis would not turn to them, but rather to some kind of authoritarian or fascist alternative. The same would apply *a fortiori* if the Communists' unwillingness to adopt a strategy of unrestrained militancy led to the growth of a militant mass party of "New Left" outlook in one country or another.

Whether the Communists decide to continue the pursuit of democratic respectability or to opt for a return to "revolutionary" militancy, they will thus be faced with the same dilemma as the Social Democrats—between a narrow concentration on their traditional working-class basis or the winning of a broad majority for social transformation. Moreover, the dilemma of the national limits of social control will haunt the Communists in the special form of the familiar limitations of public confidence in them, owing to their persistent basic orientation to the model of an outside power. Only if we assume that a Communist Party came to power in an advanced industrial country in spite of these difficulties (which has never happened yet), would it then have a decisive advantage over any Social Democratic government in *maintaining* power in spite of the difficulties of transition. It could (and would) suspend the operation of democracy and ruthlessly pursue its programme of social and economic transformation. Whether such a system of dictatorial state control of the economy could be described as *social control* in the sense of our initial working definition of "socialism" is, of course, the subject of a well-worn controversy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Materialism & Human Priorities

OUR TENTATIVE EXPLORATION of the political chances of socialism in modern societies has obviously raised more questions than it could answer. One broad result, however, seems to be clear. The historical forces pressing for a socialist transformation of industrial societies are today of a radically different kind from what they appeared to be in the view of socialist thinkers of the 19th and the first half of the 20th century.

Karl Marx believed that socialism would win when the capitalist relations of production had become a fetter on the further development of the productive forces. Lenin saw the imperialist stage of capitalism as characterised by "parasitic stagnation", and concluded that the time was ripe for socialist revolution on an international scale. The actual development of the capitalist economies, particularly since their partial transformation by public policies of high employment and steady growth, has completely refuted them. The growth of the productive forces in the advanced societies has in recent decades accelerated to a pace never dreamt of by either the prophets of Socialism or the critics of capitalism.

What has happened, however, is that under the impulse of the profit motive, the forces of destruction have grown along with the forces of production—not only in the familiar sense of the increasing destructiveness of modern weapons, but of the destructive impact of modern industrial technology on the environment and the natural resources—until they now threaten to outpace the latter. It looks as if the acceleration of technical progress under the profit system is tending to destroy its own material foundation. The call for socialism is thus turning from a cry for "liberating the productive forces from the fetters of capitalist ownership" into a cry for taming the uncontrolled growth of these forces promoted by the profit motive, so as to control its destructive effects.

BUT IF THIS IS SO, it does not only mean that the forces pressing for socialism have changed their character. It means that the basic relation between material progress and human values, on which the development of modern societies has been based, has to be rethought, and with it the relation of individual freedom and social survival. The 19th century in the West was dominated by a growing conviction that material progress was the foundation of all human progress. It was a conviction that has spread from the West into all countries in the process of modernisation, and of which the Marxian interpretation of history was perhaps the most comprehensive expression. That view has now become demonstrably outdated. Socialism can no longer be conceived as *assuring* a new unfolding of the human personality *on the basis* of unheard-of material progress, but must be seen as dependent on a change in the order of human values *at the expense* of the primacy of material progress.

Moreover, this change also affects the social value attached by the liberal tradition to the free pursuit of individual and group interests. Only extreme economic liberalism of the Manchester type has ever held that this freedom could or should be unlimited. But a far broader and more powerful tradition has argued, ever since the late 18th century, that given a common framework of moral and institutional "rules of the game", the free pursuit of these interests by individuals and groups was a dynamic force of incomparable power for the common welfare. This view was based on the experience of the process of modernisation in the West and was economically expressed in Adam Smith's doctrine of the "hidden hand." In a different form it also underlies the historical optimism of Hegel's "cunning of reason" and even of the Marxian dialectic of the class struggle. In all these philosophies, men are shown to contribute ultimately to the common good, even if often unwittingly, by the pursuit of their selfish interests. (By contrast, Lenin's teaching that the purpose of history can only be fulfilled by imposing the leadership of an élite in possession of the correct consciousness is in radical opposition to this materialist optimism of the modern West.)

NOW, JUST AS THE dominant influence of those optimistic philosophies expressed the hopes aroused by the dynamics of material progress that the unique freedom of individual action in Western societies had unleashed, so the growing realisation of the self-destructive potential of those dynamics is bound to raise doubt about the very core of modern Western optimism—the expectation to see individual freedom and social necessity reconciled by the course of history. For if history has now reached a stage where the free pursuit of individual self-interest tends to clash with the requirements of social survival, then the reconciliation is, to say the least, neither as

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assured in the present order as liberal optimism, nor as certain in a future socialist order as Marxist optimism proclaimed. The question is rather whether, in the light of our present predicament, such a reconciliation will turn out to be impossible—or merely very difficult. It is on the answer to that question that the political chances of socialism in modern societies will ultimately depend.

To see this, one has merely to recall that all forms of the socialist idea known in the West are based on some kind of synthesis of liberal individualist values and community values, just as are all modern Western forms of the democratic idea. Obviously, belief in the fundamental incompatibility of both kinds of values leads to fascist or anarchist conclusions, according to one's choice. The very concept of social control as understood in Western socialism implies a political framework permitting an effective control and change of the rulers by the citizenry. All modern experience (and particularly the experience of the Communist single-party states) has shown this to be possible only in a democracy of a liberal, pluralistic type. If the necessities of social survival are in conflict not only with a particular, narrowly selfish interpretation of individual freedom and a particular type of economic institution geared to that interpretation, but with the fundamental rights of the autonomous, self-improving individual developed in centuries of Western history, then there can be no future either for socialism as defined here or for Western democracy. Indeed, on these terms there could be no future for Western civilisation, only a choice between its decay in late Roman anarchy or its petrifaction in the bureaucratic stagnation of a new Byzantine despotism. But if, as I believe, the basic individualist values are neither in pre-established harmony nor in ineradicable conflict with the social necessities of our time, then the task of socialists in advanced societies is to reinterpret these values in a manner compatible with the present necessities of social survival, to devise appropriate economic institutions, and to win a growing majority of democratic opinion for both.

Clearly, the political success of socialism in that sense could only be achieved in the face of enormous difficulties, and it would be very far from ushering in a utopian paradise. It would merely ensure survival for a humanity threatened by self-destruction, for our form of democracy—and for our civilisation.

Wheat Field

Listen. Someone is bringing
His legs through stalks,
Through a thousand tall thins.

Listen. The shake of grain,
The bread fields
Of sibilant mornings

That become loaves in supermarkets
Warm in their wrappers.
In a week they will cut this

Gymnasium of lithe verticals.
Gormandising machines
Will leave bristles, a litter

Of harvesters' lunch papers,
Cigarette packets by sharp hedges
Past which dog-fox patrols.

Douglas Dunn

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

D. V. Segre & J. H. Adler

The Ecology of Terrorism

A MAJOR CONCERN of men in the 1970s is the expanding element of destructiveness in our mid-20th century culture. It may well be more than a coincidence that the Secretary-General of the United Nations convened the Security Council to deal with the problem of air piracy during the same week in which a U.N. Conference in Stockholm discussed the current ecological menace.

Of course, this civilised concern is by no means new. "Terror in the compound," said Plotinus 17 centuries ago, "is the dread of dissolution . . . ." Yet the combination of violence and modern technology transforms the nature of the contemporary phenomenon. More than that, the application of classical terminology to a radically different situation persists in obscuring new and pertinent analyses and impedes, in our view, the elaboration of appropriate preventive and control measures.

The investigation of terrorism is the study of power *in extremis*. There used to be a belief that some cultures are prone to terrorism and others immune, but this is now felt to be both false and pernicious. As one student of terrorist movements has observed, despite "historic familiarity and despite the importunate experience of the past three decades, which were punctuated by terroristic outbreaks and burdened by régimes of terror, this form of power remains at the edges of scientific inquiry . . . ."[1]

The phenomenon of banditry has been studied, but has remained restricted to the analysis of bandit activity in societies of the past. A vast literature is developing on the activities of urban and jungle guerrillas, but it deals mostly with terrorism in relation to the various ideological trends with which it is believed to be associated. Eric Hobsbawm notes in his book on *Primitive Rebels* that these bandits of the past "could at best, like Moses, discern the promised land, but never reach it . . . ."[2] They were either too weak or too isolated to make a durable impact on the societies in which they operated; when, on occasion, they did succeed, by allying themselves with successful revolutionary movements, they soon found themselves overpowered by the new establishment.

Today there is growing concern within the international community over the increase of organised violence and murder. But there is still no proper response, no due proportion between the alarm of the international community exposed to the daily raids of modern outlaws, and its collective response to them. This disparity is not due to the absence of appropriate technical means to curb air piracy, or political terrorism, or other forms of modern banditry, but—among other factors—to a serious lack of understanding of the nature and implications of modern violence and of its wider, cumulative effects.

TAKE AIR PIRACY as an example. We can observe that the curves of hijacking have risen steeply since the first international agreement to cope with the unlawful seizure of aircraft.[3] Between 1948 and 1958 there were 21 successful cases of hijacking—an average of 2·1 per year. In the next five years the annual average rose to 3·3 per annum. This was, then, a "figure" deemed worthy of expert consideration, and it initiated the 1963 *Tokyo Convention on Offences and Certain Acts Committed on Board Aircraft*. Far from curbing air piracy, this conference seems

[1] E. V. Walter, *Terror and Resistance, A Study of Political Violence* (1969), p.3. E. V. Walter, *"Theories of Terrorism and Classical Tradition,"* paper delivered to the American Political Science Association (Sept. 6–10, 1966, New York City).

[2] E. J. Hobsbawm, *Primitive Rebels: Studies in Archaic Forms of Social Movements in the 19th and 20th Centuries* (1959). See also: Max Nomad, *Aspects of Revolt* (1961).

[3] The information in this and the following paragraphs is based on the *Proceedings of the Symposium on Federal Practice & Aviation*, at Southern Methodist University School of Law (Dallas, Texas), in *Journal of Air Law & Commerce* (Vol. 37, no. 2), Spring 1971, pp. 229–233.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only to have infused new life and confidence into *de facto* and potential law-breakers. The Tokyo Proceedings carefully avoided laying any positive obligation to punish the offenders on the state to which the hijacker travelled. In the following five years the annual average for hijacking jumped to 7·2. Still no international legal action was invoked, with the result that in the subsequent two years (1969–70) the average jumped to 50·5 successful hijacking operations per year, involving 23 nations, regardless of geographical location, economic philosophy, or political persuasion. They covered a wide range of countries, *e.g.* the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., Algeria, Thailand, Switzerland, Philippines, Poland, Turkey, and Italy. Israel, which is the main target of Arab terrorism, was the victim in only one case throughout this period.

This situation led to the *Draft Convention on Unlawful Seizure of Aircraft* at the Diplomatic Conference at the Hague in December 1970—a draft which is yet to be ratified by the minimum number of governments required to make it an effective international instrument. It required the butchery of innocent bystanders at Lydda Airport in May 1972 by Japanese assassins affiliated with Arab terrorist organisations to provoke an almost complete world-wide strike of air-line pilots and then a mild resolution by the Security Council.

Why the absence of a stronger reaction? This is due to a number of causes. The jurist and Nobel Prize-winner, René Cassin, has pointed out that one of the difficulties in dealing with the situation was the inability of international society to deal with guerrilla-style activity, which is outside the framework of international law.[4] In a war which departs systematically from the classic rules, all conceivable means are considered valid for the success of the cause, and the application of any traditional humanitarian principles becomes a dead letter. M. Cassin noted that it might have been possible to prevent the spreading of hijacking outside the American continent if the Security Council had not made "the mistake" of recognising the status of "belligerent" for members of the Palestine Resistance Movement (and by implication, other resistance movements), without simultaneously requiring them to abide by the conditions of the *International Convention of the Hague* of 1907 and of the Red Cross of 1949, both of which appeal to certain fundamental humanitarian principles in all armed conflicts.

Another cause militating against a stronger reaction to the new terrorism derives from the convenience of political indulgence. Many governments continue to see the problem of air piracy and international banditry as an aspect of ideological and political struggle in our time which can be localised to certain areas, and in some cases can even be exploited for political gain. In this respect the situation is, again, not radically new. Peter the Great maintained "diplomatic" contact with the pirates of Madagascar in the 18th century; and almost every European state had ambivalent relations with the Moslem pirates of the Barbary Coast of the Maghreb. That similar compromises should arise in our ideologically divided, permissive, and morally selective society is only to be expected.

A third cause is the fact that punishment of terrorism has so far been lenient, perhaps because of the revival of the ransom system, which offers governments an easy alternative to accepting responsibility. The *Lufthansa* deals with the Black September air pirates is a case in point.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, a fundamental difference between outlaws of the past and those of the present. The bandits of old operated with unequal destructive power against the establishment, in a "non-standardised" society. Modern outlaws operate with a destructive power often superior to that of the establishment in a "standardised" society, and on any targets of their own selection. They claim the full protection of the law which civilised society permits them to break and to manipulate to their own advantage. The only way in which the Federal legal authorities could secure the conviction of Chicago's Al Capone was for the evasion of U.S. income tax. In most countries outlaws are immune from capital punishment regardless of their crime.

For pirate crews in the 18th century the risks of their hazardous trade were immense. When captured they were executed on the spot. They depended for bases and supplies on populations whose range of cooperation was inversely proportional to their level of technological development; they had to confine their activities to marginal sea routes or secondary land targets. Their armaments were light, and they had to compensate for this when facing the enemy with a courage which took a high toll. Last but not

[4] Interview with Christian Hoche, *Le Figaro* (5 September 1971).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

least, the choice of offensive and defensive technology which the pirates could muster was limited. Like their victims, they depended on wind-power for mobility at sea and on horse-power for speed on land; and both relied mainly on cold steel for defence and offence. The bandits had, at best, an ill-organised system of communication, finance, or propaganda. Bandits and pirates were artisans in an increasingly backward trade dependent on crude violence.

MODERN OUTLAWS operate effectively in a totally different environment, with or sometimes without the help and connivance of powerful political groups or states. The circumstances surrounding the release of the three surviving Munich Olympic murderers implies at least a tacit agreement among the various parties involved. Obviously terrorists can hold their own, and they can in fact convert an old trade into a most successful corporate enterprise, highly rewarding according to its own standards and needs. The direct and the fringe benefits are also such as to make all ideology, *i.e.* the political rationale of modern banditry, quite secondary and often irrelevant to its own self-fulfilling violent goal.

A Modest Proposal

I HAVE NO STATISTICS *to hand, but I think I am correct in saying that hijacking has in recent years become a greater threat to aviation than the air-crash. Every conceivable technical precaution is taken against the risk of crashing. No manufacturer would dare to market a plane which was vulnerable to lightning, turbulence or other natural hazards, and no aviation authority would permit such an aircraft to operate. But no one—neither manufacturers nor licensing authorities—seems to have grasped the need to build aircraft that are hijack-proof as well.*

These days, gaining control of a plane is child's play for an armed and determined man, still more so for armed and determined groups of men. The flight deck is as readily accessible from the passenger cabin as one room of an apartment from another. The crew are unarmed, and even if they weren't it would be no use—a mid-air gun-battle could spell disaster.

Ever since the word got round, hijackings have become an every-day occurrence. And ever since it also emerged that governments can be brought to their knees by holding the crews and passengers of hijacked planes to ransom, they have also become a paying proposition. One needs no crystal ball to foresee that this novel form of extortion will persist for as long as it remains easy; likewise that the price which the extortioners set on their hostages' survival will steadily increase. Such is the nature of extortion.

ALL THE MEASURES *so far taken against air piracy have proved ineffective. Stiff penalties fail to deter criminals whose chances of escape are high. Arming crew-members or carrying armed security-men on every flight (as the Israelis do) can endanger passengers as much as hijackers if it comes to the crunch. The irksome prodding and poking of passengers for concealed weapons—something which happens at German and a few other European airports for a few days or weeks after every hijack (and lapses when nothing happens for a while)—has never yet prevented air piracy, if only because such checks cannot be internationally imposed and hijackers are at liberty to board planes at certain foreign airports where surveillance is less strict. So far, international cooperation against air piracy has foundered on lack of solidarity. Without such cooperation there would be little point, for example, in refusing to touch down at airports in Arab countries. The "Black September" activists could go aboard elsewhere; nor is there any assurance that their example will not be followed in other countries. Desperadoes are a universal phenomenon.*

AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, *there is no legal or political, military or police method of putting an end to air piracy. But mightn't there be a technical one? Is it really beyond us, with all our advanced technology, to construct hijack-proof aircraft if we seriously set our minds to it?*

I am no aircraft manufacturer, but even a layman can see that hijackings would at least be rendered very much more difficult if the flight decks were permanently sealed off from the passenger area by a bullet-proof partition. And why not? One could always install a fridge and a WC in the inaccessible cockpit.

Admittedly, this would leave hijackers free to menace passengers or stewardesses and use them as an indirect threat to compel pilots, whom they could no longer get at, to alter course. But there might be a remedy for this too—a gas-duct operable from the pilot's seat which could, if need be, fill the passenger cabin with a fast-working but harmless anaesthetic. Passengers and highjackers would complete their journey asleep and could be properly sorted out at the other end. Not a pleasant prospect from the passenger's point of view, granted, but considerably less unpleasant than hours or days of mortal terror spent as hostages in criminal hands.

To render all passenger aircraft hijack-proof by these or similar means would naturally cost a mint of money—but so does the present state of affairs. Besides, the first air-line able to announce "Our planes are hijack-proof" would certainly recoup its expenditure.

Sebastian Haffner

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BANDITRY AND TERRORISM have much in common. Banditry operates outside the law, with a profit motive, employing terror when necessary. Terrorism *per se* is a violent alternative to legitimate political, economic, and military power. This alternative is anti-establishment by definition, regardless of motivation or merit. The motives behind terrorism vary and are not always discernible; and the border-lines between banditry and terrorism are not clear-cut since motives tend to shift. Recall the classic examples. Pirates could achieve respectability and join the legitimate establishment by being commissioned as privateers. Some, like Sir Henry Morgan, alternated between privateering and buccaneering at their convenience. The Mafia started out as a national liberation movement and eventually organised international crime.

Modern terrorism, like the older violent alternatives to legitimate power, seems to require a minimal critical mass in order to be effective. By "minimal critical mass" we refer to some function of the multiple of the number of people involved and the means at their disposal. Modern technology has increased the magnitude of the means in the equation, making it possible for extremely small groups to achieve the minimal critical mass necessary for the perpetuation of operational terrorism. This creates, as we have earlier suggested, an ideological misconception regarding the nature and limits of political violence which modern terrorists exploit. Populistic revolutionaries from the Bolsheviks to the Castroists, and including the Carbonari of the old Italian *Risorgimento* as well as the "Weatherman" of the new American scene, all required the support of the many in order to achieve at least a minimal functional mass so that they could function: the means at their disposal were limited. Modern groups—*e.g.*, the Tupamaros of Uruguay, the Ustachsi of Croatia, the Dev Geng of Turkey, the Tudeh of Iran—claim to be National Revolutionists seeking the liberation of their countries through organised violence. Regardless of their social bases they achieve an operational minimal critical mass with limited membership—due to modern global technology. Other terrorist groups such as the "Red Army" of Japan, the Baader-Meinhof-Mahler group of West Germany, the Popular Front for Palestine Liberation and, more recently, Black September, all claim to believe that "national liberation" can better be achieved through "world revolution", whatever this may mean. But they also owe their existence to modern technological complexities.

Let us look beyond their claims. Modern terrorists who style themselves "revolutionaries" may in fact be something quite different. D. Wechsler's description of the *Sociopath*[5] may help one to understand some of the features involved. Sociopaths "generally have a grasp of social situations, but they are inclined to manipulate them to their own advantage in an anti-social way. . . . " Wechsler adds:

> The Sociopath's test performance as a whole is characterized by a breeziness and self-assurance which contrast markedly with that of a neurotic. He is not bothered by contradictions, and, when not ornery, takes everything in his stride. His abstract thinking is generally below average, and this is frequently indicated by a low score on the Similarities Test. . . . One feature common to both male and female adolescent sociopaths is a relatively low score on the Information Test. This may reflect in part educational retardation or the tendency of many sociopaths to disregard those aspects of available knowledge (reality) which do not lead to the satisfaction of his immediate needs.

REGARDLESS OF THE QUESTION of mental norms, or of ideological or pecuniary motivation, the fact is that modern outlaws do achieve the minimal critical mass required for the realisation of their goal with a limited specialised membership. The standardisation of modern air communications makes the links of the system an easy target for air pirates. Technical complexity and sophistication increase the element of "sensitivity", and render some targets practically indefensible—particularly since the social, physiological, and legal defence-mechanisms have not developed commensurately, as the recent events in Munich have demonstrated. Under these circumstances what is surprising is not that air piracy exists, but that it has not become a more common feature of air communications today in view of its flamboyant successes and the increasing international dependence on air traffic.

Turning to the infra-structure of destructive capacity at the disposal of the modern outlaw, the massacre at Lydda Airport (carried out by three Japanese terrorists affiliated to the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine) is an example of what could happen elsewhere. They could have carried out a more serious operation by obtaining their weapons outside the airport, and then firing at any crowd of Israelis anywhere in the country (unless one assumes that

[5] D. Wechsler, *The Measurement and Appraisal of Adult Intelligence* (1954), 4th ed. p. 176–177.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some kind of ritual murder was involved here). A determined group can, in point of fact, terrorise a whole population, *e.g.*, by poisoning wells, using biological weapons. These can easily be acquired today, just as guns or even medium-sized rockets may be bought. General Dayan was being realistic, not fanciful, when he defined the Japanese action as something very akin to a "natural catastrophe." In the case of air piracy, the "airport civilisation" in which terrorists operate favours their activities. It is one "global village", with interchangeable runways and waiting rooms. Not only do air transport, air terminals, and regulations governing air travel become more and more conventional, the external patterns of human behaviour, from pilots to passengers, are becoming increasingly specialised and standardised in relation to air transport, quite independent of other cultural values and styles. This has three consequences: (*1*) the detection of the bandits becomes increasingly difficult in the impersonal society of mass transport; (*2*) the outlaw's ability to disrupt air traffic—or any other modern standardised process—is increasing proportionally with the functional complexity of the process itself, and parallel to the destructive power at their disposal; and (*3*) the modern system of mass communication and mass production allows that permanent "marginal" fringe of the population which exists in every society to congregate for the purpose of committing anti-social acts with a facility which did not exist in the past. An operation can be planned in Germany by a

"They Are Among Us"

WE ARE GOING *to have to live with the man in the hood for a long time: certainly until the present generation of terrorists, the Black September men and the Provos and the rest, has expended itself in death or defeat; and very likely longer than that, until the force that drives such men, the calculation that such methods can bring them what they want, has been disproved by repeated failure, and they have no more imitators.*

This is the new international community of the possessed. It could take years, perhaps even the rest of the lifetime of people who are now barely middle-aged, before this phenomenon is destroyed, or destroys itself. Until then we shall have to live with the possibility of men with concealed faces, and concealed minds, breaking with machine-guns and bombs into the normal life of many people in many different countries. Each success in this sort of operation produces new attempts to imitate it. Of course, there is a genuine political grievance at the root—very far down at the root—of what the Black September movement is trying to do. There were genuine grievances in Ulster too, and Quebec and Uruguay. But the injustices that have undeniably occurred in these places are no different in kind, or in scale, from similar injustices that have existed in the past, and even in our time; far more Germans lost their homes in 1945, for instance, than Arabs in 1948 and 1967. The difference now is the length to which a small number of people are willing to go in order to insist that their own particular remedy for some of these problems should be accepted by everybody else.

THE WORLD ITSELF *is no worse than usual; but the obsessed are prepared to do worse things to have their way about it. Modern weapons help them: the day will come when suicidal urban terrorists of a kind the world has not yet seen will have a nuclear device at their disposal. The very sophistication of the modern society that has mounted the recent Olympics helps them. The immediacy of world communications, especially the television coverage on which all terrorists have come to rely, helps them immeasurably. That is what is new. And so long as they have reason to believe that the methods they use will bring the results they want, the terrorists will go on with their campaigns.*

The urban guerrillas who have made themselves part of the world's politics in the past few years are all-or-nothing men: every time they launch an operation they are tossing a coin between a spectacular reversal of fortunes and a crushing defeat. That is the way you have to work when you want to change the world at a stroke. It is why other people cannot afford to let the terrorists come to believe that one more blow, one more shock to civilised nerves, will start to bring them what they want. The test for civilised society is to hang on.

THE THING *has happened before, after all, In the last part of the nineteenth century another group of wandering terrorists thought it was in their power to destroy European society; the bombs they planted, and the assassinations they carried out, half-persuaded many people that they could. Then, too, the more far-sighted and scrupulous ones began to have doubts about the methods they were using. Bakunin wrote a cautionary letter to one of the wildest of them, Nechayev, the man who gave Dostoyevsky the idea for "Possessed." Of course passion was essential, he said. But allied to passion there must be reason; the men with grievances should not strike "arbitrarily, in a dream, as is often done by my friend, namely, you". It might almost be an epitaph for the Arabs who killed and died on that Tuesday in Munich. But that letter was written in 1870. It was another 30 years and more before that particular wave of violence spent itself.*

Our guerrillas will be with us for a long time yet.

The Economist

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Palestine Arab, executed in Israel by terrorists recruited in Japan, with weapons acquired in Italy but manufactured in Russia, supplied by an Algerian diplomat financed with Libyan money.[6]

WE THUS FACE a new problem: a concentration of related minorities of specialised anti-social populations, acting on selected targets of their choice. Because of the ability of modern outlaws to assemble freely (and not necessarily physically, but by electronic communication) they can attack the most vulnerable target, clandestinely and overwhelmingly, literally in a suitcase. Modern terrorism—ideology, and other political rationalisations, notwithstanding —is changing into an independent, self-sufficient, self-fulfilling business organisation. The appeal of so many vested interests, so much built-in power, such great economic and psychological rewards, is helping to create a situation which is no longer an ephemeral and marginal phenomenon of contemporary society. Unless conditions are drastically changed, one can only predict that the strategy and tactics of terrorism will become further entrenched. Such terrorism is *more* dangerous to affluent and ideologically neutral nation-states than to strife-torn societies (Uruguay, Palestine, etc.) which contend daily with various forms of terrorism and are physically and emotionally conditioned to confront these scarifying situations.

Uncontrolled violence is becoming an international problem of social ecology which may be irreversible. As we have urged, the psychological roots of the problem should not be overlooked. Extreme characteristics are found in a fringe element amounting to probably less than 5% of the population. If one studies the distribution of intelligence, it is found that people with a representative IQ are to be found within two standard deviations of the mean, *i.e.* "geniuses" and "idiots" will appear in the marginal fringe. The same distribution probably holds for athletic potential or other characteristics, including asocial tendencies.

There is no evidence that the relative number of potential protestors against society has increased, although the growth of world population enhances the probability that more "minimal critical masses" will crystallise. Eccentric characters, marginal anti-social elements, conspiratorial adventurers, underground fantasists, and simple village idiots have always been constant features of organised society. Their personalities cover a wide range of oddity, from the psychopath to the idealist; and the potential proportion of murderers or saints is probably the same today as it was in the past. What has changed, as we have already noted, is their ability to create, organise and concentrate as a specialised destructive social *phenotype*,[7] possessing a high degree of behavioural unpredictability with international (or intercontinental) impact on an otherwise standardised society.

TAKE ATHLETIC PROWESS as an example. Modern athletic achievements exceed those of the ancient Greeks and Romans, although the potential relative number of excellent athletes in the population has probably not changed. What has happened is that conditions are now more favourable for the expression of the athletic phenotype. The field prowess of members of national athletic squads does not represent the typical characteristics of the society from which a magnificent team is derived: these members represent the fringe elements of the population relative to certain qualities. When recruited and organised, they form a small specialised population which differs significantly from the rest of the population relative to athletic ability. Furthermore, in the case of a selected specialised population of footballers, a cast-iron set of regulations controls their specialised behaviour. A high standard of selectivity within the phenotype is maintained when footballers of one team are matched against footballers of another team within the same league, in order to keep their performance on a high level. If all the selected footballers were on one side and a representative sample of the population on the other, there would be no contest; one side would always win. This, in fact, is what may indeed happen with the specialised selected population of outlaws—in the absence of appropriate measures specifically elaborated to cope with the specialisation of violence.

FOOTBALL TEAMS, lunatic asylums, terrorist gangs,

[6] In a despatch from *The Times* correspondent in Washington (15 July 1972), the Central Intelligence Agency and other Western intelligence organisations were reported to have evidence that links had been established between Japanese, Turkish, Palestinian, Uruguayan, and other terrorist groups.

[7] "The detectable expression of the interaction of genetically transmitted characteristics and environment." (Webster's Dictionary).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or commando units are all specialised micro-populations in which certain characteristics are segregated for different purposes. Each fulfils a role in society, and each avails itself in modern times of a much wider field of recruits than in the past (*inter alia* because of the general increase of the world population).

If we may continue a moment further with the athletic analogy, a national football team is submitted to unsparing efforts in order to make footballers better performers. A team can count on talent scouts to discover potential footballers, on medical specialists to keep them at the peak of their physical performance, on psychologists to harmonise their physical and mental balance, on trainers for therapeutic skills, and on a variety of gadgets to control their performance and correct their faults. A football team enjoys and utilises publicity and public relations, both as a tool to attract potential footballers and as a means of rewarding them when successful. The activities range from the sale of tickets to fan-exploitation, and often a star cult emerges which can overshadow the original idea and primary interest of the game itself. Big business and, in certain lands, national interests control the operation of these teams. Specialised trading markets and even international stock exchanges are created according to precise and selective economic rules for the benefit of a complex infrastructure of vested interests.

THE MODERN TERRORIST PHENOTYPE is a new product of our culture, existing on its own logic, for its own purposes, regardless of ideological justification. The phenomenon is a menace to society because of its new destructive capacities and a concomitant unpredictability of behaviour which puts it beyond control.

Indeed, unpredictability is recognised as one of the major forces in modern international politics. The term "crazy state" has been proposed by one writer in order to define this particular quality.[8] Unpredictability, in this context, has initiated the search for "patterns of randomness" by political sociologists and students of systems analysis.

Modern terrorists derive their high behavioural unpredictability largely from three factors: their multiple targets, their limited numbers, and (above all) from the variety of their cultural roots. For example, it is extremely difficult to *predict* and *prevent* attacks such as the "kamikaze" one launched at Lydda airport, primarily because the rationale of the predators was totally alien to the environment assaulted. Kozo Okamoto stated to the military court in Jerusalem which tried and convicted him for the Lydda butchery that he and his companions acted in order to promote "the World Revolution". He added that both the executioners and their victims, "united in death", would be reincarnated as stars, and that their joint illumination would shed "eternal peace on earth." A political tragedy incorporating mystic symbolism with compulsive ideologised violence, executed according to an ancient Bushido code, in a modern airport which is, both geographically and culturally, remote from Japan is—to say the least—difficult to foresee. According to one Japanese journalist who attended the Okamoto trial, the defendant had wanted to project a neo-Samurai image of the most archaic type, waging a duel to the death against a hated enemy, the modern international bourgeois establishment.

VIOLENT IMPULSES based on very particular traditional values of indigenous cultures, if limited to their natural habitat, are in a state of equilibrium with their environment. In the event that these special violent cultural values are transferred to a different civilisation, a state of equilibrium is no longer possible, thus creating new and unprecedented threats. The uniqueness of strange concepts, exported from a different set of values, becomes a source of high and unpredictable danger. They create a social ecological situation which defies known control measures.

A PRIMARY CONCLUSION to be drawn from the analysis of modern terrorism concerns its obscure and misleading anti-social character. The lack of a distinct border-line between banditry, political terrorism, and violent radicalism blurs the essential fact that in modern society extremist alternatives to legitimate power are becoming self-fulfilling.

Specialised marginal anti-social populations, with little or no interest in or knowledge of the people or "the masses" they claim to represent, cannot be controlled without coordinated international action. They are no longer a political phenomenon linked with particular historical or

[8] On the relevance of improbable behaviour in modern political society, see Y. Dror, *Crazy States: A Counter-conventional Strategic Issue* (1971).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economic situations; they are becoming a retrograde socio-ecological feature. This type of anti-social activity cannot be confined, and it is bound to proliferate. The structure of modern society, and the special talents and abilities of marginal asocial populations, favours the achievement of a minimal critical mass of sufficient power to disturb the international social equilibrium at will. The unpredictability of free-floating cultural values in alien environments contributes to accelerating the pace of this disequilibrium.

Less than ten years ago the movement for ecological safety was almost non-existent. The changes in the physical ecology of the world are today enforcing international cooperation—for the alternative is, clearly, an international catastrophe.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE for governments and peoples to realise that the effects of modern terrorism are as contagious as small-pox, as poisonous as air pollution, and as dangerous to non-immunised societies as measles was to the American Indians?

Self-Portrait

on a rainy Sunday in the city of Berlin

Armed I am, equipped
with the knives of reason
Cool logic guides my bullets around corners
Haughtiness and sophistry make my going smooth
Implacable my doubts ever more cheekily
Ever more nervously torture the stone of this well-fed city
Safely too I swim even down her drains
And my mockery rises higher than barred-in towers
Venal I am for the cash of hard truth
In the pillboxes of my scepticism I sit secure
From the radiance of the great obscurantists and
Yesterday's hate protects me from tomorrow's
Tempest. Take note: I am armed, equipped.
And yet I am vulnerable, often I have been
Again and again I lie there, newly butchered
Torn open under the savage sky of this region
Meathooks they drive into my belly
Whaler command ships float in my eyes
On my tongue lies the hope of those who are hopeless
In the end my wild dreams wearily ebb away
On the slaughter block of your schools and offices
Sausage machines greedily swallow what's left of me
Hungry waits the land on the shore of your ocean of houses
And the great city licks her lips
For the well-earned Sunday roast called Biermann

Wolf Biermann

Translated by Michael Hamburger

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Julius Telesin

Inside "Samizdat"

THE WORD "SAMIZDAT" occurs in the vocabulary of the Russian intellectual no less frequently than the words "Stalinist" and *stukach* (police informer). Nevertheless, you will not find this word (or the other two) in any Soviet dictionary.[1] This is especially interesting as, before our very eyes, it is beginning to enter other languages, following the trail of historic Russian words that have already become international: *samovar, knout, bolshevik, pogrom, kolkhoz, vodka, sputnik*. Before misunderstandings set in and meanings harden, I should like to go into what I personally know about the phenomenon designated by this word.

Some time towards the end of the 1950s a certain Moscow poet, without waiting to be published (or, perhaps, in despair), bound together the typewritten sheets of his poems and wrote SAMSEBYAIZDAT where the name of the publishing house normally appears in a book. The word was invented on the model of the names of many Soviet publishing houses: POLITIZDAT (publishing house for political literature), VOYENIZDAT (military literature), YURIZDAT (legal literature), and so forth. Well, SAMSEBYAIZDAT means "publishing house for oneself." This was seen as something of a joke at the time, and I do not know what the poet's attitude was to duplicating his *samsebyaizdat* collections, or whether they circulated at all widely. Indeed, even before this, poets had published themselves without the use of a printing-press. Thus, Marina Tsvetayeva recalls the year 1921 in Moscow:

> I copy out poems sewn together in notebooks and sell them. We call this "overcoming Gutenberg" (B. K. Zaitsev's expression).

JULIUS TELESIN *is a Russian writer who recently took up residence in the West.*

Our Moscow *samsebyaizdatchik* also used, in the same sense, a shorter word—*samizdat* (self-publishing house). But, once shortened, the word subsequently changed and extended its original meaning. What became important was not that "I publish myself" but that "I myself do the publishing"—not necessarily of my own work, but of my own free will, without begging for anyone's permission. I "publish" means that I prepare a text by the method available to me, naturally without using a printing-press, since printing-presses in our most democratic society "belong to the people."

It is known that in the 1920s unofficial so-called "Underwood" (after the make of the typewriter) and even mimeographed magazines, devoted to questions of literature, art, and philosophy, were in circulation in Moscow and Leningrad. One could go even further back into the past in search of the roots of *samizdat*. Thus, the poet A. Galich speaks in one of his songs of the continuity between the modern *samizdatchiki* and the Old Russian annalists, Nestor and Pimen. However, "real" *samizdat*, as a Russian phenomenon for which a new Russian word was needed, could come into existence in the U.S.S.R. only when, on the one hand, everything had been almost strangled to death by the tentacles of censorship and, on the other, there occurred a rare chance to breathe.

Today many people "publish" themselves and others—in typescript, for instance. There are

[1] It has, however, appeared several times in the Soviet press: in no. 1 for 1969 of the journals *Oktyabr, Novy Mir, Molodoy Kommunist* (pp. 62, 241 and 59 respectively); in *Ogonyok* (1971, nos. 35, 36, 37, "The Voyage of François de Perrégaux"); and in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* (28.1.70, "A Lofty and Noble Purpose"). Not being able to refer to a dictionary caused the author of the last article to spell it *samoizdat*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many "self-publishing houses" but there is only one name for them all—SAMIZDAT. And all output from this SAMIZDAT is also called *samizdat*. This is why the word is not in the same philological category as those on which it was modelled. A word can "circulate in *samizdat*" or "be distributed in *samizdat*" and the author can "put it into *samizdat*." But if an article were said to be "circulating in *Yurizdat*", this could only be understood to mean that it was being read in the legal establishment.

SAMIZDAT, AS OUTPUT, consists of all kinds of texts which are produced unofficially and circulate through unofficial channels. The main virtue of this literature is that it is a free literature which does not pass through the censorship. *Samizdat* frequently "reprints" old official texts. I know, for instance, that there are reports in *samizdat* (reprinted from the newspaper *Sovetskaya Sibir* for 1938) of the trial of a group of high local heads of the NKVD and procuracy who carried out repressive measures against 160 children. The actual newspapers for these years can be read only in the *spetskhrany* (special collections) of libraries, after obtaining special permission; the U.S.S.R. is, after all, a state which (to quote Leszek Kolakowski's remark), "does not like its citizens to read old newspapers." Reprinted or photographed Russian-language foreign publications also circulate in *samizdat*, as well as translations from foreign publications in other languages. This part of *samizdat* is naturally called TAMIZDAT (*i.e.*, "tam"="over there"). However, a consistent usage has not yet been worked out, and sometimes foreign publications in, so to speak, their original form are ranked as *tamizdat* whereas they are already becoming "typical" *samizdat* by the simple fact of being suppressed. The lack of an established terminology affects the very concept of *samizdat* as well. Thus, it is unclear whether any typewritten text is *samizdat* or whether it becomes *samizdat* only after it has started to be duplicated. When, during one of the searches that took place at my flat in Moscow, the investigator suggested that I "hand over *samizdat* voluntarily", I replied that if it had been a question of weapons or of drugs I should have understood what he wanted from me, but that I was not familiar with the precise juridical meaning of the concept of *samizdat* and so I simply could not know exactly what he was interested in. . . .

THE TIME HAS evidently come for the Soviet legal experts, too, to make this vague and ambiguous concept more precise. It was with good reason that at the first "purely *samizdat*" show-trial—of I. Burmistrovich in May 1969—Judge Lavrova asked nearly every witness the question: What do you understand by *samizdat*? Burmistrovich was accused of distributing works which "defame the Soviet state and social system", that is to say, he was charged with giving people books by Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel to read. In general, the whole preparation and conduct of this trial revealed that *samizdat* has not yet been "properly interpreted" by the Soviet authorities. The trial had originally been set for February, and it was apparently because of gaps in legal theory that the exercise in legal practice had to be postponed for three months. Indeed, at the time the last word in sound theoretical thinking about *samizdat* was an observation made by Major-General A. Malygin (*Molodoy Kommunist*, no. 1, 1969):

> There are also instances when certain politically immature young people commit acts which would not seem to be illegal, but which, in their aggregate, may do great damage to our society. For instance, all kinds of manuscript works with ideologically harmful contents have recently begun to circulate. Advice on this activity is received from abroad. And so-called *Samizdat* comes into being at the direct instigation of Western intelligence and is actively supported by it. (p. 59)

One must suppose that in postponing Burmistrovich's trial the ninety days were mainly used to devise a penalty for "acts which would not seem to be illegal" and so to find a practical way out of the situation. A penalty was indeed found—three years in a corrective labour camp. But theory lagged behind, and the judge found himself compelled to elucidate the concept of *samizdat* at the trial itself, curiously using the various witnesses as court experts. General Malygin's version of *samizdat*'s link with Western intelligence somehow failed to arise, and nothing was said about it at the trial.

HERE IS A LIST of *samizdat* genres, although I do not claim it to be absolutely complete:

1. Novels, novellas, stories, plays.
2. Poetry, long poems, songs (the latter also circulate on tapes, forming, as it were, *magizdat* [*Magnitofon*=tape recorder].
3. Memoirs.
4. Pieces of research, articles, and notes—literary, journalistic, historical, economic, political, legal, philosophical, ethical, religious, on special subjects.
5. Lampoons, parodies, epigrams.
6. Open letters and appeals—individual and collective—declarations, complaints, and entire sets of correspondence.
7. Stenographic reports, minutes, records and accounts (summarised or in full) of: addresses, speeches and final statements (of the defendant at trials); meetings, discussions, and denunciations; interviews, conversations, and brainwashing sessions; searches and interrogations; trials and appeal hearings; records of compulsory hospitalisation and discussions on psychiatry; demonstra-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions and punitive actions; instances of shadowing and provocation; arrests and round-ups; anniversaries and funerals.

8. Reportage from prisons, camps, and asylums.

9. Information, rumours and speculation; regular information bulletins (the most famous is the *Chronicle of Current Events,* which records violations of human rights in the U.S.S.R. and comes out once every two months); registers of those convicted and compulsorily hospitalised.

10. Biographies and "service records" of the executioners and biographies of their victims.

11. Official documents: international treaties, declarations, pacts, conventions; reprints from the almost unobtainable Soviet Criminal Code and Code of Criminal Procedure; court verdicts; reports of psychiatric examinations; texts of secret instructions and orders.

12. Lists of cuts made by the censor in official Soviet publications (Bulgakov, Grossman, Saint-Exupéry, Hemingway and others).

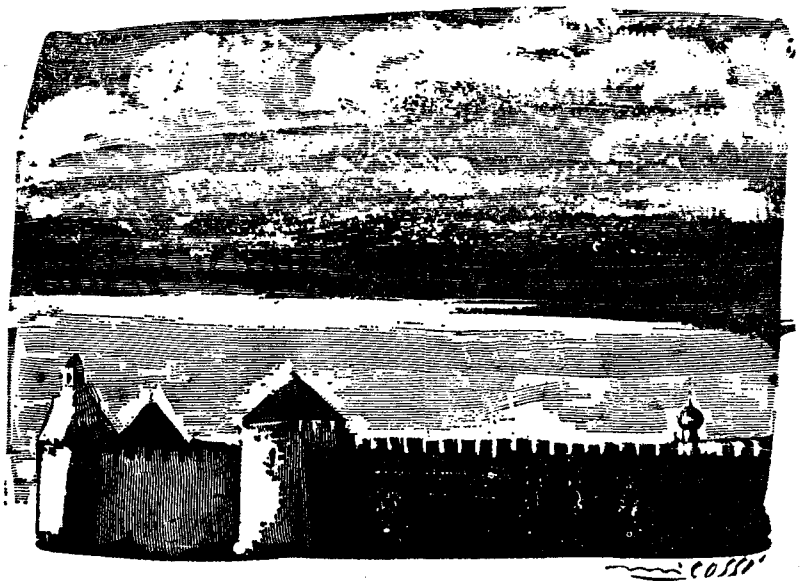
13. Reprints from official Soviet publications—the "daring" passages and complete "daring" works that have "slipped through" the censorship; extracts from the "best" specimens of obscurantism and graphomania (chosen according to the principle: "How lovely—what filth!"). For example: Lunacharsky's reminiscences about Lenin's humanism in *Novy Mir,* in May 1926; quotations from works by Kochetov and the "poet" S. Smirnov.

All of these items circulate separately, or in collections made according to one or another principle. They are sometimes signed (with addresses of the signatories often given), sometimes pseudonymous or anonymous. Once in a while they appear to be "apocryphal." There is, of course, no announcement of works-in-progress or of any "publishing plans." They appear unexpectedly for most readers. The *Chronicle of Current Events* tries to follow new *samizdat* and gives brief summaries of it in the section SAMIZDAT NEWS.

The quality of what circulates in *samizdat* varies. The number "printed" of a particular *samizdat* work can be correlated approximately with its "use value." (Approximately, as *samizdat* is not only interesting but dangerous too.) Obviously a work that is of little or no interest to anybody will not be retyped; a work that interests only a relatively few people will not be widely circulated while many interesting works would undoubtedly be far more widely circulated if people were not discouraged by the danger —real or imagined.

IT IS VERY DIFFICULT in Russia to delimit an imagined from a real danger. The fact that a piece of *samizdat* is confiscated during a raid signifies in itself little in comparison with what will happen afterwards—how the person searched (and his friends) will behave during interrogations, and the ensuing consequences, both judicial and extra-judicial. For someone who is not sure of himself (or his friends) the safest thing, generally speaking, would be to keep well away from *samizdat,* from a certain kind of *samizdat,* in any case. But even timid persons have dealings with *samizdat,* although with deep apprehension: still they want to read something about what's happening. Thus, *samizdat* is differentiated according to degrees and shades of danger. A man develops, consciously or intuitively, his own notion of the risk he is taking when he types out, gives people to read, or keeps at home, pieces of *samizdat* or *tamizdat* literature.

One of the psychological barriers to distributing *samizdat* is the so-called "Fear of Abroad." The government's attempt to link any independent action inside the country with "Western Intelligence", or with the émigré *NTS* (as at the trial of Ginzburg and Galanskov in 1968), arouses in many a certain aversion to anything that could involve them in such accusations. For this reason books published in the West (especially by the Possev Publishing House, in West Germany), even an edition of genuine *samizdat* texts (not to mention programmatic political materials), have a considerably smaller circulation than texts without "trade-marks." An



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"anti-Soviet" preface is felt to "spoil" a book of poetry, and is often torn out.

Among other "*samizdat* complexes" that affect the circulation of *samizdat* may be noted: the "fear of several copies", the "fear of the first copy" (identification of the typewriter!) and the "fear of the typewriter's tap" (there may be a sharp-eared KGB man behind the wall!), and also persecution mania when the person in question thinks that all searchlights are beamed on him, that he is "in the public eye" and therefore could not, should not, would not keep any *samizdat* at his home. He should "be clean." Meanwhile, any routine and quite harmless shadowing makes his position—or so he tends to think—particularly dangerous.

The amount of *samizdat* in circulation obviously increases when it is courageously reproduced, and it decreases during periods of intensified police searches when it is hidden away, or even destroyed, by readers who have been frightened by the latest rumour of "indiscriminate raids."

All this literature possesses varying degrees of "criminality", real or imagined. (The notions of "criminality" and "danger" do not coincide, especially in a State which does not exactly respect the law.) The "anti-Sovietism" of certain works may be formally corroborated by trials of their authors or distributors, for instance, in the case of certain works by Sinyavsky and Daniel. The "criminality" of these works was "proved" by quoting several phrases from them in court. When investigators who carry out searches find a work like this they ascertain with deep satisfaction that the "criminal" phrase is just in the right

"No" is a Good Answer—

ON 26 October the Soviet Vice-Minister of the Interior, Boris Shumilin, granted an interview to about a hundred Jewish Soviet citizens who wanted to emigrate to Israel but had so far failed to obtain exit visas. Victor Perelman, ex-correspondent of the "Literary Gazette", recorded the conversation in shorthand. Esther Markish, widow of Perez Markish, the Jewish writer who was executed in 1952, telephoned Perelman's stenographic notes to the West, although Jewish activists have been barred from using telephones since 31 August.

SHUMILIN: *The question of emigration to Israel is thoroughly and individually checked—we don't consider collective applications. . . . . Emigration to Israel is restricted in the case of citizens who have done their military service in the Soviet Army or who have recently completed a course of advanced professional training. Those employed in concerns connected with national defence must seek a transfer to another concern if they wish to emigrate from the Soviet Union. What questions did you wish to ask me?*

VORONEL *(professor of physics and mathematics): You mentioned certain restrictions, but total obscurity surrounds the nature of these restrictions and their mode of application. They aren't publicised.*

SHUMILIN: *Nor will they be.*

VORONEL: *But the position is this: we don't know, any more than the head of the Visa Department, which jobs can be left by emigrants and which cannot.*

SHUMILIN: *The relevant concerns cover a fairly wide range. We can't specify any time-limits. Everything depends on the nature of the products involved. If they are commodities of national importance, the delay will not be one, two, or three years only, but a considerably longer period.*

SLEPAK *(electronic engineer): Nobody has ever told us exactly how much longer we'll be detained.*

SHUMILIN: *You won't be given any precise dates, either.*

SLEPAK: *Why not? If someone submits an application, everyone knows exactly where he works and what he produces. On that basis, the commission ought to be perfectly capable of setting a deadline.*

SHUMILIN: *Waiting-times vary, as you must realise. They can turn out to be shorter than expected as well as longer. However, we won't argue the point with you. The national interest comes first. We're not holding anyone back, you understand, merely retaining those who are connected with matters of national importance.*

PERELMAN *(journalist): What do you mean by the national interest? Does the Ministry of the Interior have any objective criteria for that term? For instance, is a textile factory or a large store a concern of major national importance? Who decides? Only the head of the Visa Department? If not, how else are the guide-lines determined?*

SHUMILIN: *We must not dismiss the idea of "national importance", even when speaking of stores and businesses. We shall not debate the matter further during the present discussion. One thing I can tell you, however: 93 per cent of applicants will leave the Soviet Union.*

POLSKI *(physicist): You know full well that the people present here today have been waiting years for an exit visa. Why haven't we been granted visas, and when shall we get them? On what grounds are we being kept here?*

SHUMILIN: *No one is keeping you here.*

OVTCHINNIKOV *(Deputy Director, The Visa Department): I think you have all had your applications turned down in the proper way, that is to say, by agreement with senior authorities at the Ministry of the Interior. These are the bodies which have to*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place. A system of accounts exists in the KGB, as in any Soviet enterprise. If, for example, the quality of work of a teapot-producing factory is rated by the overall weight of its output (which is why our Russian teapots are so heavy), then, apparently, the number of "criminal" phrases is one of the indices for measuring the efficiency of the KGB (which, after all, "produces" prisoners, not teapots). What is most interesting is that these same phrases have been circulated in millions of copies, as they are quoted in official Soviet newspaper reports of the trial. It would be intriguing to publish one of these works in *samizdat* without these ill-fated phrases and then simply to attach the newspaper cuttings as explanatory appendices.

THE REASON WHY a person becomes an author is simple. As Andrei Amalrik said, "Once these thoughts had entered my mind I naturally wanted to write them." It is well-known that many writers in the Soviet Union "write for the desk-drawer", often without even trying to offer their works to official publishing houses, since they know that works of this kind will not be printed anyway. Some people give their works to friends to read but are categorically opposed to their being circulated without some kind of control over distribution. They hope that in the future they will still manage to get into print, and know that the appearance of their works in *samizdat* might, by angering the authorities, prevent this hypothetical possibility. There are those, however, who are not waiting for "better times" but want to reach Russian readers immediately. They put their works into *samizdat*, perhaps with the understanding that better times do not come

—*Conversation with a Bureaucrat*

decide on the group you refer to. They decided that you should not be permitted to emigrate. You mustn't let their decision upset you. You all received a reply.

VOICE FROM THE HALL: *We received no reply.*

SHUMILIN: *Aren't you satisfied with the substance of the reply?*

VOICE FROM THE HALL: *It didn't have any substance.*

SHUMILIN: *But you were told "no". That is a perfectly good and intelligible reply.*

VORONEL: *As a lawyer, you must know that any reply—any reply that is submitted and can be objected to—takes the form of a document. None of us has received such a document, so we can't lodge an objection.*

SLEPAK: *I spoke to Vereyin, the head of the Visa Department. All he told me was, my departure would not be in the national interest—he made no bones about it. He also said I was a traitor.*

VORONEL: *You expect us to rely on your good intentions and those of other officials. We would prefer to rely on the law.*

SHUMILIN: *There is a basic law covering this question. We decide how long someone should be retained if his departure conflicts with the national interest.*

VOICE FROM THE HALL: *That's tyranny.*

LERNER (*professor of cybernetics*): *The people who have been detained here for years include physicians, miners, artists, and charwomen. What secrets do they have access to?*

SHUMILIN: *Will the charwoman please step forward?*

MARIA SLEPAK: *My son is a haulier. Why won't you release him?*

SHUMILIN: *How long has he been employed as a haulier?*

MARIA SLEPAK: *Three years.*

SHUMILIN: *Where did he work before that?*

MARIA SLEPAK: *He was at school.*

SHUMILIN: *Has he done his military service?*

MARIA SLEPAK: *He's exempt.*

SHUMILIN: *In that case, let's have a look at his papers.*

TOCKER (*skilled worker*): *I'm an electrical fitter in a factory. My wife hasn't worked at all for three-and-a-half years. My application was turned down with a reference to my job and safeguarding the national interest. Whichever way you turn, nothing does any good.*

SHUMILIN: *Re-submit your application. You'll get a reply by 15 November. Wait a little longer.*

ESTHER MARKISH: *We've been waiting a year and seven months. My son and I have no connection with State secrets of any kind. I'm a French translator.*

LARISSA VOLOCH (*engineer*): *When you spoke of restrictions, you didn't mention whether parental objections were an obstacle to emigration.*

SHUMILIN: *That's a difficult question. Sometimes, family tragedies occur. My own view is, if one's mother thinks one ought to stay, one should stay.*

LARISSA VOLOCH: *But we're talking about adults—people who have families of their own.*

SHUMILIN: *I think that, to a dutiful daughter, her parents' wish to remain should be reason enough not to emigrate.—I can spare another five minutes. I've already devoted half-an-hour to you. There are other citizens waiting to see me, apart from you.*

SIMES (*scientific assistant*): *You've listened to us for half-an-hour. A great deal has been said about safeguarding the national interest, but it's also your duty to protect the rights of citizens. I don't understand you and your associates. You've been approached by a group of citizens, many of whom are in a difficult position. Thank you for spending your time on us, but you've wasted it. Goodbye.*

VOICE FROM THE HALL: *Quite right, let's go.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

automatically and that the existence of a free literature which is actually being read will itself promote a change for the better.

What I have said here concerning authors in the strict sense of the word also applies to compilers of collections of documents, witnesses of important events, scholars—to all who consider that their "written output" (an expression from the official report of a psychiatric examination) has social significance. The desire for publicity—*glasnost*, in Russian, embracing the notions of both openness and freedom of information and expression—is the main motive force behind documentary *samizdat*.

AND SO IT IS THAT a work is put into *samizdat* and Russians give it to one another to read. Let us assume that this work, whether of information or of art, a scholarly article or an open letter, has come my way for reading and is of special interest to me. It is natural that I should want to keep this work for myself. But I have to return the copy I was given, perhaps very soon, as someone else is waiting his turn to read it. Consequently, I have to start looking for a way to copy the work. If it were small—say five typed pages—there would be no problem. I would sit down at a typewriter and tap it out in three hours, just as I am tapping out this article now. But the work is large, say 40 pages. I would have to waste an enormous amount of time. (I do, however, know of an instance when someone copied out half of Solzhenitsyn's novel *The First Circle* by hand!) Therefore, I have to consider which of my friends can type or have friends who can type and who would agree to take on the job. Let us assume that I have managed to find a typist. Now I must (*1*) get agreement in principle to the copying from the person who gave me the work (if, however, for some reason it was not intended for circulation, I should most likely have been told about this at the very beginning); and (*2*) get him to allow me more time, longer than the period of 2–3 days for which the work was originally lent to me.

At this point a certain amount of bargaining usually begins. It emerges that, as a "fee", I must return the work plus three copies. The person who gave it to me wants one copy for himself; he will give another one to the person who gave it to him, but as the work belongs to a third person (as a rule names are not mentioned) the last wants an extra copy for himself (perhaps he will give it to someone as a birthday present). Then I declare that I am being "overcharged." My friend's typist can only do five copies—her old typewriter won't "take" more. At the same time she wants a copy for herself, and my friend wants one too. Thus, if I give away three copies here and two there, what will be left for me? We agree on two copies. Meanwhile, I hope to manage to limit myself to one copy for the "producers"; I shall give the copy I saved to a certain person who is very much interested in the subject; besides, this person may be useful in getting hold of other things for me to read.

When making an agreement with the typist, the size of the work has to be taken into account—not every typist has enough free time. Her psychology must be taken account of too: Will she think the work "too hot to handle"? There are different kinds of *samizdat* typists: some do it for money, some out of sheer enthusiasm; but all regard what they type with sensitive interest.

What paper to type on—ordinary or tissue paper? Four to five copies can be made on ordinary paper while as many as fifteen can sometimes be managed on tissue paper. This is better because it can satisfy more fully the growing spiritual demands of new Soviet man. Besides, if the typist has to be paid, each tissue-paper copy of a bulky publication is half the price of one on ordinary paper—particularly significant when it is a matter of a long novel.

A word about "the technical base" of *samizdat*. It is simple: typewriter, paper, and carbon paper. The Stalinist time has passed when typewriters were all officially registered. Many people have machines, and they can be bought at a reasonable price in shops. The shops also usually have paper and carbon paper—of good or bad quality—which are not expensive. Sometimes supplies of paper are irregular, but experienced people keep a stock. All this "activity"—buying paper, typing—is quite normal for most literary and scientific and technical workers; after all, works and reviews for publishing houses (dissertations, academic articles, scientific and technical translations) have to be typed. It is hard to say how much of all that is typed will then start—and continue—to be copied without control as *samizdat*. Obviously, it is doubtful that this will happen with a specialised technical translation; but it may very well happen to an interesting *novella* which has been rejected by the publishing houses.

THE OTHER METHOD of reproducing texts—by photography—is technically more complex. Film and paper for this can be obtained, although sometimes with difficulty, but not everyone knows how to take, develop, and print photographs. Moreover, the text that is being photographed has to be clear; and the eighth carbon copy of a typed version is of no use. One other drawback: photographic paper is thicker than ordinary paper, and a large photocopied work takes up much more room than a typescript.

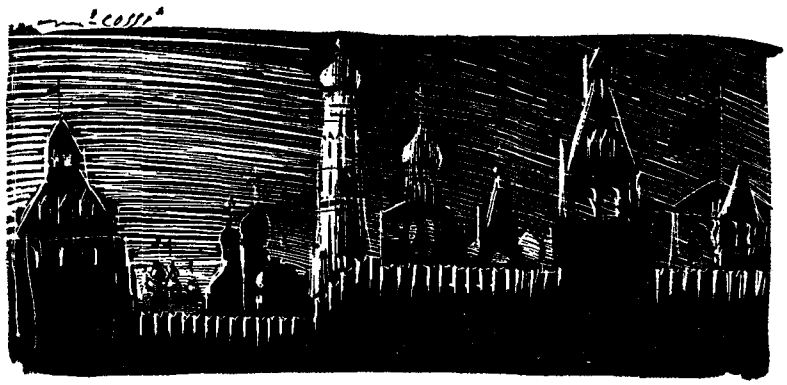
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Once a photocopy of the huge (over 1000 pages) historical work on Stalin by Roy Medvedev came my way. This extraordinary work occupied several cardboard boxes. The advantages of the photographic method are its greater speed (in skilful hands), and the absence of errors and distortions. To be sure, there are a large number of photocopying machines in the Soviet Union but they are not sold to private persons, hired out, or set up for public use. They belong to state organizations and their entire output is strictly controlled. Each of them is guarded like a military object by special persons who protect it vigilantly from any "ideological diversion."

Obviously the next extension of the technical base of *samizdat* lies in developing the home technology of manufacturing duplicating machines in conformity with Soviet conditions. "In conformity with Soviet conditions" means fulfilling two needs: (*1*) the materials and components for the apparatus should be so cheap and its manufacture so simple that its confiscation during a search would be not much more appreciable a loss than the confiscation of a typewriter; and (*2*) that everything needed can be bought or borrowed. The apparatus should demonstrably be "home-made" so that no one could say it was made from parts stolen from a factory or brought from abroad in a "spy's belt"[2] with the aim of Restoring the Power of the Landlords & Capitalists. Of course, what can be made cheaply and quickly by an amateur will not be capable of producing a large number of copies, giving high-quality reproduction, or a long term of service. But it is clear that these will be sacrificed for the sake of realising the two principles I have stated above.

READERS OF *samizdat* are not exactly spoilt by typographical luxury. Frequently, they have to read barely legible tenth-carbon copies, typed in single spacing, when one or two letters of the typewriter were "not articulating" into the bargain. Here the conveniences of "preparation, distribution, and keeping" on the one hand (terms taken from articles 70 and 190–1 of the RSFSR Criminal Code) clash with legibility. A work is, of course, easier to read when it is not typed very closely and when the text is not on both sides of the page with the type showing through. Some readers have poor sight; and, obviously, mistakes multiply when additional copies are made from already illegible texts. On the other hand, single-space typing creates its own conveniences—less work for the person typing it out (fewer sheets of paper need to be inserted in the typewriter), less paper is used, and the finished work takes up less space. Simple arithmetic reveals that a novel is approximately four times thinner if, instead of being typed in double spacing on one side of the paper only, it is typed in single spacing on both sides. In each specific instance all these "typographical" problems are resolved in "the best way possible," for example by typing with one-and-a-half-line spacing, or in various other ways, depending on the circumstances.

The pile of sheets of paper received after copying may be bound, or not. Each method has advantages and disadvantages. A bound work is more durable but it can only be read by one person at a time—unless it is read aloud. Although separate sheets get worn out, dirty, or lost, an unbound work can be read simultaneously by a large number of people who pass the single sheets to one another. This "total" absorption in information is quite a usual Russian pastime. Scattered about on sofas, armchairs, at a table, on the floor, people are rustling pages. . . . Someone arrives and demands to be given the first pages that the others have already read. Someone else takes the owner of the manuscript to one side and starts negotiating to copy it. . . . It is obviously most convenient to "publish" thick works in *samizdat* bound into several booklets—then the work is better preserved and there is no need to wait a long time for the previous reader to finish it: it can be handed over in parts. But only manuscripts made up of separate sheets are suitable for the mass reading I have described.



[2] I refer here to the "spy's belt" of Brocks-Sokolov from Venezuela who was presented as a "witness" in the Trial of the Four in 1968.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEOPLE ARE USUALLY shy of reading *samizdat* in public places—on public transport, for example—as they fear the undesirable vigilance of some neighbouring person. Sometimes, however, the tradition of reading in private (or in an intimate circle of friends) is broken. As an example I offer the appeal hearing in the case of Kvachevsky and others which took place in the RSFSR Supreme Court. About two dozen friends and acquaintances of the accused were not admitted to this "open" session and were lounging around in the corridor together with several Chekists (KGB men). Then someone brought some *samizdat*—five pages or so. The excluded "audience" occupied a row of benches along the corridor wall and plunged into reading, passing the sheets along the line. The Chekists for some reason took no part in this reading; but neither did they molest anyone.

The postal service is not normally used for distributing *samizdat*, as the Soviet post has no secrets from Soviet Power.[3] In the event of interception, even if there is not sufficient material to bring a criminal charge, the "appropriate organs" may become interested and this may lead to shadowing and searches. Besides, it is a crying shame if a literary work is lost. Nevertheless, in the summer of 1967 I sent from Moscow to my mother at a seaside resort Solzhenitsyn's famous letter to the Fourth Writers' Congress (1964). I put it in the envelope of an official letter which had arrived for her while she was away, and I then put this envelope inside an ordinary one with the note: "I'm forwarding an official letter. . . ." The letter arrived safely and was much appreciated.

HOW WIDESPREAD is *samizdat*? There is a well-known anecdote: the mother of a schoolboy brings Tolstoy's *War and Peace* to be copied, and she explains to the surprised typist that her son is required to read this work according to the school curriculum and that there is simply no other way of making him read it! . . . Of course, *samizdat* circulates (like this anecdote) only among the thinking part of society, among those who, in search of high quality information (including artistic information), turn away in disgust from the putrid stuff that is offered officially. Clearly, someone who has no time at all to read, whether because of cares about his daily bread or because of vodka or television, will not start reading *samizdat* either.

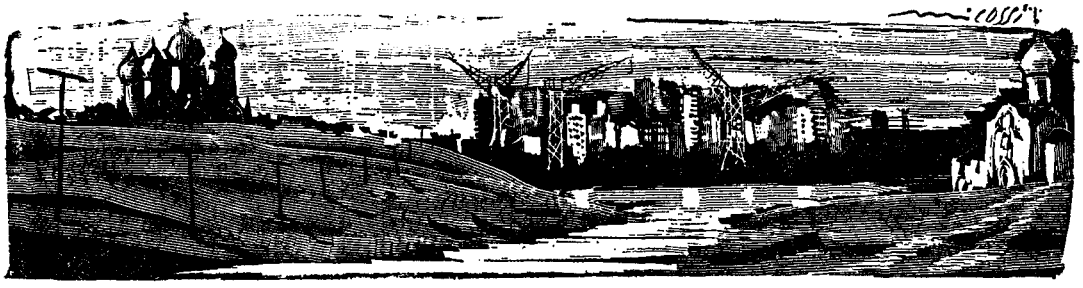
Various attempts made by the KGB, although not under its own name, to use this "publishing house" are indirect proof of public recognition of *samizdat*. For instance, not long before the arrest of ex-General Grigorenko, some Crimean Tatars (who had invited Grigorenko to be public counsel for the defence at a trial of 10 of their number) found a typewritten anonymous text in their letter-boxes, full of slanders about him. The text was typed in triple spacing ("real" *samizdat* is never typed so uneconomically), on "too good" a typewriter, on "too good" paper and, in general, "too professionally." But, most important: it contained information that could be known to nobody but the KGB.

Is *samizdat* an "Illegal" or "Underground" literature? In no sense, and Major-General Malygin's opinion cited above confirms this. There is no "black list" of banned literary works in Soviet legislation. There are some lists of books which are supposed to be liable to confiscation, and they are distributed to bookshops and libraries; still, these are intra-departmental circulars which in no way oblige Soviet citizens to "purge" their personal libraries. Moreover, even if I wished to display super-loyalty as a loyal Soviet subject and wanted to be guided by these lists, I should quite simply not be given them—they are secret, "for official use only."

As for "conspiracy", most *samizdat* works are signed and the addresses of the signatories given, so that here again there can be no question of any "illegality."

Besides, the U.S.S.R. has always spoken with warmth in its official press of the UN's "Universal Declaration of Human Rights"; and especially

[3] See, for details, Zhores A. Medvedev, "Secrecy of Correspondence is Protected by Law", in *The Medvedev Papers* (Macmillan, 1971).



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Article 19 which states:

> Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

The fact that the "Universal Declaration of Human Rights" (usually available only in a *samizdat* edition) is not always taken away during searches is an indirect confirmation of the Soviet Union's remarkable respect for this document. And if, during these very searches, the same officials confiscate large quantities of *samizdat* which afterwards does not figure as "material evidence" in any criminal case, but which is not returned to its owners, then *this* surely is a violation of Soviet law.

It is because he knows of this illegal practice that the normal reader of *samizdat* will not say to his friend over the phone (which is often tapped): "Do come round, I've got hold of *Cancer Ward*. . . ." Generally speaking, a sense of self-preservation is a human characteristic. But if I am afraid to go out of my house because there is a mad dog outside, this does not mean that my walk would have been "illegal." We come across all kinds of "undergrounds" in Western press references to Soviet *samizdat*, or we find large headlines such as "SONGS OF THE SOVIET UNDERGROUND." This use of the word is justified in the following way. What are "laws" anyway in the Soviet Union? They exist only on paper, and in practice the authorities always do what they want. But this is the whole point: one of the main reasons for violation of the laws by the authorities is the readiness of citizens to agree to these violations beforehand, their readiness to recognise as "underground"—even in terminology—any activity which, although not contradictory to Soviet law, is objectionable to the rulers of the day.

Some *samizdat* is anonymous (or pseudonymous), but the words of the *Chronicle of Current Events* apply to these works too:

> The *Chronicle* is in no sense an illegal publication, but its conditions of work are hampered by the peculiar concepts of legality and freedom of information which have become established in the course of long years in certain Soviet institutions. For this reason the *Chronicle* cannot, like any other journal, give its postal address on the last page.

But most *samizdat*, I repeat, consists of signed works. There are even regular typewritten collections which come out openly, for instance *Social Problems*, put out by V. N. Chalidze. The permanent postal address of the compiler is given on each typewritten copy of this collection. And the main significance of activity concerned with fulfilling the promise of freedom of speech in *samizdat* lies in what I must call overcoming the subjective sense of a virtual lack of rights; this was inherited from the bloodbath of recent times in the country and, perhaps, from even earlier Russian times.

Nevertheless, since understanding must always be preceded by knowledge, it would be a bit much to expect Western specialists on the so-called Soviet "underground" to see all this in its proper perspective.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Column

HOW SERIOUSLY should we take the Angry Brigade? I have the feeling that they are taken less seriously than they should be, even though one has to remember that their recent trial was one of the longest and most expensive in English legal history, and that, despite the judge's acceptance of the jury's plea for leniency, four of the accused were sentenced to ten-year terms of imprisonment, to mark the judge's consciousness of the heinousness of their offences.

What impresses me, however, is that, if one may judge by Press and Television reports, most people do not seem to have been particularly surprised or shocked that a group of young men and women, most of them obviously intelligent and well-educated, should not only have adopted a theory of politics and society which demands and justifies the total destruction of all existing institutions, without any concern for what should replace them, but should have taken the most positive and practical steps to put their theory into practice by means of the gun, the bomb and the hand grenade; just as if, indeed, they were I.R.A. gunmen or Chicago gangsters. Though in the case of the Angry Brigade there appears to have been even less justification for their actions than for those of the I.R.A. or the Mafia. Material gain, or a precise political end like the unification of Ireland, is at least an intelligible, even if not defensible, motives for murder. In the case of the Angry Brigade, however, if one can believe their own manifestos, their only motive was destruction for its own sake, as the only means they could conceive of effecting any change in a society which, in their belief, is irretrievably evil. What the nature of the change should be does not seem to have concerned them; any change could only be for the better if, however vaguely and indirectly, it injured and affronted society.

That young people, however few in number, should think, feel and act like this is in itself a kind of tragedy, and perhaps itself a condemnation of the society which has made such a thing possible. Yet it is difficult for us to understand what the tragedy, or the condemnation, really consists in. We find it relatively easy, for example, to understand, and perhaps even sympathise with, the terrorist activities of 19th-century Russian radicals and nihilists; because the weight of the Czarist autocracy was so crushing and oppressive as to leave no prospect of hope except in some universal cataclysm for which terrorism might provide the detonator; and also perhaps because, with historic hindsight, we may feel that we can make out how the terrorists did in fact make a contribution to the events which finally destroyed Czarism.

It is difficult to think of the Angry Brigade in such terms. Most of all, of course, because, whatever the defects of our present society, it would be hard to equate them with the ruthlessness with which Czarism tried to suppress everything which was original, spontaneous and creative in Russian life. How can modern permissiveness be the same as ancient oppression? On the contrary, one might reasonably claim that few societies in the past have combined a great measure of individual liberty with a greater degree of social security than our own. How can the bomb be the cure for such a society? It is difficult to know whether there can be a rational or intelligible answer to such a question. As for the Angry Brigade, we only know that they are a tiny minority which cherishes the hopeless dream of achieving a revolution by imposing its will on the majority through violence, and that for them Revolution is so sacred a word that to ask what it means is a form of blasphemy.

Perhaps, however, there is an altogether different kind of difficulty which we encounter if we try to enter into the ideas and feelings which activate the members of such an organisation as the Angry Brigade. It is that the Angry Brigade, however minute in numbers and influence, is part of our here and now, of the air which we presently breathe, of the social and intellectual ambiance in which we spend our daily lives, and for that reason we find it difficult, if not impossible, to achieve the same kind of understanding of it as we may hope to do of some comparable phenomenon in the past. However hard we may try to see our own times in historical perspective, the present has a different smell from the past, as a living body has from a corpse. It is, indeed, precisely this smell, this impalpable and all-pervasive odour, which distinguishes the living present from the dead past, and precisely this which, by a feat of imagination, historians try to recapture when they try, however vainly, to bring the past to life again.

It should follow that this indefinable air and odour of the present should provide a common bond between all who are alive at any given moment, a shared experience which distinguishes them from all who came before and after them. And as an abstraction this may be true, but alas! the degree of abstraction is so great as to deprive it of almost all content. The sad truth

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is rather that the present, which is not merely a matter of date, has a different meaning as between one generation and another, even though they co-exist, in one case stretching back to and including elements of the past which for the young are already irretrievably dead, and in the other extending forward, in the shape of hopes and dreams and aspirations, to a future which is beyond the time-span of their elders. Far from constituting a common bond between generations, the present is apt to dig an almost unbridgeable gulf between them.

One of the defendants in the trial of the Angry Brigade enjoyed, we are told, great prestige among its members because he had spent three years in a Franco prison. What different memories, associations, hopes, and fears such an experience suggests to those for whom Spain still remains the scene of a terrible civil war, not only as a matter of historical fact but as something which coloured their whole lives, and those for whom it has become the happy hunting ground of a million package-tourists on the Costa Brava!

The court which tried the Angry Brigade belonged to a different historical era from those on whom it passed sentence, because it existed in a different past, a different present and a different future. If there was an injustice in the trial, as the defendants claimed, it lay not in any manipulation of evidence or distortion of the law but simply in this; that the court and the defendant stood on opposite slopes of the watershed of time.

★

THE SENSE that today more than most times constitutes such a watershed has by now become so acute that, under the name of the "generation gap", it has become a favourite subject for speculation, not only in the Press, on Television, in the courts, in the pulpit but also wherever a few parents are gathered together and discuss their children or a few children discuss their parents. For many indeed, of both the old and the young, it has come to seem like an absolute and total obstacle to any form of communication or sympathy between the generations. And indeed there are particular reasons why, in an age of such rapid change as our own, the gap should have become so wide and so deep. Only this should not prevent us from remembering that the gap has always existed and indeed has always exercised a profound influence both on history and on the writing of history; and particularly because history seems to tell us that people become sharply conscious of it during eras of profound historical change.

It is perhaps not merely coincidence, but simply a sign of the times, that, in their two recently published lectures, two of England's most respected intellectual figures should have devoted themselves to precisely this subject. Sir Herbert Butterfield's Rede Lecture (Cambridge University Press, 40p) is entitled *The Discontinuities between the Generations in History: Their Effect on the Transmission of Political Experience*, and Sir Isaiah Berlin's Romanes Lecture (Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, 50p) more simply, *Fathers and Children*; but perhaps both titles are really saying the same. For what concerns both lecturers is precisely the problem of communication between generations, the obstacles which stand in the way of it, and what effects may be expected if those obstacles prove insuperable. But whereas Butterfield takes the whole of human history for his province, ranging over the centuries with an ease which anyone might envy, Berlin concentrates on one historical example which, as he himself emphasises, is of particular relevance to our own time and our problems.

Berlin's example is taken from a great writer, Ivan Turgenev, and in particular from his novel, *Fathers and Children*, from which he has adopted the title of his own lecture. The first thing perhaps one would like to say about the lecture is how greatly it adds to our knowledge and understanding of Turgenev. As Berlin says, in Western Europe we have become accustomed to see him

> as Henry James or George Moore or Maurice Baring saw him . . . as a writer of beautiful lyrical prose, the author of nostalgic idylls of country life, the elegiac poet of the last enchantments of decaying country-houses and of their ineffective but irresistibly attractive inhabitants, the incomparable story-teller with a marvellous gift for describing nuances of mood and feeling, the poetry of nature and of love, gifts which have given him a place among the writers of his time.

And we are not wholly wrong to see Turgenev in this way, for he was, to perfection, all of these things; but he was also other things as well. For he was not only an artist, but a profoundly political writer, and in his own country it was as a political writer that he was counted and was harshly judged and violently attacked. When he died his funeral in St Petersburg was attended by representatives not only of the intelligentsia but of the Russian government and working-class organisations, "perhaps the first and last occasion," says Berlin, "on which these groups peacefully met in Russia"; and precautions were taken to ensure that the funeral should not develop into a political demonstration. Ernest Renan and Edmond About saw his body off from Paris; the secret police received it in St Petersburg.

But it was not only the Imperial government and police who regarded Turgenev as more of a political than an artistic phenomenon. His novels inspired profound and bitter controversies in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which men of all parties joined and in a sense those controversies still continue today. "A shadow has fallen over my name," Turgenev wrote once; and Berlin adds, "Turgenev's name still lies under a shadow in his own land."

The novel which contributed most to making Turgenev so controversial a figure was *Fathers and Children*, published in 1862, and the character in it who so deeply and passionately engaged the attention of Turgenev's Russian readers was its hero-villain, the "nihilist" Bazarov, whom Turgenev himself conceived as "a sombre figure, wild, huge, half-grown out of the soil, powerful, hasty, honest." There is perhaps a certain irony in Bazarov's capacity to provoke so powerful a reaction, for he is in many ways a highly enigmatic figure, whose strength is only partly realised, like some piece of sculpture which still lies half-embedded in its original granite. And indeed there was something enigmatic in Turgenev's attitude towards his own creation. While he claimed that he "had loved Bazarov very, very much" and called him "the most sympathetic of all my characters", he also wrote that his "personal feelings towards Bazarov were confused (God only knows whether I loved or hated him)" and he endowed him with qualities, such as fanaticism, crude materialism, contempt for beauty and art, which were to him more than to most people totally alien and antipathetic.

THE EXPLANATION IS, perhaps, that Turgenev conceived of Bazarov as a man of a future which was struggling to be born and that in him, as in most of us, the future inspired both the kind of love which is based on perhaps extravagant hope and the kind of fear which is based on the knowledge that the future is always a threat to the present and the past. What Berlin emphasises, however, is that in Turgenev this ambivalent attitude was combined with a passionate desire to capture the minds and hearts of the young, to understand and to be understood by them, to inspire a reciprocal love to that which he felt for them, and thus surmount the gap which divided men of his own age, character and generation from their natural heirs and successors. With such feelings, and such a purpose, it was natural that he was confounded and dismayed, and also genuinely puzzled, by the violent attacks his novel provoked from those who believed that Bazarov was an ignoble and scurrilous caricature of the revolutionary hopes of the young. "Bazarov, that intelligent, heroic man—a caricature?" It was, he said, a senseless charge.

In Turgenev's novel, as in the controversy it provoked, there is of course much which directly reflects and is derived from the historical conditions of the Russia of his own day. It is indeed his exquisite feeling for the tone and temper of his own age which gives such force and feeling to his novels. Yet *Fathers and Children* is perhaps unique among them because the central dilemma it presents, of the conflict between the present and the future, is so directly relevant to our own time. Bazarov still remains an ambivalent figure to us, for whom we feel something of Turgenev's *Hass Liebe*, because he embodies so precisely the kind of threat which the young represent to their elders today and also the contempt with which the young regard those who feel themselves threatened.

Berlin indeed goes so far as to say that the dilemma which Turgenev depicted, and himself felt so acutely, has only changed in the sense that by today, instead of being a dilemma which, in Czarist Russia, was peculiar to a particular class, it has become a universal one.

> The situation that he diagnosed in novel after novel, the painful predicament of the believer in liberal Western values, a predicament once thought peculiarly Russian, is today familiar everywhere. So too is his oscillating, uncertain position, his hatred of reactionaries, his fear of the barbarian radicals, mingled with a passionate anxiety to be understood and approved of by the ardent young. Still more familiar is his inability, despite his greater sympathy for the party of protest, to cross over unreservedly to either side in the conflict of ideas, classes and, above all, generations. The figure of the well-meaning, troubled, self-questioning liberal, witness to the complex truth, which, as a literary type, Turgenev virtually created in his own image, has today become universal. These are the men who, when the battle grows too hot, tend either to stop their ears to the horrible din or attempt to promote armistices, save lives, avert chaos.
>
> As for the storm in the teacup, of which Turgenev spoke, so far from being forgotten, it blows over the entire world today. If the inner life, the ideas, the moral predicament of men matter at all in explaining the course of human history, then Turgenev's novels, especially *Fathers and Children*, quite apart from their literary qualities, are as basic a document for understanding the Russian past and our present as the plays of Aristophanes for the understanding of classical Athens, or Cicero's letters, or novels by Dickens or George Eliot, for the understanding of Rome or Victorian England.

The Russian past and our present. It is a striking phrase and a very large claim even on behalf of Turgenev. The force, one might even say the beauty, of Berlin's lecture is that he totally convinces us that the claim is in no way exaggerated.

R

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

No Business to be like Show-Business

By John Weightman

THE FIRST THING wrong with the new Peter Cook and Dudley Moore show at the Cambridge Theatre is the title, *Behind the Fridge*, which neither makes sense nor has any interesting implications that I can see. What is behind the fridge, when one finally yanks it out during the annual clean-up? Fluff, mouse-droppings and a few dried crumbs—hardly a promising phenomenological harvest. So, *Behind the Fridge* is either an incomprehensible in-joke or just a silly echo of *Beyond the Fringe*. The latter expression had the merit of being ambiguously significant; it meant both more way-out than the fringe events of the Edinburgh Festival, and perhaps more lunatic than the lunatic fringe; in either case, it opened invitingly on to new vistas of the comic, and there was no let-down. In fact, *Beyond the Fringe* now seems to have been as much a theatrical landmark as the beginning of the Theatre of the Absurd with Ionesco's *La Cantatrice Chauve*.

The point about the original team of four was that, for the very first time apparently, a group of bright university graduates managed to establish themselves on the stage and to be at once popular, funny, and fairly highbrow. From the moment I first saw them in Edinburgh, I was strongly prejudiced in their favour, being much more at home with their quadripartite super-ego than with the over-publicised quadripartite id of the Beatles, to whom eventually they came to be compared. How interesting it would be, I had often thought, if the world of art and entertainment were peopled by educated geniuses, instead of so many fitful talents sputtering away in a hit-and-miss fashion, or complacently low-brow talents which never aim above a certain level. By now, I have come to see that this hope may be naïve; one sign of talent, as of stupidity (they may be intimately connected), is that it is sometimes impervious to education and has to rediscover the world in its own fumbling way and in its own good time. On the other hand, education may not be geared to the fact that the people who could profit most from it may have to go through the motions of rejecting it before they can accept it. But it is sad when talent and education, after once being combined, tend to drift apart again. Messrs Cook and Moore, who hived off as a double act some years ago, have not developed quite as one would have hoped from their early outstanding performances, and *Behind the Fridge* is in several respects a disappointment. They still try to maintain an atmosphere of unpretentious intelligence, by sending themselves up and laughing at their own jokes, but they have also made some large concessions to facility and anti-intellectualism, concessions of which this pointless title is symbolic.

YET WHEN THEY ARE GOOD, they are very, very good, so let me begin by singing their praises. First of all, they constitute a perfect comic couple: Moore short and round; Cook tall and thin; Moore fundamentally plebeian, Cook upper-class; Moore winsome and cuddly, Cook snooty and aggressive; Moore masochistic, Cook sadistic; Moore instinctively musical, Cook more verbal; Moore decently sane, Cook dangerously insane; Moore verging on the feminine, Cook flintily masculine. When they are playing on these antitheses, they can achieve a perfect balance of effects. One of the high spots of this show, for instance, is a Pete and Dud dialogue in the manner of *The Odd Couple*, with Dud acting as the unconscious, feminised slave who does all the skivvying, while Pete, comfortably ensconced in a chair, lectures loftily on the virtues of Women's Lib. No doubt, the basic

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pattern of the Pete and Dud exchanges goes back to the down-and-outs of the old music hall, and was mediated through Vladimir and Estragon in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, so that the element of original invention is quite small. But it is a formula that can be indefinitely renewed, since would-be intellectual conversation about current themes in non-intellectual accents is a perpetual source of jokes. One of the details of the scene that will remain in my memory is the sight of Dud, muffled up in his tramp's old coat and cap and with an apron tied around his middle, struggling over his gas stove as he expresses a wish that women in general would take him as a sex-object and appease their lust on him, before pausing to treat him as an equal; in short, Dud, a male Cinderella, is crying out to be rescued by female chauvinism. The scene is all the more funny, in that Dud, sniffling and snuffling through his Cockney fricatives, glottal stops and triphthongs, is like some shabby and endearing domestic pet that has only recently received the gift of human speech.

The Pete and Dud act shows, among other things, that they both have an infallible ear for certain kinds of accent, in this case subnormal Cockney and suburban didactic. The ability to imitate varieties of native speech is a very widespread gift among young, or youngish, people at the moment, and indeed seems to have been a specifically English phenomenon of the '60s and '70s (there has been nothing comparable in France, for instance). I set it down to the increased consciousness of role-playing in a society that has passed in one generation from a world power to a local community in search of an ethos. All four members of the original *Beyond the Fringe* team have this linguistic ability to an uncanny degree, although the overt content of the sketches in which they have illustrated it is perhaps not always quite equal to the subtleties of the phonetic implications. Moore does a splendid impersonation of a resting homosexual actor, gay in word and deed, but the scene ends in too facile a fashion with a rehearsal of *Othello*, in which Moore camps up the Moor. Cook, just as brilliantly, does a take-off of Harold Macmillan as a Conservative candidate keeping a stiff upper lip after an electoral defeat, and then letting his resentment rip in a single coarse expletive. The joke is probably unfair to Macmillan himself, who strikes me as being a sophisticated Absurdist behind his rigidly conditioned exterior, but Cook catches exactly the paternalist inflections of his brand of patrician English, now so out-of-date, but still used by one or two Right-wing politicians.

Then, both Moore and Cook have the true clownish knack of conveying mental attitudes by physical movement. This is amply illustrated in the preenings and buttock-swingings of Moore's homosexual. It also gives the wry touch of humour to a long, ill-conceived sketch about a famous film star reluctantly visiting his elderly, lower-middle-class father; Moore, as the father, does a sort of whirring dog-paddle across the stage, as if every movement had to be accomplished against a strong head-wind, old age being the sensation of living in an increasingly hostile physical milieu. Cook, for his part, does a marvellous dotty don, who teeters and flutters all over the room, while talking at cross-purposes with a student. The characterisation reminds me strongly of an experience I had many years ago at All Souls, when I went to interview a well-known Fellow of that institution on behalf of the BBC, and was overwhelmed with definitions, distinctions, assertions and refutations, as my host's spindly limbs, which seemed to exist as a pure gesticulatory system, thrashed the air around me. Cook conveyed precisely the right impression of executing a dance of the parts of speech, or of being a nervous incarnation of the Word.

WHY, WHEN THEY ARE capable of these touches of genius, have they allowed so much inferior material to creep into their show? The sketch already referred to about the famous star and obscure father has no central point, and for much of the time is a ham-handed attempt at black humour in the narrative about the death of the mother. Another long and tedious sketch is an interview with a shepherd about the birth of Jesus; it depends on the irreverent treatment of Christian myth, but does nothing to renew this hackneyed theme. It even repeats the mediaeval joke about Joseph's disgruntlement, and there is a lot of play with the sexual activities of the flock ("ramification"), which the shepherd is trying to moderate, as if Messrs Cook and Moore did not know that sheep, far from being like barnyard fowls, mate only once a year and with the shepherd's enthusiastic approval and support. There is still a lot of fun to be got out of the absurdities of religious conviction and the illusions of the pastoral myth, but it is rather obtuse to approach either issue as if one were unaware of the vast comic backlog on these two subjects that has built up over the centuries; and is it decent to expect a laugh at the pronunciation of Magi as Maggi?

Similarly, when Cook and Moore try to satirise political figures directly—*e.g.* Amin and Heath—the attempts misfire, because they have not bothered to think out the problem to any comic depth. The take-off of Amin depends mainly on quoting his megalomaniacal statements in an imitation of his accent, which in this case is not

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very significant, since it is merely a foreign distortion of English which he shares with Africans of much saner views. As for Heath, he is guyed simply because he is Prime Minister, and while it is true that any person in power is bound to have weaknesses that the satirist can fix on, it is not satire, but mindless Leftism or Poujadism, simply to jeer at him because he is where he is. An unfortunate effect of the satirical wave, which was sparked off, precisely, by *Beyond the Fringe* and was useful in sweeping away a lot of moribund ideas, has been to spread the belief that people in authority can legitimately be mocked at merely because they are in authority. Perhaps the time has come to point out that Lord Acton's dictum: "All power corrupts. . ." is a statement of opinion, and not necessarily a scientific fact. I have known cases where power, instead of corrupting, gave a man a sense of his responsibility. I don't know whether or not this is true of the present Prime Minister, for whom incidentally I didn't vote, but I am sure that anyone who wants to make a valid joke about him has to do better than Dudley Moore in this feeble little lampoon, which is like *Private Eye* going on at its automatic worst about the Grocer.

Another disappointing feature is the confusion of humour with xenophobia. This occurs in a mild form in a sketch called *Eine Kleine Brechtmusik*, which is essentially a parody of Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel*, a bold undertaking since Helmut Berger made such a stunning job of it in *The Damned*; but can anyone now think that phrases like "Ich bin ein Frankfurter, ich bin ein Hamburger" are funny? Even worse is *Chanson*, which I take to be an attack on Sacha Distel and in which Cook, as a French *chanteur de charme*, says how kind English people are to him, since they all with one accord use the friendly refrain: "Peess-off." Now I don't particularly care for Sacha Distel, just as I never cared for Maurice Chevalier's international exploitation of a certain conception of the Gallic. However, the sketch doesn't object to him because of his quality (he is no worse, and perhaps better, than many English performers); nor is it satirising the English attitude to foreign artistes; the theme is quite clearly "Froggie, go home", and the joke depends on the assumption that a French singer would be ignorant enough of English to interpret "Piss off" as an endearment. Of course, Cook and Moore cannot believe this themselves, but they are depending on the audience having the thought; that is, they are flattering the public's stupid conviction of its superiority to foreigners. I may seem to be making heavy weather of a tiny point; my excuse is that tiny points go to make up big principles, and the failure of taste in this sketch reminded me unhappily of the dreadful song in honour of Enoch Powell in *Hulla Baloo*. When Peter Cook and Dudley Moore begin to sound like Jimmy Edwards, something must be wrong; the original *Beyond the Fringe* spirit has been betrayed, and what was once pure intellectual sparkle has declined into dubious routine show-business.

Shrimp Sleep

Curled up like a shrimp,
Last night I slept alone:
The night before, again a shrimp,
I curled up on my own.

What sort of life is this?
To lie from dusk till dawn,
Night after night, curled up in sleep
Like some tight-bellied prawn.

But, ah, today my darling's come
And pandle times are past:
Tonight I shall, with long-stretched legs,
Unshrimp myself at last.

translated from the Korean by Graeme Wilson

Anonymous

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Burn

For Moura Budberg

On her proposed departure from England

Yes, age deserves
Some quiet, as had youth—
Or so you've told us.
Is that the truth?
Isn't it a fact
That Talleyrand adored you,
And for your want of tact
In the Commune of eighteen-seventy
Marx praised and Eugénie deplored you?

Old ships look home
To harbours they once knew.
Had you such harbours?
Honestly, weren't you
There at Pompeii,
Saved out of the lava
By your great love-to-be?
Did you have words with Madame Bovary?
And weren't you Tolstoy's girl at Balaclava?

Brilliant balloons
Of fantasy and gossip
Inflate to legends,
Till we make up
Twenty, not one,
Swans to whom you were Leda.
How well *did* you know Solomon?
And was he wise? In Berlin, certainly,
The Kaiser took you for the Queen of Sheba.

That you were born
Is also sure, and bred
In deepish purple.
You preferred red.
Grey's not your wear,
London not yours to nest in,
Not now, not any more.
Too many rats. Where to then, citizen-
Baroness, what fresh fields to rest in?

What country to appease
So hungry a delight
In one friend, or many,
Tracing all night
To some old thought
Contemporary ferment;
The Revolution, or the Court;
Talking your casual documentary,
Where every scene is happening that moment?

Well, join your son.
Give the last party,
And vanish, placing
In the last taxi
Their books men signed,
The letters in the folders,
London's mists left behind,
Your massive shadow fitly lengthening
Not on a grey wall but a golden.

Let it be Italy.
There you'll have snow,
And there'll be moujiks,
Bells, like Moscow,
And just as before
A family to love you,
And riots, and the poor,
And days to dream of the victorious
Sunflower of Russia who once blazed above you.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Porter

Two Poems

A Study of a Bird

With completely retractable sail
he has an ocean surrounding him;
his surface is at all edges
and everywhere the reefs wait
with their yellow surf: he lives
in a cube drawn by a mad artist,
his eyes are along diagonals;
Perspective is what we invent
to be like him; he is not like us,
he would never expect an epitaph.

Brave on a tractor while they lunch
he is as vain as a place god,
an inspector of three hundred tall
stalks and the ants' deep shelter.
That sound now—is it the frogs
in their safe swamp, or the crickets
down on their knees? No, it's
the bariolage of useless terror
made by all things born to die—
he dips his head, they are wiping their mouths.

Traction by Leonardo, costume by Audubon,
habitat by John Clare—the Establishment
of Creatures chairs him to the top.
There he passes with his flaps down
plumb on a winter tree. We may
take his eggs and measurements
but we cannot levitate. A ring on his leg
will match him to God's census—
only his watching superiors leave
Paradise, trailed by a flailing sword.

Fields at evening hold the honey
of the sun. He "fleeth as it were
a shadow", the bird of the Angelus
among the gleaners of Nature;
it is all light and dark to him,
a scene by C. D. Friedrich to us.
Heavier-than-air machine the poet
loves, he overhears these pointless,
poignant words: *I am a child of the
Enlightenment, I expect to be happy.*

The Definition of Happiness

The ability to move in a painted world,
To be the exception to an aphorism,
Pure feeling while the stilted speeches jet;
The self-absorption of a hare on tapestry
Caught in an Eden-wide catastrophe;
Pure rhyme's word, immense injustice
For a syllable, time impounded
Till hands learn patience on the clock.

Verbless, sleepless, and afraid to dream;
Cocytus currents entering this hot-
water flat, praising the precision of unease;
Murder seen down every leafy avenue
But no deceit of songsters; letters
Marked HIS and HERS all failing the test
Of style—oh, this and what we patronise
Is monumental: we strut on down to sleep.

In one word, rhetoric; in two, eternal love.
Nobody can bank his living fire so high.
The definition of happiness begins,
"To wake out of oneself, the same sun shining . . .".

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phaidon Art Books

Rogier van der Weyden

MARTIN DAVIES

"Unusually fine. Some of the greatest masterpieces of Netherlandish art. Of compelling interest." *Times.* "The author is so passionately interested in the actual paintings." *Financial Times. 304 pp, 201 illus, 12 in colour, 12½ × 9 in. £14*

Rowlandson

Watercolours & Drawings

JOHN HAYES

"Sets out Rowlandson's astonishing talent, abundant vitality, brilliant caricature, his observation skill, and aesthetic refinement." *Sunday Telegraph.* "Well informed, succinct and graceful." *Arts Review. 216 pp, 206 illus, 16 in colour, 11¼ × 8¼ in, £7*

Phaidon Dictionary of 20th Century Art

An immensely useful guide, with 1,600 entries on individual artists, over 140 on movements and groups, and reproductions of characteristic works of art. *476 pp, 66 illus, 10 × 7 in., Feb 15th, £5.50*

Gericault's 'Raft of the *Medusa*'

LORENZ EITNER

Assembles for the first time all the known drawings and paintings related to this great picture and traces its gradual evolution. *272 pp, 155 illus, 2 in colour, 12¼ × 9 in, Feb 15th, £9*

Egon Schiele

RUDOLF LEOPOLD

This sumptuous book, coming in May, is the definitive work on this fascinating artist, with faithful reproductions of his paintings, water-colours and drawings. *c. 700 pp, 228 plates, 84 in colour, c. 600 text illus, slip case, May 17th, £60*

Raphael's Cartoons

in the Royal Collection and the Tapestries for the Sistine Chapel

JOHN SHEARMAN

"The catalogue of the Royal collection has now reached its greatest masterpiece, a magnificent monograph, heavy with learning." *Observer. 264 pp, 140 illus, 4 in colour, 12 × 9 in, £12.50*

Painting in Britain 1800-1900:

The Restless Century

WILLIAM GAUNT

"The choice here is uncommonly good and quite often unexpected." *Observer.* "90 painters sensitively discussed, this is a useful picture history." *Sunday Telegraph. 256 pp, 171 illus, 24 pp in colour, 11¼ × 10 in, £6.50*

Rome of the Renaissance

PAOLO PORTOGHESI

"A massive and exemplary work with superb photographs and line drawings, and a valuable appendix of original designs." *RIBA Journal. 450 pp, 502 illus, 11¼ × 10 in, £12*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Special Book Section

Aspects of Art

Too True to be Good?

Possessing the Super Real—By EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

JUST AT THE POINT when it seemed that the inexorable procession of modernist styles had finally ground to a halt, Super Realism burst upon the astonished and not altogether grateful art world. The Super Realists have been a power in the United States for a couple of years now, and in Europe German collectors have been eagerly buying their work. But the first public impact on this side of the Atlantic was delayed until the Kassel Documenta of 1972, when a large section of the exhibition was devoted to them, in competition with Conceptualists, Minimalists, Actionists and all the rest. Now every European museum curator longs for a Super Realist show of his very own.

An inevitable stage in the consecration of the new style has been the appearance of a book by the indefatigable Udo Kultermann,[1] always the first to explain and to defend any new manifestation in the visual arts. In the present case, the text is mercifully short, perhaps for lack of time in which to write it, and the illustrations are lavish. *The New Realism*, as the volume is called, gives us every chance to make up our minds for ourselves.

The ancestry of Super Realism is fairly easy to chart. The subject-matter links it to Pop Art, while the methods employed often suggest a kinship with the American realism of the 'thirties. Taken over from Pop are two elements in particular—the obsession with urban banality, and the inclination to develop an idea through parody of some pre-existing image. Vermeer is a favourite victim; so, too, is Caravaggio. These ambiguous tributes to art-history tell us a little about the way in which some practitioners of Super Realism think of themselves. They are repentant prodigals, but they want to be given the credit for their own profligacy.

The most important issue raised, however, by the connection between Super Realism and Pop is the question of the artist's dependence on photographs. It is important in two senses—both from the practical point of view (the way in which the paintings and sculptures are created), and from the philosophical one. As art-historians wearily point out, painters began to make extensive use of photographs almost as soon as photography itself was invented. Delacroix, for example, found them a most useful aid. Later, the Impressionists—Degas in particular—became interested, not merely in what the camera saw, but in the way in which it recorded what was in front of the lens. The arbitrary croppings that we find in Degas's most typical compositions are suggested by the arbitrariness of the photographs, perhaps even more directly than by the planned wilfulness of Japanese prints. Photographs often imply something which is in any case true: that the image seized by the camera is an excerpt, a fragment from a larger context, not something complete in itself.

After Impressionism, there was a rebellion against the camera. Photography became, not the ally, but the rival of painting. Indeed, this rivalry manifested itself upon both sides. Photographers tried to discover techniques and processes which would make the photographic image itself look like a painting—that is, from their own rather limited point of view, like a work of fine art. Painters, on the other hand, tried to follow new paths which the photographer would find it impossible to traverse. Cubism, with its multiple viewpoints, was, among other things, a criticism of the camera's way of seeing. The various kinds of "pure abstraction" which have flourished since Kandinsky are, in their negative aspect, a retreat which allowed photography to take possession of

[1] *The New Realism.* By UDO KULTERMANN. Mathews Miller Dunbar (Idea Books), £4.95; New York Graphic Society, $14.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

territory once considered the property of the painter.

AMONG THE MAJOR art movements of the first phase of modernism—the phase which we may now conveniently think of as having ended in or about the year 1945—only Surrealism[2] continued to explore what the photograph had to offer. This exploration branched out in several different directions. First, there was the employment of photographic techniques, such as the direct printing process employed by Man Ray in his Rayographs. Significantly enough, the whole point of Man Ray's experiments was that they eliminated the special qualities of the camera, in favour of exploiting the possibilities for direct image-making offered by the manipulation of sensitised paper. Secondly, there was the employment of photographs as raw materials for Surrealist collage—but this, too, could be seen as a means of devaluing photography itself. Finally, there was the disposition, in Surrealist paintings of the kind produced by Salvador Dali, to offer a challenge to the camera's mastery of detail. Paintings of this sort deliberately substitute, for the truth of the lens, an imaginary truth which is by implication more valuable, simply because it is accessible to us only through the painter's skill in translating his private vision into concrete and apparently objective terms. An irony is present which the Surrealists did not altogether realise—or, at any rate, if they did realise it, they were not prepared to face up to its implications. This irony is to be found in the fact that veristic Surrealist painting implicitly accepts the camera's standards of authenticity as being the correct, or indeed the only ones. If Dali's compositions convince us emotionally, it is *because* they look like photographs.

Pop art, deliberately rebelling against the paint for paint's sake of the Abstract Expressionists, renewed the romance between the painter and the photographer, or, at any rate, the photograph. But the relationship, nevertheless, was both complex and uneasy. For the Pop artist, the camera created an image which was not only different from, but actually preferable to the same figure, scene or object encountered in actuality. The lens became the instrument of a distancing process, one might almost say of a sanitising process. In the book based on his recent television series,[3] John Berger discusses the notion of glamour, which is one of the fundamental conceptions underlying Pop art. He speaks, for instance, of the way in which Marilyn Monroe, presented in repeated photographic images by Andy Warhol, loses all human identity and becomes "purely the creature of others' envy". Photographic techniques have, in fact, enabled Warhol to devalue the star by multiplying her. What Pop plays upon is not merely the accessibility, but the disposability of the photograph. It also stresses, almost insolently, the ease with which the photographic image can be not only repeated, but manipulated, and the degree to which it can be used as a substitute for the hand-labour formerly required by the painter's profession.

WHAT DIFFERENCES do we find in Super Realism which would enable us to draw a frontier between it and Pop art? The first thing that one notices is that the best paintings by Super Realist artists are much more refined, technically, than their Pop predecessors. The work of men like Howard Kanovitz, Richard Estes and Ralph Goings has a meticulous finish which is alien both to the aesthetic of the slapdash which we find in Warhol, and to the interest in conventions of representation derived from cheap printing processes that we find in Lichtenstein.

When Goings paints a streamlined silver caravan, or when Estes paints a plate-glass window, with one scene partially reflected in it, and another visible behind it, it may at first seem to us that the picture is merely an unedited copy made from a good colour transparency. And it is, of course, true that the camera has played a large part in the making of these pictures. As Kultermann points out, they are composed, not through the eye, but through the lens. The arbitrariness of the edge, despite all the other differences, refers us back to the kind of composition favoured by the Impressionists. It is possible to find a parallel for the way in which Estes treats the fragment of a New York office-block façade in some of Monet's paintings of Venetian palaces; and when Robert Cottingham shows us the three-dimensional lettering on a shop-façade in raking perspective, we may legitimately be reminded of some of Sickert's paintings of music-hall interiors. Yet it is also legitimate to question the assumption that the painter has nothing to contribute. Estes, for example, refers to photographs as "the best references in the subject I choose to paint," but adds, "I don't believe the photograph is the last word in realism."

In fact, it seems to me that the best Super Realist paintings challenge the camera, as much as they make use of it. This challenge is especially noticeable in recent works by Kanovitz—in one of the paintings by him exhibited at Kassel, a pane of glass was shown leaning against a wall, and the qualities of glassiness and transparency were rendered with such stereoscopic vividness that it was difficult to believe, until one actually

[2] *Surrealism and Painting*. By ANDRE BRETON. Macdonald, £15. *The Surrealists*. By WILLIAM GAUNT. Thames and Hudson, £7.

[3] *Ways of Seeing*. By JOHN BERGER. Penguin, 60p.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

touched the surface, that the illusion he had created was only an illusion. Unlike the Surrealists, Super Realist painters of this ultra-refined sort do not try to provide us with a photograph of something which never existed. They try, instead, to go beyond the photograph—to give the painted surface an intensity of life which the photographic image cannot possess. They thus seem to be reverting to the tradition, not merely of Vermeer, but of Van Eyck.

I am aware that this conclusion might be disputed on several grounds, on the evidence offered by Kultermann's book, which provides no less than 160 illustrations. The first objection has its roots in the desire to represent Super Realism, not as a reaction against recent fashions in art, but as a continuation of the experiments being made by Minimalists and Conceptualists. This new kind of realistic painting, so the argument goes, is "radical" in much the same way as the other developments I have mentioned. The willed inertia which distinguishes Minimal sculpture is also to be found, so some critics declare, in the attitude taken up by the Super Realist artist towards his subject-matter. Often cited, in this connection, is the way in which Malcolm Morley paints his pictures—by choosing a colour photograph or picture-postcard, squaring it, then squaring a canvas of the same proportion. The whole of the canvas is covered, with the exception of the square which the artist may happen to be working on at the time. He allows himself to see only that, and may even reverse the chosen image, so that his own version of it is painted upside down. But this seems to be a device for intensifying his experience of the surface, not anything connected to a conceptual idea.

IN GENERAL, it seems to me that we must accept that Super Realism springs from a desire to get back to the image, and not from the wish to devalue it. At the same time, there seems to be an impulse to re-assert the professionalism of the painter—his mastery of a craft, even his membership of a guild. The lay public is fascinated by Super Realist paintings, and responds to them immediately, not only because they present a recognisable image, but because they look as if they were difficult to do. The professional status of the artist has been under attack in recent years from two different quarters. On the one hand, there has been the development of the tradition—or, more properly, the anti-tradition—of Duchamp. Duchamp completely rejected manual dexterity. What counted was the artist's assertion that he *was* an artist, and that anything he chose to do was art. Somewhat different from this, but linked to it by the consequences which it entailed, was the impulse to democratise art in a democratic society—to assert that not only has everyone the right to enjoy art, but that everyone has the right to make it. Super Realism is a challenge to this view, perhaps for the most part unconscious, in a way that gestural abstraction—itself now often practised by amateurs—can never be.

There is, however, another objection which might be raised to this analysis of the origins and character of Super Realism, at least on the body of evidence offered by Kultermann's book. His illustrations demonstrate how extremely uneven is the work that he is prepared to lump together under the label "New Realism." The paintings range from the fascinating to the mediocre; and, quite apart from the question of quality, a number of different stylistic impulses seem to be at work. Kultermann includes, for example, a number of plates illustrating the work of Philip Pearlstein, a painter of nudes of a deliberately unglossy kind, akin to Edward Hopper on the one hand and to certain European artists such as Renato Guttuso on the other. Pearlstein is important to the development of Super Realism because in the middle 'sixties he stood out for realistic painting in a general sense, choosing to depict what was actually observed and refusing to "cook" his material—his nudes are nudes and not pin-ups. There is also a resemblance between his work and that of the Super Realists because of a

Raphael

PAUL OPPÉ

This beautifully written and composed book has long been recognized as one of the pioneer scholarly works of art history. It has been re-edited by Professor Charles Mitchell, Bernheimer Professor of Art at Bryn Mawr University.

14 colour plates 273 monochrome plates / £10.50

Greuze

The Rise and Fall of an Eighteenth-Century Phenomenon

ANITA BROOKNER

This wide-ranging study sets Greuze against the cultural background of his period and gives the explanation for his success and decline. His influence on David and on British painters is also outlined.

4 colour plates, over 100 monochrome plates / £7

Picasso Birth of a Genius

JUAN-EDUARDO CIRLOT

A survey of the unique collection of youthful paintings and drawings which Picasso gave to his native city of Barcelona in 1970. Most of them were carried out before 1900, though the Blue Period and Cubism are also represented.

64 colour plates 971 black and white illustrations / £12

Elek

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shared preference for apparently arbitrary compositions—but Pearlstein's compositional formulae do not in fact derive from photographs, though one might suppose so at first glance, but from his habit of painting directly on the canvas, without pre-planning.

As to the large number of poor-quality works that Kultermann illustrates, one can detect a number of reasons for their badness and flatness. Super Realism has already attracted a number of followers, who have adopted the style because it is fashionable, and because it seems to promise immediate financial rewards. In the works of the epigoni, one can see how difficult it is to fill a canvas from edge to edge and corner to corner with colours, textures and shapes that seem—quite apart from any other qualities they may possess—convincingly real, and on a par with the three-dimensional reality we experience with all our senses, not merely that of sight. There is, too, the demon of self-consciousness which seems to haunt many Super Realist artists, even the genuinely talented ones. By reverting in particular to the 19th-century academic tradition for some of their ideas and values—and an active reappraisal of this kind of painting has recently been taking place among art-historians in the United States—the new painters have often tumbled into facetiousness at the thought of their own daring: this emerges clearly, for instance, in the versions which John Clem Clarke makes of compositions by Bouguereau.

So far, I have said nothing about Super Realist work in three dimensions. This is because I find achievements of the new style, or its lack of them in this department, difficult to assess. One can, nevertheless, point to a number of ancestors. There is the work of George Segal.[4] There are the mannequins made for Surrealist exhibitions, and the dolls constructed by artists such as Kokoschka and Bellmer. And there are ordinary shop-window dummies. It is difficult to think of these life-sized figures as genuine sculpture, though Spanish religious sculptures of the 17th century, with their cloth robes, glass eyes, and wigs made of real hair, provide a distant parallel. A nearer comparison is with traditional wax-works, such as we can see in Madame Tussaud's. The artistic status of these has never really been settled—one might, I think, be justified in saying that Tussaud's new figure of Picasso has most of the qualities that we expect to find in a work of art, not least a kind of presence, the feeling that the materials used have been shaped, not merely into a likeness, but into a container for the mysterious essence we call "life."

[4] *George Segal.* By WILLIAM C. SEITZ. Thames and Hudson, £2.75.

All too often, the figures illustrated by Kultermann lack this quality. John de Andrea's naked boys and girls are too smooth, too polished, too glamorous—they have a smugness that makes them ridiculous. The absurdity is more than doubled when de Andrea tries to suggest a human relationship. One piece shows a naked youth, leading by the hand an equally naked girl. They are running and she bounds along behind him, but never for a moment do we feel the spring of life either in her movements or in his, as we do, for example, in Bernini's *Apollo and Daphne*.

The only two artists who escape these strictures are Duane Hanson (and then not always) and the young Briton John Davies, whose work is not illustrated in Kultermann's book but who had a recent exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Though obviously very different in temperament—one basically a social commentator, the other a melancholic poet—Hanson and Davies stand out from other artists working in this field through the keenness of their observation and of their feeling for character. The gestures and expressions of Hanson's pair of *Tourists,* for example, are a masterpiece of satire. These are at once individuals, and beings so typical of their species that one can find nothing much to add to the artist's description of them.

Having tried to give some description of the background and qualities of Super Realism (of which we will surely hear a great deal more), it remains to try and assess its nature, not merely as an artistic but as a social phenomenon. Like Pop before it, Super Realism has some claim to have made its impact despite the critics, rather than because of them. It is already enjoying a considerable commercial success—collectors queue up to buy these works, as they never did for Minimal or Conceptual Art. In this sense, the members of the visual arts avant-garde are now confronted by a gang of Luddites, using the hammers of money and the crowbars of popular response to spoil the beautiful machines of conceptual theory. They are also confronted with something which tends to outrage their political as well as their aesthetic principles.

IN HIS NEW BOOK, John Berger talks about the analogy between possessing and ways of seeing—he feels that this analogy makes particular sense when applied to Western culture, and that "the tendency reached its peak during the period of the traditional oil painting." Oil-paintings, Berger remarks, "are themselves objects which can be bought and owned." He continues:

> It is as though the collector lives in a house built of paintings. What is their advantage over walls of stones and wood? They show him sights: sights of what he may possess.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All of these remarks apply with particular force to the work of the Super Realists—through them, we can locate what is probably the most important difference between Super Realism and the styles it now challenges, especially Conceptual Art.

I ought, I suppose, to join in the outcry, to set up a lament that Super Realism returns so crassly to the materialist values that Berger and others condemn. What I feel, instead, is relief at encountering works which offer a more direct and honest reflection of the society we live in, at least as I understand it, than I have recently been accustomed to seeing. I also find it pleasant to find the artist doing things which I know I cannot do (such as painting), rather than attempting those which I am crass enough to suspect I do better than he (such as writing or philosophising). For this reason I find it easy to forgive the many cheap and nasty works illustrated by Kultermann in favour of the handful I find exciting and satisfying.

From Pillar to Poster

Art & Technology—By PAUL OVERY

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE once wrote that there was nowhere he hated going to more than an art gallery. This attitude, typical of the English journalist, is understandable, yet it has contributed to the indifference of the average Englishman to the visual arts and the ignorance that the average English intellectual has about them—reassuring him in the complacent virtue of his own ignorance and apathy, which he justifies by talking of the "contamination" of visual art by its close relationship with commerce and wealth.

Undoubtedly it is unpleasant to have to go into the dealers' galleries in the West End of London with their deep-pile wall-to-wall carpeting and contemptuous upper-class young ladies sitting at their desks idly fingering their electric typewriters. For the art critic it is doubly unpleasant. It is as though the literary critic had to read the books he reviews in the publisher's office. Books can be read at home or in the library—congenial enough environments, and happily segregated from the commercial realities of the commissioning, production, and marketing of books. This cosy insulation has led to the myth that publishing is somehow more public-spirited, less commercial than art dealing.

Publishing may once have been "an occupation for gentlemen"; certainly it is not now, and publishers have long abandoned the pretence, their behaviour becoming more like that of art dealers every year. With international deals and simultaneous publication in Britain, America and the continent, I do not imagine that there is much difference today between the Frankfurt Book Fair and the Cologne Art Market (a recently instituted dealer's fair).

John Berger's television programmes last year made brilliantly clear the link between visual art and property which has been so important in Western culture since the Renaissance—drastically simplifying the issues, as television always does and confirming what the average Englishman and the average English intellectual have always believed. The English artist's tradition—the tradition, that is, that stems from Hogarth—is one of endeavours to escape from this association of painting with power, wealth and influence. Hogarth hated the "elevated" status that painters aspired to, and supported an exhibition of sign-painters to spite them. He used the medium of engraving to produce as many prints as possible for sale to the 18th-century middle class—who, as F. D. Klingender pointed out in his little book *Hogarth and English Caricature,* were the most progressive elements in English society at the time—and for display in the windows of booksellers for those to see who could not afford to buy.

Klingender's book on Hogarth has never been re-issued, although his *Art and the Industrial Revolution,* republished in an "edited and revised" edition by Arthur Elton in hardback in 1968, has now appeared as a Paladin paperback.[1] It is a pity that Paladin did not publish the original edition of 1947 instead of this impertinently revised and "extended" version by another hand. Elton has added what he thinks Klingender, had he lived (he died in 1955), would have added to his text as the result of subsequent publications by other authors. If Elton had distinguished his own additions by italics or some other means, his well-meaning tampering might be forgiven. In an isolated

[1] *Art and the Industrial Revolution.* By FRANCIS KLINGENDER. Edited and revised by ARTHUR ELTON. Paladin, 75p.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instance where he does make this distinction, he comments on Klingender's views on the "catastrophic" debasement of design and craftsmanship in the 19th century: "So Klingender writing in 1946–7. It is certain that, were he revising his text today, he would have modified his views about the worth of Victorian taste and culture." Not at all certain: Klingender was not a man who toadied to fashionable changes in taste and cultural history. This kind of abuse of dead writers shows that publishers are prepared to descend to the worst kind of malpractice of art dealers, one of whom I once caught on the floor of his gallery freshening up with a lick of paint an "optical" work by a South American artist.

ALTHOUGH KLINGENDER relates Rowlandson to the tradition of Hogarth, his book is not mentioned in the texts of either of two new books on Rowlandson, Ronald Paulson's *Rowlandson: A New Interpretation*[2] and John Hayes's *Rowlandson: Watercolours and Drawings*.[3] Nor is it mentioned in Paulson's huge two-volume monograph on Hogarth published last year.

Both Hayes and Paulson refer to Rowlandson's "pornographic" drawings, and for Paulson they are crucial to his new interpretation. Yet neither book reproduces any of these. To refrain from doing so today is almost commendably uncommercial, but it doesn't help the reader to follow the writers' arguments. Paulson's volume is miserly in its illustrations, although the text is better and he makes a good case for regarding Rowlandson as a considerably more serious artist than Hayes believes him to be. The hinge of his interpretation is the chapter "People Looking at Things" where Rowlandson's main theme is characterised as an enforced voyeurism—the overdevelopment of the eye, of observation instead of participation, sensing and enjoying (sexual or otherwise). This is an interesting interpretation, no doubt largely correct, but in their desire to "rescue" Rowlandson from the social historians both Paulson and Hayes pay too little attention to the social context of Rowlandson's art.

The English moral tradition of Hogarth, Rowlandson and Gillray and its relationship to the novels of Dickens and his illustrators have been discussed by Q. D. Leavis in the Leavises' *Dickens the Novelist*. Ultimately this tradition was destroyed on the visual side by the development of photography as a reproductive medium at the end of the 19th century. "Prints" have become in the 20th century an art form of the commercial dealer's gallery, signed, numbered, limited and collected as investments—no longer illustrations for reasonably priced popular editions or works to be displayed in the windows of booksellers and publishers.

A graphic tradition survived longer in Germany in the prints of Käthe Kollwitz and the photomontages of John Heartfield (Helmut Herzfelde), who was greatly influenced by the English tradition of caricature. Realising that the development of the press photograph had destroyed the power of the caricature, which nevertheless persisted in the drawn newspaper cartoon, a dismal and reduced poor relation, Heartfield saw that by "distorting" the "truth" of the photograph (the camera cannot lie) as the caricaturist had distorted the "likeness" of a drawing, he could keep the tradition of caricature open and make of it a new weapon in the fight against Nazism in Germany. Some of Heartfield's photomontages were shown—like 18th-century prints—in the window of the office and bookshop of his brother Wieland Herzfelde's Malik Verlag in Berlin, and later montages were reproduced in the magazine *AIZ*. Although there was an excellent show of Heartfield's work at the Institute of Contemporary Art in London in 1969 which later toured other British cities, Wieland Herzfelde's monograph *John Heartfield: Leben und Werk* still has not been published in English translation although it appeared in Leipzig in 1962. (Other books from East Germany, on El Lissitzky for instance, have been translated into English and published here.)

ONE MIGHT HAVE expected a book on propaganda art to deal at length with Heartfield's work. In fact he gets a mention and one illustration in the brief historical recap of what is basically a bit of bookmaking around the author's own collection of posters.[4] The book's subtitle is "Over 1000 Contemporary Political Posters", and Yankers writes in his preface:

> It has been five years since I first began collecting posters. The idea for a book, however, did not occur to me until two years later. Therefore some of the documentation is uneven and incomplete.

Well, at least that's honest. So what we have is a large collection of propaganda posters of the years 1967–71, ranging from election posters, through the Chinese Cultural revolution, Paris 1968, Cuba, Czechoslovakia 1968, Viet Nam, Blacks and Ecology—five crucial years in which the poster has reasserted itself as a major political force in propaganda after the initial impact of

---

[2] *Rowlandson: A New Interpretation*. By RONALD PAULSON. Studio Vista, £5.

[3] *Rowlandson: Watercolours and Drawings*. By JOHN HAYES. Phaidon, £7.

[4] *Prop Art*. By GARY YANKERS. Studio Vista, £5.80.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Penguin Art

Penguin makes available a range of art books which is unequalled for its scholarship, variety and value for money.

Art in Context

'An event of great moment' *Times Literary Supplement*

David: Brutus
Robert L. Herbert

Duchamp: The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even
John Golding

Van Dyck: Charles I on Horseback
Roy Strong

Fuseli: The Nightmare
Nicholas Powell

Goya: The Third of May 1808
Hugh Thomas

Monet: Le Dejeuner sur l'herbe
Joel Isaacson

Munch: The Scream
Reinhold Heller

Piero della Francesca: The Flagellation
Marilyn Aronberg Lavin

Turner: Rain, Steam and Speed
John Gage

Each with full colour pull-out. Fully illustrated. All titles £1·95 except for David: Brutus *Robert L. Herbert* which is £2·25

Allen Lane

Style and Civilisation

Gothic
George Henderson £1·00

Early Medieval
George Henderson £1·25

Early Renaissance
Michael Levey 75p

Mannerism
John Shearman 75p

Neo-Classicism
Hugh Honour 60p

Pre-Classical
John Boardman 62½p

Realism
Linda Nochlin £1·10

Pelican

Radical Perspectives in the Arts
Edited by Lee Baxandall 65p

Ways of Seeing
John Berger 60p

Selected Essays and Articles: The Look of Things
John Berger 40p

The Image in Form: Selected Writings of Adrian Stokes
Edited by Richard Wollheim 60p

The Nude
Kenneth Clark £1·00

Meaning in the Visual Arts
Erwin Panofsky £1·05

Art and its Objects
Richard Wollheim 25p

The Heritage of Images
Fritz Saxl £1·00

Pelican History of Art

'A landmark in the history of art publishing'

New titles in cloth

Art and Architecture of the Eighteenth Century in France
Wend Graf Kalnein and Michael Levey £12·00

Ars Sacra 800-1200
Peter Lasko £12·00

Recent titles in paperback

Dutch Art and Architecture 1600-1800
Jakob Rosenberg, Seymour Slive and E. H. ter Kuile £3·00

Painting and Sculpture in Europe 1780-1800
Fritz Novotny £3·00

Painting and Sculpture in Europe 1880-1940
George Heard Hamilton £3·00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

television. But Yankers' attempt to analyse his material under various headings such as "motifs" and "symbols" is naïve and unconvincing. It makes indigestible reading and the tone is earnest and matey. According to the publishers' blurb Yankers "received a diploma from the East European Institute in Switzerland and a degree in political science from Georgetown University in Washington, D.C." Now he is "working toward degrees in law and business administration at Columbia University," and *Prop Art* does indeed read like an essay on "Media Analysis—The Propaganda Poster" by a man "working towards" a business administration degree.

Nevertheless there is some good visual material in the book and the historical section has some interesting references. For instance, to Erwin Schockel's *Das Politische Plakat: Eine Psychologische Betrachtung* (The Political Poster: A Psychological Study), published in 1939 as an official Nazi propaganda manual, in which Schockel compares German propaganda posters of the First World War unfavourably with those of the Allies, and demonstrates the superiority of Nazi posters as propaganda over earlier German posters. Yankers reproduces several Nazi posters, including a very persuasive one in which photographs of a responsible-looking Hitler and a wise old Hindenburg are montaged together—*Der Marschall und der Gefreite: Kämfen Mit Uns Für Frieden Und Gleichberechtigung* (The Marshal and the Corporal: Fight with us for Peace and Equality). This shows very clearly what Heartfield had to fight against and why he had to be so good.

IN *100 Years of Posters* Bevis Hillier illustrates in large format (11½ ins. x 16½ ins.) some of the First World War posters that Schockel referred to along with many others both commercial and political, frivolous and serious.[5] Hillier quotes A. J. P. Taylor's comment:

> In the First World War nearly everyone believed the stories of German atrocities, though relatively few were true. In the Second World War nearly everyone refused to believe the stories, though they were true, and the German crimes the most atrocious ever committed by a civilised nation.

And a caption of a typical British First World War poster (of the kind Schockel admired) is given:

> Red Cross or Iron Cross? Wounded and a Prisoner our soldier cries for water. The German "Sister" pours it on the ground before his eyes. There is no woman in Britain who would do it. There is no woman in Britain who will forget it.

But generally Hillier's text is superficial, and in his treatment of the extraordinary development of graphic design in the early years of the Revolution, quite fatuous.

> The earliest Bolshevik style was simply traditional style on a monumental, gigantic scale. This was succeeded by a mechanistic shorthand developed by Constructivists such as Malevich, Lissitzky, Lebedev and Krinski, an art which expressed in lines based on wheel, cog, conveyor belt and other mechanical fragments the Bolshevik faith in the heroic role of the machine in the workers' revolution.

So much for one of the most extraordinary developments in 20th-century visual art.

This is well documented in *New Graphic Design in Revolutionary Russia* by Szymon Bojko, a Polish critic with access to Russian archives.[6] Today, in Russia as well as in the West, the graphic design of the early revolutionary period is being reassessed after decades when it was forgotten or repressed. Bojko quotes part of an inauguration address by a survivor from that period, the poet S. Kirsanov, at the first post-war exhibition of Rodchenko's works in Moscow in 1957:

> When I gaze upon the posters and covers of Rodchenko, they seem to be the beginning of something which was never continued. It is sad that middle-class art, as personified by thousands of pink lampshades glowing in the windows of new flats, has managed to nip these early germs in the bud.

Although the graphic art of the revolutionary period is being documented in Russia, the paintings of Malevich, Lissitzky, and the Russian Futurists which grew alongside it are still taboo. At the *Art in Revolution* exhibition at the Hayward Gallery in London in 1971 the Soviet authorities demanded that the reconstruction of Lissitzky's amazing Proun Room (for the Grosse Berliner Kunstausstellung of 1923) be closed immediately. The Arts Council of Great Britain complaisantly obliged.

IN THE EARLY YEARS in Russia after the Revolution there were furious debates between the hard-line Constructivists who favoured utilitarianism, a product-art produced by "artist-engineers", and those, like Malevich, Kandinsky and Gabo, who believed that art must have a symbolic rather than a direct relationship to technology. In an essay of 1932, "Art Out Into Technology", Vladimir Tatlin, who had earlier been associated with the Constructivists, although not really one of their number, criticised them for

[5] *100 Years of Posters*. By BEVIS HILLIER. Pall Mall, £2.25.

[6] *New Graphic Design in Revolutionary Russia*. By SZYMON BOJKO. Lund Humphries, £2.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their mechanical interpretation of technology, and for ignoring "the organic connection between material and concentration." This essay was written to explain Tatlin's preoccupation with his experimental *orniopter*—a flying machine with movable wings, designed to use the motive power of the human body alone, and based on extensive studies of the flight of birds. The essay is remarkable in that it criticises the technological design and architectural ideas of the '20s in a way that only became common in the '50s. To see so clearly so close, as Tatlin did, was quite extraordinarily perceptive.

Yet Tatlin's attitude towards his *orniopter* is ambiguous. In one sense he appears to have regarded it as a symbolic work the purpose of which was to urge designers, architects and technologists to look more closely at the natural world. On the other hand he seems genuinely to have expected the machine to fly, which it didn't. The rest of his life was devoted to such problems as how to create a convincing illusion of the moon on stage in the theatre. A sad end for a great artist.

IN HIS NEW BOOK of essays, *The De-definition of Art*, Harold Rosenberg[7] writes in an essay on today's machine art and art-and-technology experiments:

> The mistake of the Constructivists lay in imagining that they were entering a new era of creation when actually they were reflecting a desire for Russian industry to catch up with developments that had taken place in the West before the First World War.

But Russian artists were quite well aware of this desire and were familiar with Lenin's statement: "Communism means Soviet rule + electrification." Rosenberg's remark seems implausible when one considers the very close links and resemblances during the twenties between the Russian avant-garde and the avant-garde in Germany—the most highly and longest industrialised country in continental Europe.

He goes on to state that "It was from Constructivism that Stalin, though his régime crushed Constructivist art in the U.S.S.R., derived his concept of the poet as 'an engineer of the soul'." Though this phrase does not seem particularly objectionable—it might have appeared as a metaphysical conceit in a 17th-century poem—Rosenberg implies that Constructivism, by devaluing man's sensitivity and symbolically and literally celebrating the advance of technology and industrialisation, made the way clear

[7] *The De-definition of Art*. By HAROLD ROSENBERG. Secker & Warburg, £5.

The Shock of the new

IAN DUNLOP

"*Ian Dunlop gets a special prize from me . . . a close and amply illustrated look at seven crucial exhibitions from the Salons des Refusés of* 1863 *to Degenerate Art in Munich in* 1937

John Russell, Sunday Times

The author has managed to combine thorough research with lively readability in a volume which is a feast for the specialist and an illumination for the ordinary reader

Observer"

Illustrated £4.95

Jackson Pollock

a biography by

B. H. FRIEDMAN

This distinguished book is the first full-length biography of the most famous American painter of his generation.

"*Mr Friedman has captured the excitement of the artist at work—the tortuous groping towards an idea and the sense of fulfilment in its ultimate creation. It is, indeed, a definitive biography. It is documented. It is solid. But best of all, it is lively*

Chicago Tribune"

Illustrated £4.85

Weidenfeld Nicolson
5 Winsley St London W1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Stalin's Terror of the '30s. But what happened in Russia in the '30s had less to do with technology and rapid industrialisation than with the totalitarian structure and methods of terror developed in Tzarist Russia which survived or were resurrected after the Revolution.

TODAY MANY ARTISTS are again trying to reconcile art and technology after the reaction against this of the '40s and '50s. Their approach is generally closer to that of Tatlin in his *orniopter* than to the hard-line Constructivists, but the same contradictions are apparent and most of the work produced is even more trivial than solving the problem of representing the moon on stage.

Jonathan Benthall's *Science and Technology in Art Today* is an attempt to chart recent developments.[8] In the preface he writes:

> I have treated very lightly the historical background to the present "art and technology" or "science in art" movement—for instance, the Bauhaus, the early Soviet avant-garde, etc.; partly because this background has been amply documented by other authors (to whose works references are given), and partly because I feel the most urgent need is for a fresh approach.

Research for the sake of injecting a false sense of history—or art history—is pointless, but what *is* needed is a critical relating of what is happening now to these early experiments, and this Benthall doesn't give. To neglect the recent past which bears so heavily on the present is to run the risk of misunderstanding the present. Thus, although he refers, seemingly approvingly, to Jonathan Miller's Modern Masters essay on Marshall McLuhan as a "severe and devastating attack," he uses many of McLuhan's ideas to relate art to technology apparently oblivious that virtually all the ideas of any worth in McLuhan are derived from the writings of pioneers of art-and-technology like El Lissitzky and Moholy-Nagy.

Benthall read English at Cambridge ten years ago, where he used to attend F. R. Leavis's seminars, and subsequently worked as an "investment analyst" and as a "systems engineer" with IBM. Although he retains traces of Leavis's influence in his style of writing and literary reference, his attitude and values now seem closer to C. P. Snow and often the critic in him gets drowned out by the company man: "Philips are to be congratulated on their intelligence and enterprise in commissioning this costly project."

"We are all plugged into the computer industry," Benthall says, "as electrical appliances are plugged into the national electricity network"—which seems to me far crasser, and less poetic, than Stalin talking of poets as "engineers of the soul." He is fond of "ongoing"—a word people almost invariably use to conceal the fact that nothing of importance is going on at all—and waxes enthusiastic over the sleek "Cybernetic sculptures" of Tsai Wen-Ying, mainly, it seems, on the criterion that they are "reliable"—*i.e.*, don't break down in the middle of exhibitions as most motorised kinetic works are notoriously liable to do.

On the credit side, the book is fairly clearly written, although the mixture of literary-critical and scientific jargons is curious to say the least. It has been criticised in a review by Brian Porter, Professor of Engineering Dynamics and Control at Salford University, as "fuzzy", with the implication that Benthall's knowledge of present-day science and technology is either unsound or excessively simplified. If his treatment of science is as accurate as his aside on religion—"Religion might be described as a kind of transfigured ecology"—one can well believe it. Towards the end of Benthall's book:

> We come back to the artist. Once [he] was the servant of a religion or the state, if often a wayward servant. Today, the artist is his own master in a sense, but he is surely as influential as ever. His potential impact on society is in the longer term [*sic*] than that of social and political activists, and is rarely direct or predictable. . . . The artist is likely to become the "minister" of a higher ecology of his own definition.

ONE WONDERS what conclusion an historian, trying to work out the status of the 20th-century artist from "documents" some centuries hence, would draw from that. This is the kind of problem which Andrew Martindale faces in *The Rise of the Artist*.[9] Originally published as a chapter in a large and glossy book entitled *The Flowering of the Middle Ages*, it has been enlarged to form a reasonably priced and easily handled book in its own right. Martindale writes of the great apathy towards art in the Middle Ages, and finds that "Before the fifteenth century there is no evidence for any of the *mystique* which has since grown up around the Great Artist." Apathy towards the artist we now have again but there seems not much diminution of the mystique of the Great Artist. Harold Rosenberg is particularly good at dealing with such current attitudes as that put out by Conceptual and Minimal artists that "art is what artists do":

> The post-art artist carries the de-definition of art to the point where nothing is left of art but the fiction of the artist. . . . In reality, however, an artist is a product of art—I mean a particular art. *The* artist does not exist except as a personification,

[8] *Science and Technology in Art Today*. By JONATHAN BENTHALL. Thames and Hudson, £2.50, paper £1.50.

[9] *The Rise of the Artist*. By ANDREW MARTINDALE. Thames and Hudson, £1.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a figure of speech that represents the sum total of art itself. It is painting that is the genius of the painter, poetry of the poet—and a person is a creative artist to the extent that he participates in that genius.

Harold Rosenberg and John Berger are the only true art *critics* writing in English today, that is, the only two who raise reviewing and discussion of the visual arts to the level of creative discourse of the best literary criticism. Like Berger, Rosenberg has a magnificently active and intelligent eye—but in his case doctrine does not blind that eye or blunt that intelligence.

His book, although clumsily titled and not very "attractively" produced (a positive advantage perhaps in an art book today) is the best he has published, a tremendous demonstration that "the new" can only be dealt with adequately in critical terms and that no international survey of current trends is any use at all. Information is uncritically presented, as for instance in *Art without Boundaries: 1950–70* by Gerald Woods, Philip Thompson and John Williams,[10] which attempts to "package" graphic design, film, concrete poetry, prints, happenings as facets of a many-sided whole, each given a double spread and reduced to the significance of a Ryman's catalogue. At least this is relatively innocuous homogenisation compared with Grégoire Müller's soft sell *The New Avant-Garde: Issues for the Art of the Seventies*[11], which is obnoxious—PR masquerading as criticism, each artist taken at his own evaluation. Unfortunately this is what generally passes for criticism in the world of art today.

[10] *Art Without Boundaries 1950–1970.* Edited by Gerald Woods, Philip Thompson and John Williams. Thames and Hudson, £2.50, paper £1.50.
[11] *The New Avant-Garde: Issues for the Art of the Seventies.* By Gregoire Muller. Pall Mall, £2.25.

The Flight from Romanticism

Picasso's Great Harlequinade—By Anthony Powell

As the richest, the most popular, perhaps the most naturally talented painter the world has ever known moves into his tenth decade, these three books offer an excellent field for examination of what Picasso has done to achieve his unique position.

In some ways the first publication on the list, the painting book[1]—coloured reproductions of Picasso pictures one side, their outlines in black on the opposite page, to be tinted by the possessor—is not the least significant, in its comment on Picasso's position in the contemporary scene; in a sense, too, on his own painting. Has this ever been done before? Perhaps it has. Yet one cannot quite imagine a copybook called *Paint with Titian, Paint with Rubens, Paint with Goya, Paint with Renoir*, even, if it comes to that, *Paint with Braque*. There is no reason why not. Painting books based on the great masters, past and present, might well provide an excellent exercise. Somehow the personality of Picasso seems peculiarly adapted to an experiment of this kind. The pictures chosen, for copying their colour, range between 1917 and 1962; the earliest, the Chinese Conjuror's costume for the Théâtre des Champs-Elyseés; the latest, *Woman wearing a hat*, now in the Picasso Museum, Barcelona. Of the former, one risks the irreverent opinion that Bakst might have done a more amusing job for what was required.

Jean Leymarie's book[2] covers the whole field of Picasso's work. It is especially useful for following the incessant changes that have taken place in—not to say haunted—the artist's career. The whole story is laid out up to date. Before considering this panorama, chronology suggests investigation of Juan-Eduardo Cirlot's *Picasso: Birth of a Genius*, chiefly concerned with the painter's early work, on the whole more or less naturalistic.[3] M. Cirlot's book (with an Introduction by the Director of the Barcelona Art Museums) is largely based on paintings and drawings, come to light fairly recently, from the collections of the artist's family.

Here we are confronted immediately with the astonishing ability to draw displayed by Picasso as a child. Musical prodigies of an early age are comparatively common; in painting, or writing, rare. One has only to think of the crudity of the schoolboy drawings of Beardsley (with whose work Picasso, as a young man, appears to have been familiar) to appreciate the power and sophistication of what Picasso himself was doing

[1] *Paint with Picasso. A painting and colouring book.* Created by Françoise Mesuré. Angus & Robertson, 95p.
[2] *Picasso: The Artist of the Century.* By Jean Leymarie. Macmillan, £12.
[3] *Picasso: Birth of a Genius.* By Juan-Eduardo Cirlot. Paul Elek, £12.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at fourteen or fifteen years of age. The Hercules, the bullfighters, the doves (signed "Pablo Ruiz", their subject to endure throughout the history of Picassan imagery), all executed at the age of nine, could not point more clearly to a professional painter's career.

By the age of fifteen Picasso was painting with complete mastery in the academic manner of the epoch. The *Self-portrait* of this period is interesting, not only on account of its facility and adroit naturalistic comment—it could well be by, say, Jacques-Emile Blanche—but also for the maturity of the features portrayed, which might belong to a man of twenty-five. Of this same period, *The First Communion* presents an absolutely straight academic "subject" picture, almost insistently uninteresting in design. In the following year (1897), comes the slightly more adventurously composed *Science and Charity*, a doctor at the bedside of a patient (resembling Virginia Woolf), beside whom a nun, holding a child, offers a cup. It could easily have been the Picture of the Year at Burlington House.

One cannot help wondering, too, whether this pair of canvases were not, as academic offerings, made deliberately flatfooted, Picasso's tongue fairly well into his cheek, because contemporaneous with them are several marvellous drawings of the artist's sister, Lola, which show the influence of Degas, and Steinlen. In these naturalistic drawings, is there already a hint of Cubism? In any case, we are now approaching deeper waters. The pages that follow in M. Cirlot's book take the breath away, both in their originality, and, at the same time, their willingness to borrow, capacity for pastiche: Goya to Van Gogh; Corot to Lautrec; Rembrandt to Greco. It is impossible not to pause for a moment to consider whether this power to master any, and every, style is not a terrible burden for a painter to bear.

Picasso: The Artist of the Century is naturally rather less extensive for studying the youthful work, for the whole course of the Painter's life takes a tremendous gallop over the fences—some of these obstacles of the utmost height and complication for jumping—which lead down to the present day, when, in his ninety-second year, Picasso shows not the smallest sign of faltering. A generalisation, that might perhaps cover the later days, is that the work settles down to a fairly consistent, if also fairly acid, frivolity. This is appropriate to the autumn of a great man's age, work less brutal in feeling, on the whole, than that produced, for instance, in the 1940s and '50s.

M. LEYMARIE has interesting remarks to make about Harlequin, "with whom Picasso complaisantly identified himself in his early days." I think the translator may have got this wrong. Surely he means "complacent" (self-satisfied), rather than "complaisant" (obliging, polite). Anyway the cockedhatted figure, in ink and watercolour, seated against a pink background in 1905, very obviously the Painter himself in a sad and disgruntled mood, becomes in due course Picasso's son, Harlequin, running through various avatars, until he reaches the "enigmatic and blustering" figure of 1969, who brandishes a club.

THESE VOLUMES make one reflect a lot on Picasso's life and art. When one considers the naïvely sentimental boyhood pictures, like *The First Communion* and *Science and Charity*—even if they were deliberately naïve and sentimental—and the equally sentimental—though sophisticated—groups of the Pink and Blue periods, one cannot help wondering whether violent experiment was not vital for Picasso, to avoid becoming trapped in personal emotions less profound than his actual skill as a painter. A parallel might possibly be drawn with Joyce, fleeing from his earlier naturalism, in order to save himself from artificialities and elaborations of the late 19th century, which clung to him in "plain writing." This may be seen in *Portrait of the Artist*, where (among much of the author's best work) occur pomposities of phrasing that nothing short of *Ulysses* would cure. In somewhat the same manner (on a vastly larger scale), did Picasso turn to Cubism, Africa, all the experiments that followed, to control an innate sentimentality and romanticism, which, to some extent, breaks out again years later in the Minotaur drawings and clownlike painter with his chocolate-box beauty of a model?

M. Leymarie's book includes a great many of Picasso's own apophthegms regarding painting. These gnomic sayings—which, torn from their context, perhaps also lose by translation—are rather a mixed bag, though on the whole less pretentious and more intelligible than some of the other painters quoted. Painters, on the whole, are probably better away from too explicitly expressed theory. For example:

> "How can you expect an outsider to experience my picture as I have experienced it? A picture comes to me from far away. Who can say from how far away I have divined it, glimpsed it, made it, and yet the next day I cannot myself see what I have done. How can anyone penetrate into my dreams, my instincts, my desires, my thoughts, which have taken a long time to work themselves out and come to light? Above all, can anyone grasp what I have added to all that, perhaps involuntarily?" (1935)

But, of course. So what? Whoever supposed anything else? To a greater or lesser degree, this is true of all art, and all artists, in whatever medium

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they operate. If all the knotty questions mentioned by Picasso had to be settled before any picture was to be appreciated—anyway admired—why bother to look at a Piero di Cosimo, or a Breughel, or a Blake, or indeed any painter? We don't really know what Constable felt before a hayfield, or Gainsborough before a fashionable beauty, or the artist of the Villa of the Mysteries at Pompeii about Isis. The best you can say is that to make a statement of that sort reveals something of Picasso's own personality.

WHAT WE COME BACK TO, as we turn the pages of these books, is that Picasso, in the course of his life, has, in truth, produced something for everybody. It is almost impossible to imagine anyone, who liked pictures at all, not finding at least one work by Picasso to his taste. Beginning with the genre pictures, mentioned earlier, the depressed acrobats, every known variety of naturalistic drawing, all forms of Cubism, a few of Surrealism, portraits of almost every kind, caricatures, personal images, which (as Picasso himself states above) defy analysis.

Among this galaxy, I should like to say a word for the outline drawings of friends in the art world, mostly done during the first World War and soon after. Bordering on caricature, while stopping just short of that, formidably resembling the sitter (one feels certain), they include Apollinaire, Stravinsky, Satie, Diaghilev, Derain, and several others. They seem to embody one of this great artist's happier, less tortured phases, where he, so to speak, holds out a hand to the other Arts, almost in the manner of a humorous Ingres.

"Christ or a Saucepan"

The Baleful Indifference of Roger Fry—By DERWENT MAY

THE QUIET ROOMS of the Courtauld Gallery are the best place in which to begin this story. There—without a visitor near them for long hours each day—hang some of the great paintings by Cézanne about which the conventional art world grew apoplectic 60 years ago. In the finest of them, the Mont St Victoire looms cold and violet-grey over a landscape where, closer to us, the blocks of mountain stone are softened by dry greenery, or are wrought into austere but solid dwellings. A branch on a foreground pine seems to curl tenderly round the mountain peak, then the illusion of their nearness to each other vanishes, and the bleakness of the mountain reasserts itself. Shadowed outline and suggested space together tell a haunting tale of men's pleasures and hardships, needs and fears.

In the next room is the collection of paintings made by Roger Fry, who in the years just after Cézanne's death in 1906 did more than anyone to get his work accepted in England. Some of Fry's own paintings are in this collection. The landscapes—scenes in France and Sicily—are no more than nets of black wire, round which soft colours meaninglessly cling. The portraits insist on a more human reference, but even the ebullient Bohemian figure of Nina Hamnett dwindles in Fry's vision to little more than a kind of stretched string-bag. I do not draw the comparison to belittle Fry's paintings: his talent was what it was, and he used it diligently. The interest of his paintings lies in the fact that he was a critic whose ideas about painting became extraordinarily influential, and who was trying in his painting to produce work in correspondence with those ideas. From Cézanne, through Fry, as I see it, a road runs clear to the boring acres of cleanly- or roughly-drawn circles and squares that art critics have since escorted on to the walls of galleries throughout the world.

The history of Fry's development as an art critic is recorded clearly for the first time in his newly-published letters.[1] Previously, the fullest knowledge of Fry was to be had from Virginia Woolf's biography, published in 1940. Virginia Woolf gives a touching portrait of the man, but she does not dwell much on his ideas about art and I seem to detect a sceptical note in her voice when she does. She remarks that "there were all the aesthetic problems roused by the Post-Impressionist painters to be discussed" when Fry went off on a holiday with Clive and Vanessa Bell, but she seems only too glad to be able to leave that particular discussion to them.

Fry first took an interest in art when he was at Cambridge in the middle 1880s. He had gone there to read science, but found his friends among

[1] *Letters of Roger Fry*. 2 vols. Edited by DENYS SUTTON. Chatto & Windus, £8.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men with more literary interests: he was quickly elected to the Apostles, of which he was for a time the youngest member. His family were Quakers: his father, who became a High Court judge, and his mother were both earnest guardians of his conscience, and his anxiety to please his parents and his determination to judge everything for himself struggle attractively in some of his early letters. When he was about to leave Cambridge, a conflict with his parents over the suitability of his becoming an artist centred on the question of whether they could let him paint nudes: it was resolved by an agreement that, in the first place, he would confine himself to male nudes under the supervision of the Slade Professor. After this, Fry wrote one of his most submissive-seeming letters to his mother: "It has struck me as one of the most terrible things that can happen when one person"—i.e. his mother—"loves another"—i.e. himself—"who is too far beneath them, spiritually, to understand their love and return it." But this is only by way of preparing for a steelier note:

> "I no longer feel that I must hedge myself in from the evil of the world—I have said I will realise everything; nothing shall seem so horrible but that I will try to understand why it exists."

So ROGER FRY SET OFF, with enthusiasm and resolution, to become a painter. He was very much in unknown country: his Cambridge friends, busy with literature and politics, could give him no more guidance here than his family could. But the letters show that a distinctive, consistent taste began very quickly to declare itself in his judgments on painting. He went to Italy, then to study at the Académie Julian in Paris, then to Italy again. His letters are full of his adventures: he scorns a companion—Augustus Daniel, who became Director of the National Gallery—because he "goes straight to the galleries and comes back as straight as he can and never enjoys any of the little incidents and fun of Italian life." But all the time, besides painting himself, he was studying and thinking about paintings. He summed up the development of his thought at this time by saying:

> "After a brief period during which I was interested in the new possibilities opened up by the more scientific evaluation of colour which the Impressionists practised, I came to feel more and more the absence in their work of structural design. It was an innate desire for this aspect of art which drove me to the study of the Old Masters, and, in particular, those of the Italian Renaissance, in the hope of discovering from them the secret of that architectonic idea which I missed so badly in the work of my contemporaries."

"We shall have a bad time," he wrote to his sister Margery in 1893, "now that Impressionism is being boomed as the fashionable theory for young ladies who sketch—it will be taught in their academies soon and then it's the devil!"

He thought—and looked—along these lines to good effect. His early writings—a short book on Bellini, articles in the *Pilot* and *Athenaeum* and *Monthly Review*—are full of masterly expositions of the way in which, in paintings he admired, the "logical inter-relation of parts" was the source of the painting's force and beauty. The "logic" he found in painting in these early essays was mainly a matter of the way in which the dramatic expressiveness of the paintings grew out of their structural design. Probably the most brilliant instance of this kind of analysis is his article on Giotto published in the *Monthly Review* in 1901. Every one of Giotto's frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua, he says, "is an entirely original discovery of new possibilities in the relation of forms to one another." And his own comments are themselves highly original accounts of these discoveries. In the *Pietà*, for example,

> "the impression conveyed is of a universal and cosmic disaster: the air is rent with the shrieks of desperate angels whose bodies are contorted in a raging frenzy of compassion. And the effect is due in part to the increased command of simplicity and logical directness of design. These massive boulder-like forms, these draperies cut by only a few large sweeping folds, suffice to give the general movement of the figure with unerring precision."

FRY DID NOT EVEN SEE a painting by Cézanne till five years after he had written this—in 1906, just after Cézanne's death. But the way of judging paintings that we have seen developing in him might almost have been designed as a preparation for that encounter. The years 1905–1910 were largely spent by Fry in a whirl of activity in the new role he had acquired—that of Curator of Paintings, and later European adviser, to the Metropolitan Museum. But in 1908 there appeared a letter from him in the *Burlington Magazine*—a protest against an article called "The Last Phase of Impressionism." In it, Fry made a vivid statement of what he thought to be the relative achievements of the Impressionists on the one hand, and the Neo- or Post-Impressionists such as Gauguin and Cézanne on the other. He had obviously been studying these last painters closely, and all his previous thinking about art comes together in this statement. In Impressionism, he says,

> "the organs of expression—line, mass, colour—have become so fused together, so lost in the flux of appearance, that they cease to deliver any intelligible message. The first thing the Neo-Impressionist must do is to recover the long obliterated contour and to fill it with simple undifferentiated masses."

As for Cézanne and Gauguin, they

> "have already attained to the contour, and assert its value with keen emphasis. They fill the contour with wilfully simplified and unmodulated masses, and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rely for their whole effect upon a well-considered co-ordination of the simplest elements."

THE FOLLOWING YEAR Fry became editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, and in 1910 and 1912 came the events that brought him his greatest fame: the two Post-Impressionist exhibitions that he organised at the Grafton Galleries. In my opinion, these years represent the high point of his work as a critic. He had learned how to perceive and judge a major element in painting that had long been neglected, and with this disposition and this ability he had found himself the ideal spokesman for an outstanding, misunderstood new group of painters, Cézanne pre-eminent among them. The man and the moment had coincided in a peculiarly satisfactory way.

Yet it was in the next twenty years that his influence was to spread really widely: and in these years the main theme of his criticism was to change considerably—in my view, radically for the worse.

1913, the year in which Fry was 47, seems to have been a turning-point in his life. The years 1910–13 had been full of other dramatic events besides his two exhibitions. In 1910 his wife, whom he had married when he was 30, had gone into a mental home. He knew she would never come out. A letter written to her in 1909, when he still hoped that by loving pleading and adjuration he might diminish her violence and restore her to reason, is one of the most moving letters he wrote in his life. Also, for all the stir his exhibitions had caused, his career seemed to be foundering in these years. He had lost his post at the Metropolitan Museum, missed his chance to become Director of the National Gallery; he had gone on with his own painting, but he still had no substantial reputation and little hope of making any money by it. There is a letter of his to his mother in 1913, in which he admits that from these points of view he is a failure, and also that now, since the loss of Helen—"and worse than loss"—he feels a "great indifference to most of the things men work for." The one thing he has got is influence, especially "with the rising generation."

All this seems relevant to our understanding of a new, reckless, theoretical note that his criticism begins to strike—reckless in the sense, at any rate, that his criticism henceforward does not pay the same close attention to paintings as it had done previously—though perhaps, at the same time, it was more considered in its public face, its provocativeness and "modernity."

In 1913, Fry wrote to his old Cambridge friend Lowes Dickinson: "I am developing a theory you will hate, that content is merely directive of form

Taya Zinkin
Weeds Grow Fast
This second volume of Taya Zinkin's autobiography follows the course of her stormy life, spent mostly in France, and is memorable above all for its writer's unquenchable vitality. £2.20

G. E. R. Lloyd
Greek Science After Aristotle
Ancient Culture and Society Series
In this series classical scholars interpret the ancient world afresh. They stress those questions and institutions that most concern us today, and in this volume the author discusses fundamental Greek contributions to science. £2.25

James Merrill
Braving the Elements
There are few people writing poetry in English who are as accomplished as James Merrill, and with this substantial book he arrives unequivocally at a position of major importance.
Pheonix Living Poets £1.75

Richard Symonds & Michael Carder
The United Nations and the Population Question
This book uses population as a case study, and seeks to identify the factors which determine the policies and programmes of international organisations.
Chatto & Windus for Sussex University Press £3.00

Chatto & Windus

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and that all the essential aesthetic quality has to do with pure form." This expresses succinctly enough the underlying idea to be found everywhere in Fry's later criticism. "Pure form": with that phrase, Fry begins to let slip all the richness of feeling and attentiveness of perception hitherto found in his writings on art. Putting behind him his marvellous, hard-won sense of the way in which the painter's organisation of his subject elicits the full interest of that subject, Fry begins to move now into a wordy world in which that "organisation", somehow supposed to exist in its own right, is the only thing that matters in the picture. Such concepts quickly bring others, equally intangible and unrewarding, in their wake. "Unity" and "necessity" arrive early on the scene in his letters and articles—a "unity" whose contributing elements are strangely undescribed, a "necessity" that does not seem to relate to any discernible goal or need. "Spirituality" soon makes a backdoor entrance—and, with it, the admonishing faces of Fry's parents seem to rise up over his writing. "The emotions resulting from the contemplation of form are more universal, more profound and more significant spiritually than any of the emotions that have to do with life," Fry informs Robert Bridges; "the formal emotions are far more important, more profound and significant for the spiritual life," he assures a woman friend, Mme Mauron. When he publishes his collection of essays, *Vision and Design*, in 1920, he specifically repudiates, in a long footnote, the main insight in his Giotto essay:

> I should be inclined to disagree wherever in this article there appears the assumption not only that the dramatic idea may have inspired the artist to the creation of his form, but that the value of the form for us is bound up with recognition of the dramatic idea.

That seems to me one of the saddest footnotes I have ever read. In the book on Cézanne he published in 1927, he could not fail to say some acute things, but his commentaries all end with exalted incantations like this, about the *Portrait of Mme Cézanne*:

> The transposition of all the data of nature into values of plastic colour is here complete. We remain completely held in the enchantment of this deep harmony. The painting belongs to a world of spiritual values incommensurate but parallel with the actual world.

As for his own painting, we get a good insight into the way in which the Courtauld pictures I described connect with his ideas, when he describes a new picture of his to Mme Mauron in 1920:

> "I've looked for a certain logic in the architecture of the groups of trees. In the spacing of the shapes and the tone and colour intervals, I have sought those that express my sensations about this bit of nature—not, of course, my everyday sensations but those of the moment when I saw it as a whole, a unity where all the parts were bound together inevitably."

That supposed moment was, I believe, a complete fiction, created wholly by the needs of Fry's theorising.

Fry's friends always described him as a scientist and thinker, yet there is little that seriously deserves the name of "thought" in all this later writing. A new book by Michael Podro,[2] very much to the point, shows how both Kant and Schiller thought far more deeply about what constitutes the formal unity of a work of art, without supposing that the value of art was exhausted by its possessing such a unity, which was no more than a necessary precondition for considering an object as a work of art. Podro sees Fry as having inherited a rather narrow and vulgar notion of the exclusively "formal" satisfactions of art through the unsatisfactory modifications of Kant's and Schiller's ideas at the hands of Schopenhauer.

TOWARDS THE END of his life Fry would sometimes express misgivings about the position he had taken up—his letters to Helen Anrep, in the years when he was living with her, contain many remarks like "I've looked too purely at form," or "Very few of our contemporaries try to get a solid texture of atmosphere, as the best of the Impressionists did." And about contemporaries whose work was very different from his own ideal he could always be generous: a new biography of Mark Gertler[3] records how Gertler could condemn the "wizards' and intellectuals' " interpretation of Cézanne—"I mean Roger Fry and Co."—but could also say, after Fry had reviewed his exhibition in 1928, "Thank goodness we have at least *one* critic in the country."

Nevertheless, it is impossible not to see Fry as one of the principal creators of a climate of thought about art which has made not only much subsequent criticism, but also much subsequent painting, grotesquely tedious and trivial. Fry himself did not care for wholly abstract art; but the arguments he uses to defend the idea of "pure form" are largely the same as those that have been used to explain and justify abstract art, by both critics and painters. Of course, Fry was not alone—not to go further than the world of Bloomsbury criticism, there was Clive Bell's *Art* (1914), with its reiterated, mindless cry of "signi-

[2] *The Manifold in Perception*. By MICHAEL PODRO. Oxford University Press, £3.25.

[3] *Mark Gertler*. By JOHN WOODESON. Sidgwick & Jackson, £5.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ficant form." (Fry was always hinting that Bell was a not-too-scrupulous borrower of his ideas.) That the British painters of the '20s and '30s were directly influenced by Fry is, however, interestingly witnessed by the painter Robin Ironside, in his little book *Painting since 1939*, published in 1947. He has a chapter actually entitled "The Influence of Roger Fry", in which he sees Fry as the main force behind the persistence in England before the war of a limited idea of art, derived from Cézanne, that had already vanished in France. Ironside regarded the "neo-romantics" of the war years as having reacted healthily against this idea; but it is hard not to believe that the monotonous outpouring of abstract art in America during and since the war, and its fresh revival here in the early '50s, still drew in part on the critical atmosphere created by Fry. "It's all the same to me if I represent a Christ or a saucepan since it's the form, and not the object itself, that interests me," Fry said in a letter in 1920. Fifty years later, art seems to be only in the early stages of making such vital distinctions once more.

The Age of Neo-Classicism

Notes on a Frozen Ideology—By PIERRE SCHNEIDER

THE LATEST and perhaps last of the exhibitions organised by the Council of Europe since 1958 shared at least one trait with its predecessors: a flair for picking the right theme at the right time. For the late '60s and early '70s have seen the reconciliation, after a hundred years of divorce, between academic thought and academic art. What the museum and university people look for in works of art is interpretability, *i.e.* ideas stated in the code which, for lack of widely accepted symbolic systems, best permits the act of deciphering: realism. It is precisely this code that modern art, beginning with Manet, had blurred by substituting monstration for demonstration, seeing for reading.

Thus, for a whole century, Academia has been forced to concern itself with, and to plead in favour of, an art to which it was fundamentally allergic. One may easily imagine the relief it felt when, some ten years ago, first realism, then conceptualism reappeared in painting. It is no coincidence that one of the first to realise the possibilities offered by Pop Art was also one of the ablest students of Neo-Classicism, Robert Rosenblum. Today, the dams are down. In the Metropolitan Museum, Gérôme hangs beside Corot and Regnault next to Courbet. Bouguereau is exhibited more often than Degas. Regarded as comic foils only a few years ago, the Salon artists are now hailed as brethren, theses are being written about them. Tomorrow the Louvre will be theirs. The "Age of Neo-Classicism" is part—an especially splendid one—of what might be called Academia's revenge.

IT WAS CLEARLY a scholar's show. Just as saints are continually nagged by the temptation to utter swear words, scholars are beset by errors and fakes. The catalogue is replete with mistakes. And it is quite a remarkable accomplishment, in a display that includes only a half-dozen specimens of Sèvres porcelain, to show one of dubious authenticity. The academic nature of the undertaking was illustrated still more tellingly by the high percentage of mediocre paintings and sculptures on exhibit. This proportion, which reflects the production of the Neo-Classical period at least as much as the taste of ours, is the key to the fascination exerted by it on Academia. One definition of the latter might be: the impossibility or the refusal to distinguish between Manet and Carolus-Durand. Indeed, from the academic point of view, good art, in which output differs markedly from input, is more disturbing than bad art. Somewhere along the way, good art—and the viewer with it—undergoes a sea-change that makes it difficult to read, not to say utterly ambiguous. On whose side is Goya in the *Dos de Mayo*? Interpreting Manet's *Execution of Maximilian* literally has led specialists to call him callous, when we know he was deeply affected by the event. No such puzzling contradictions are to be feared with the mediocre. A poster by Bonnard praising a champagne sells Bonnard; a poster by a nonentity sells the champagne.

However, the organisers of "The Age of Neo-Classicism" were faced with a dilemma. Mediocrity may have the virtue of legibility but it lacks the virtue of credibility. What is the use of signifying more clearly if what you state is insignificant? In other words, nobody today would even *see* the Pierres, the Guérins or the Girodets, were it not for the Davids and the Ingres. Having to admit this is not easy—it is like making God the cornerstone of an atheist doctrine—yet the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

organisers had to. "The Age of Neo-Classicism" was articulated, in every sense of the term, by David and Ingres, and would have been meaningless without them.

BUT DAVID COINCIDES with the Neo-Classical canons neither diachronically nor qualitatively. His early work bears the stamp of Boucher—if our eyes were less prejudiced by the frivolousness of the latter's subject-matter, we would recognise, in many of his compositions, a steel-like firmness which is usually ascribed to the school that outfashioned him—while in his late work David relapses into the ways of the preceding era, as for instance in *Mars Disarmed By Venus And The Graces*, the Rococo theme *par excellence*. Nor is it correct to identify David's genius with uncompromising strength and straining will. The denial of these very characteristics by an anguished hesitancy is what makes the Uffizi Self-Portrait and the *Death of Joseph Barra* (Avignon) the tense masterpieces they are. In the latter, the stark way in which the tightly-drawn body of the boy is set off against the shimmering, throbbing brushwork of a background in which he no longer participates, provides one of the most moving images of death's intrusion into the field of life in the entire history of painting.

BUT THIS IS NOT the David that *made* history. It is the David who exhibited *The Oath of The Horatii* at the Salon of 1785. With enormous success, for in that canvas he formulated the aspirations of his age. The old man who turns away from the soft inflexions of the women in order to hand three swords to his sons, stiff as T-squares, stands as the very emblem of an age ready to sacrifice the delights of Rococo to the duties of the Neo-Classical. The straight replacing the curved: line and virile austerity banning feminine frivolity and colour: Stoic virtue expelling Epicurean vice—all this, which in varying degrees marks the era's artistic production, is dramatically concentrated in *The Oath*. To be sure, I am simplifying the picture; so did David's time. Because to convince, one must strike hard; and to strike hard, one must, as every propagandist knows, simplify. Roman history, as staged by David,[1] is like "1789" or "1793" revised by Ariane Mnouchkine.

This is no mere coincidence. No less than ours, the age of Neo-Classicism combines revolutionary content with reactionary form. No less than ours, it is fanatically certain of possessing the truth and thoroughly versed in the art of having History on its side no matter what the side may be. The same men, the same dogmatic formulations in turn serve to justify the Monarchy, the Republic and the Empire. In short, the second half of the 18th century witnessed the birth of what so heavily weighs on the art of our own: ideology.

NEO-CLASSICAL IDEOLOGY derives from the writings of the Encyclopaedists; its aesthetics from the Ancients. Born of ideas and statues, the Neo-Classics begat ideas frozen into statues. The cultural heroes of the period were writers and sculptors: Goethe and Thorvaldsen, Voltaire and Canova. Vice writhes silently, virtue stands rigid and preaches.

Unfortunately, with art as with Mae West's jewellery: goodness has nothing to do with it. Life in reformatories lacks excitement. All those grand resolutions, that purity. . . . David's (and Ingres') *grandes machines* pay heavy tribute to this desiccating programme of moral rearmament. And as for the others—those whom Baudelaire called "the tail of David's school"—the dismal boredom generated by the didactic juggernauts assembled at the Royal Academy was enough, one hopes, to traumatise a generation.

Luckily for the exhibition, virtue itself is ambiguous, not to say equivocal. Winckelmann,[2] the movement's saint and martyr, contributed to it not only a pedantic fondness for Greek art in its decline, but also a distinct inclination towards homosexuality. Ganymede replaces Venus and ephebic youths chase away shepherdesses. Sexual intercourse is tolerated in paint, provided it occurs before puberty: "Cupid and Psyche" is the age's favourite erotic motif (Picot, Girodet, Canova, David and countless others illustrated it). No matter how virile the bodies, no more hair is to be seen on them than on those of swimming champions. In the work of Canova or of his pictorial counterpart Girodet, pilosity became an erotico-aesthetic taboo. The painting of Prud'hon, Girodet, Picot and, above all, Ingres, is the scene of a veritable sexual mutation resulting in the advent of a new race of androgynous creatures that were to blossom in the work of Gustave Moreau and still survive in the secret chambers of Surrealism.

A still more astonishing mutation is the engendering of modernity by antiquity. "Let us forge ancient verses about new thoughts", wrote the Neo-Classic poet André Chénier. The old forms guarantee the new content. Boilly has twice depicted the sculptor Houdon in his studio; composition, format and situation are almost identical; in one version, Houdon is shown modelling an *académie* amid Classical plaster

[1] *J. L. David: Brutus*. By ROBERT L. HERBERT. Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £2.25

[2] *Winckelmann: Writings on Art*. Selected and edited by DAVID IRWIN. Phaidon, £3.50

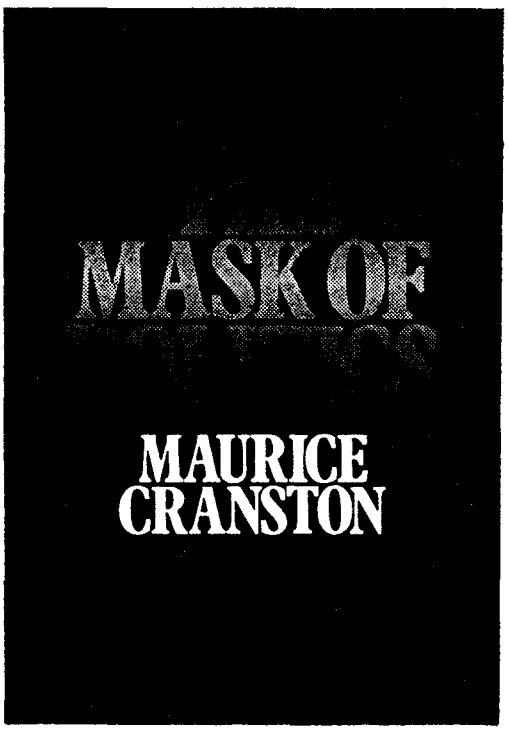
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

casts, in the other he is at work on the bust of his contemporary Laplace and surrounded by his wife and daughters: antiquity is the alibi of the present. The nobility of the Augustan gesture serves as passport for the anatomical horror of Houdon's *Ecorché*, as well as for the vulgarity of Greuze's drunkard returning from the tavern. Thus legendary antiquity chaperones contemporary events. Poussin's *Death of Socrates* paves the was for the tragedy of David's *Death of Marat*.

IT IS IN THE WORK of Ingres, the other star of the exhibition, that one can follow most clearly the strange path which leads, through the Empire's turnstiles, from idealism to realism, from the grand style to the portrait, from Apollo to Monsieur Thiers. The process—as well as the sexual mutation mentioned above—had been shown conclusively by the Ingres retrospective at the Petit-Palais, five years ago. The display at Burlington House added little.

Except on one point. It drew attention to a stylistic trait shared by David and Ingres: the drying up of the background. The reason for this, in David's painting, is ideological. "The beauty of images is lodged in the back of things, the beauty of ideas in front", wrote Proust. In his big pictures, David strove to confer optimal legibility on the beauty of ideas by suppressing any possible interference from the beauty of images. Ingres, too, incised clear forms into hard, intransgressible surfaces, but as the fact that he best achieves this in his portraits of the bourgeoisie indicates, opaqueness of surface correlates not with revolutionary ideology but with the moral impermeability, the materialism of the new ruling class. Thus, in less than a quarter of a century, a stylistic sign—flatness—has taken on altogether contradictory meanings.

The right to contradict oneself, hailed by Baudelaire as the creator's privilege, was obviously regarded with the utmost distrust by the exhibition's scholarly organisers. They did their best to make the period ranging from late Louis XV to Restoration conform to the system which they have derived from David and Ingres, thereby deleting more than they discovered. Fragonard, to mention but the most illustrious omission, has been sacrificed, although his work after 1770 exemplifies many aspects of Neo-Classicism. Nearly forgotten, the genial Clodion. Relegated to the corner of a crammed glass-case is his masterpiece, the *Mausoleum of Ninette* which, by applying antiquising solemnity to one of those



The Mask of Politics

Maurice Cranston

Maurice Cranston, Professor of Political Science at the London School of Economics, is one of the most lucid of contemporary political thinkers. This new book is concerned with the defence of politics, understood as a continuing dialogue between civilized men against the destructive intrusion of ideology. The essays include studies of Rousseau, Sartre, Camus, Foucault and Marcuse, and most of them were first published in *Encounter*.

£3.50

Allen Lane

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cute little dogs on which the age of Boucher doted, not only introduced irony into sculpture, but also reminds us that Neo-Classicism was born in the entourage of Boucher's protectress, the Marquise de Pompadour—to be precise: at the Ermitage de Fontainebleau, prototype of the Petit-Trianon, built by Gabriel. Because it bears little relation to Neo-Classical doctrine, landscape in the time of Neo-Classicism has been exiled to a peripheral room—and the chance is missed to shed light on the work of Valenciennes, the vital link between Poussin and Corot.

CONSIDERING THE PAINS taken by the directors to simplify at all costs, one is surprised that they should have taken the risk of diluting the notion of Neo-Classicism to the point of non-existence by stretching it in time and space to include Cornelius, the Nazarenes and even manifestations of Biedermeier. Could it be that, the exhibition having been sponsored by the Council of Europe, the organisers had to please all the member States?

Whatever the reason, the importance given to German works reflects the current influence of the Federal Republic more than it does Germany's contribution to Neo-Classical art and architecture. The attention lavished on Schinkel and Klenze, who utilised the Neo-Classical language a half-century after its invention and with a melodramatic heaviness that prefigures Bayreuth (not to say the Nuremberg *Parteitag*) is rendered even more scandalous by the fact that architecture was but scantily represented, with what there was of it hidden away in a dingy, almost inaccessible attic.

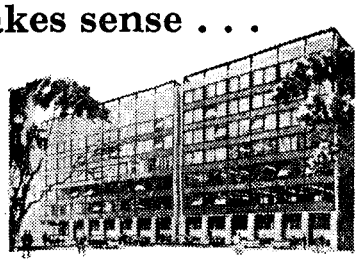
THERE LAY THE MAJOR, the inexcusable fault of the exhibition. Unlike the Romantic period, the Age of Neo-Classicism was an age of architecture rather than painting. Goethe illustrates this perfectly in his *Italian Journey*: he is invariably illuminating when he speaks about architecture and invariably banal when he speaks about painting. The buildings of Palladio have had no finer critic; the grotesque pictures of Mengs have made no more eminent victim.

It is in the realm of architecture that the boldest innovations of Neo-Classicism are to be sought. Antiquity ushers in geometric simplicity. Primary structures, basic volumes—cube, sphere and cone—are stressed. The need for expressive bareness often leads to the suppression of the Graeco-Roman décor. The hierarchic principle that commanded all construction since the Renaissance is insidiously undermined: soon symmetry will be repudiated. Here, in the very citadel of the Tradition, modern architecture is conceived. France and England were the chief centres of this revolutionary breakthrough. Ledoux, Boullée or even Louis seem more radical than Stuart, Adam, Chambers or Soane, because they had fewer opportunities to build than their British colleagues: shadow cabinets tend to take more extreme stands than those in power. Owing to an ill-placed self-effacement on the part of the hosts, the chance to acquaint a European audience with the key role played in the Neo-Classical pattern by architecture, and particularly English architecture, has been squandered. Those visitors who did not have the courage to travel out to Osterley Park House will never suspect that Gilly or Schinkel are not the crowning geniuses of Neo-Classical architecture.[3]

The truth was re-established to some extent by the applied arts section, on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Furniture (and furnishings in general) is at the crossroads of architecture and art. In Neo-Classical times, this implies that it reflects the former's aspiration toward structural expression and the latter's penchant for ideology. The applied arts, however, are less damaged by

[3] *The Greek Revival: Neo-Classical Attitudes in British Architecture, 1760–1870.* By J. MORDAUNT CROOK. John Murray, £10.

It makes sense . . .



The Main Laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields

to support the Imperial Cancer Research Fund

● Because the Fund is playing a role of major international importance and last year applied £2·9 million to further its research.
● Costs of administration and appeals are kept as low as 4½p in the pound.
● Our hopes for the future are based on the solid foundation of important achievements which have received world-wide recognition.
● The Fund depends entirely on public support.
It makes sense to support I.C.R.F. now with a Legacy, Covenant, Annual Subscription or Donation—for everyone's sake.

Donations may be sent to: Hon. Treasurer, I.C.R.F. (Dept. E), P.O. Box 123, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London WC2A 3PX

Patron: H.M. THE QUEEN
President: The Honourable Angus Ogilvy

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideology than the arts: virtue weighs no more than vice in the hollow of a dish. Fashions—the vogue of Greece, Rome, the Etruscans, Egypt—are reduced to an image on the flank of a vase. Erudition, morals, politics boil down, as if by enchantment, to picturesque decoration, in no way detrimental to the striving for simple forms, vigorously juxtaposed rather than integrated through subtle transitions. But why bury the lean elegance of the style in its early and mature phases under the crushing load of the Empire? Unless it was to prove that ideology corrupts the applied arts as well, but under another name: ostentation.

On the Scrutiny of Labels

Nineteenth-Century Art Revalued—By DENYS SUTTON

SOME TWENTY OR THIRTY years ago, the history of 19th-century art was frequently considered to be more or less settled. Broadly speaking, it was felt to be mainly a French monopoly, running from Delacroix and Ingres down to the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, even though Constable and Turner received due consideration and, among the avant-garde, Munch.

Nowadays the story is interpreted rather differently. An indication of the new trend was provided two years ago by Professor Fritz Novotny's Pelican history of European art from 1780–1880 in which attention was paid not only to the stars but to the many interesting if not first-class masters active in Scandinavia and Central Europe. Since then the German Romantics have aroused enthusiasm in England, as was shown by the success of the Caspar David Friedrich exhibition at the Tate Gallery.

The scope of Professor Novotny's able volume necessarily excluded any treatment of American art. In this domain, too, many readjustments have recently taken place. Whistler and Sargent are cosmopolitan masters who have long been known in Europe where the former exerted a profound influence, but Eakins, Homer, the American Impressionists and The Eight have not quite received the attention and the praise they so richly deserve. In the aggregate, they provide the most vital school after the French.

Under the old dispensation, the lesser British romantics were appreciated by only few. The supporters of the concept of "pure form" felt that the essentially literary content of the Victorian artists placed them out of court. Yet even during the 1940s and 1950s, some writers supported the cause of literary painting in England and France. One who did so with insight and style was the late Robin Ironside, who worked at the Tate Gallery. He was also a painter and stage-designer and his brilliant essays on Burne-Jones and Moreau in *Horizon* and his short book on the Pre-Raphaelites mark an epoch in art history. It is sad to think that he never had the opportunity to devote a full-scale volume to the subject. Since then, the Pre-Raphaelites have staged a come-back into favour, so that it is no surprise to find a Rossetti exhibition at the Royal Academy.

ANOTHER PIONEER was William Gaunt, whose two entertaining books on the Pre-Raphaelites and the 1890s (published in the 1940s) helped to stimulate the interest of a new generation in these underestimated phases of British art. Mr Gaunt wields a lively pen and his customary skill is displayed in his survey, *The Restless Century,* which runs from Constable to Sickert.[1] The choice of title is significant, for it shows that the period is seen rather differently than used to be the case. Constable and Turner have always been appreciated for their vigour and dynamism, but the Victorians were usually praised for presenting the image of a settled society. It was nothing of the sort. Political and religious controversy were intense and Trollope's novels reveal the changes in social structure that took place.

The modern preoccupation (or is it obsession?) with sex has helped to direct attention to the Victorians—Beardsley is an obvious example. The complications of romantic love are also mirrored in Victorian painting. Rossetti, who has a special claim on attention owing to his habit of drug-taking, was keenly interested in dramatic moments; for instance in *Found* (Wilmington Society of Fine Arts, Delaware), which was begun in 1854, he took as his subject a country drover meeting his former sweetheart, now a London prostitute. His failure to finish the picture may suggest his inability to represent a modern life subject; a poetical metaphor was required to present his vision. Yet, the picture itself and the various drawings for it, are just as telling as the strongly realistic comment on the same sort of theme provided by Hogarth in

[1] *The Restless Century: Painting in Britain 1800–1900.* By WILLIAM GAUNT. Phaidon, £6.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Harlot's Progress. It is no less indicative of the ethos of Victorian England or, for that matter, France, that the Neo-Platonic androgyne was favoured by artists, a point made by Edward Lucie-Smith in *Symbolist Art*.

Mr Gaunt's selection of illustrations is excellent. He pictures many well known works, but he also presents less familiar ones by Danby and Martin, for example. Although the latter is by no means a major artist, he was much admired in France during his life-time, as Professor Seznec explained some years ago, and he was fully represented in the British romantic exhibition held last year in Paris. The catalogue of this show, compiled by a group of young scholars, stressed the intensive study being devoted to this period in British art.

Nineteenth-century British art requires some adjustment for those whose sensibilities are more closely attuned to, say, Impressionism. In his short but perceptive book about Victorian art, Professor Quentin Bell made the valid point that from the Pre-Raphaelites onwards most British painting was "hard edge" work with the emphasis placed on bright enamel-like painting, sharp-focused images and a curvilinear linearism suitable for defining outlines. This is a way of seeing obviously at variance with Impressionism.

Professor Bell's remarks are a reminder that an exclusive set of aesthetic principles is not applicable to all forms of art. One feature of our era is a recognition that the art of different periods requires assessment in terms of its specific aims; these may, indeed do, vary from generation to generation. In living memory, mannerist and baroque painting were scorned and the latter was derisorily dubbed as eclectic.

Nineteenth-century art has also benefited from a recognition of the need to decipher the meaning of a painting in terms of its context. This approach owed much to Professors Panofsky and Wind whose analysis of mediaeval and renaissance art opened a fresh vista. It is now common ground that a work of art should be assessed not only in terms of its obvious aesthetic qualities—form and colour—but in respect of its content. Yet pictorial imagery has to be analysed with discretion.

In a group of essays published under the title *French 19th Century Painting and Literature*,[2] Alan Bowness of the Courtauld Institute observes:

> Works of art survive for aesthetic abstract reasons, and it would be unwise to imagine that one can discuss 19th-century subject matter with as much confidence as one talks about 19th-century style. Most of the evidence is lost for ever. . . .

Hallowed interpretations of a painter can be at odds with what is now found to be the way in which his work was seen by the artist himself and his contemporaries. Watteau, for instance, was long felt to be the painter-poet of melancholy *par excellence*, but Professor Haskell recalls in *French 19th Century Painting and Literature* that this reading of his art only dates from the mid-19th century. The growth of myths is a fascinating topic. Professor Haskell analyses the new interpretation of the clown that occurred in 19th-century France, by drawing attention to the vital role of the celebrated mime Deburau whose talent attracted intellectuals "to a virtually forgotten and unexplored theatrical genre." The myth of the sad clown created a symbolism which was drawn upon by Picasso and, one may add, by Marcel Carné in *Les Enfants du Paradis*.

One of the art historian's essential tasks is to clear up mistakes of interpretation and to scrutinise labels. In the same volume, Mr Bowness argued for a revision of the suggestion that Courbet's famous pictures *L'Enterrement d'Ornans*, *Les Paysans de Flagey* and *Les Casseurs de Pierres* reflect definite political involvement on the artist's part in 1849. He notes the way in which Courbet's intimate friend, Champfleury, expressed his disillusion about political matters at the time and he suggests that Courbet was taking up a genre—that of the country piece—which had been popularised by the (only mildly political) rustic novels of George Sand.

MUCH REMAINS to be discovered about the attitudes of artists and critics to the visual art during the 19th century. Fortunately, both wrote copiously—Delacroix and Baudelaire are the most renowned. But besides these famous examples, many gifted men-of-letters, descendants of Diderot, discussed the Salons with insight as was stressed by the excellent account of art criticism during the vital period, 1848–70, published by Professor Joseph C. Sloane in 1951. It is only when reading books such as R. A. M. Stevenson's *Velázquez* or Fromentin's *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*,[3] that the artistic ideas of the period can be grasped in depth. Fromentin remains one of the most pertinent writers of his day and the new Garnier edition of his famous book on Dutch and Flemish painting, written a year after the first Impressionist exhibition, well repays examination. It contains an excellent introduction by M. Pierre Moisy and prints many variants to the text. The editor tells us, too, that

[2] *French 19th Century Painting and Literature*. Edited by ULRICH FINKE. Manchester University Press, £8.40.

[3] *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*. By EUGÈNE FROMENTIN. Edited by Pierre Moisy. Garnier Frères, Paris, £2.70.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fromentin was a close friend of Gustave Moreau.

The casualties suffered in the ranks of art celebrities of last century are considerable. This comes across when one thumbs through the last edition of Richard Muther's compendious history of 19th-century painting (1907) which discussed and illustrated many of these forgotten heroes. Today few care for Munkacsy, but in his time this star of the Paris Salon was fêted on his return to his native Budapest. The American painter W. H. Low met him at the height of fame; he was a prey to melancholy, regretting the promise of his youth and resenting that the pressure of success compelled him to engage in such hectic production.

Someone should look at unpopular currents in 19th-century art, such as history painting which once had numerous supporters in Belgium and Munich. However, latter-day Neo-Classicism has more admirers than used to be the case. Mr Gaunt points out that the Elgin Marbles, which were installed in the British Museum in 1812, had considerable effect on Leighton, G. F. Watts and Albert Moore. This classical mood also influenced Whistler (strangely considered by Mr Lucie-Smith as still being under a cloud). This artist did studies after the Tanagra figures which had recently been discovered and were eagerly sought after by collectors. This trend is connected with the cult of Idealism in art. Indeed, a valuable successor to the Council of Europe's Neo-Classical show held in London last year, would be provided by one devoted to the second wave; it includes Picasso, who owes much to Greek vase painting and mirrors, Matisse and Derain, both evokers of the Golden Age, Chirico and Moore.

One leading protagonist of the classical ideal in the second half of the 19th century was Puvis de Chavannes, whose harmonious and noble art is by no means as well known as it deserves, mainly owing to the fact that most of his pictures are monumental ones done for buildings such as the Panthéon, the Hôtel de Ville, Paris and the Boston Public Library. There is no modern book on him, although Mlle Regnault of the Petit Palais in Paris, which owns a large collection of his drawings, is writing a thesis about his art. He admired Piero della Francesca (as did Seurat later) and Poussin and in his search for unity of composition, according to Edward Lucie-Smith, he foreshadowed Cézanne. He exerted a strong appeal to Gauguin and the early Picasso.

A

THE GREATNESS OF FLAUBERT

Maurice Nadeau

Translated by Barbara Bray

". . . I am still reading it, deliberately prolonging the reading because of my intense enjoyment of the book . . . life and literature blend so marvellously. Every page is exciting. I have marked the book on almost every page, it seems, and underlined scores of passages. . . I only wish I could recommend it at one sweep to the whole wide world."

Henry Miller

(author of *Tropic of Cancer, Plexus,* etc.)

£2.95

THE WESTERN MARXISTS

Neil McInnes

A cool, comprehensive, and path-breaking analysis.

£2.95

OUT OF THE RUINS OF EUROPE

Walter Laqueur

A major historian ranges from Germany to Russia, from New York to Jerusalem.

£4.95

Alcove Press

59 St Martins Lane, London WC2N 4JS
01-836 4194

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Puvis was none too keen on being classified as a Symbolist, but he is rightly included in Mr Lucie-Smith's book on Symbolism.[4] The author has faced a hard task in tailoring his material to fit a small scale and, on the whole, he has acquitted himself well. He sketches in the background to the Symbolist movement and stresses the influence of Botticelli and Mantegna. He considers that the women in Moreau's pictures are "both powerful and, for their beauty, sinister. They seem, like much of his other imagery, to be part of a powerfully imaginative celebration of male fears of castration and impotence." However his emphasis upon Moreau's imagery does not leave him room to discuss his colour, so radiantly seen in his vivid little studies, which influenced Nicolas de Staël.

One merit of this book is to bring out the international character of Symbolism. The author pays attention to the exponents of this style outside France—Germany, Holland, Italy and Great Britain—and he even finds room to refer to Sargent whose decorations for the Boston Public Library so well reflect this city's ethos, but he does not mention La Farge. Doubtless pressure of space prevented his discussing Hans von Marées or such sculptors as Rodin and Medardo Rosso. His narrative is necessarily rather breathless, but he makes some excellent observations:

> Disgust with the corrupt policies of the times eventually drove many Symbolists towards the left. The combination of Symbolism and Socialism was, however, commoner in Holland and Belgium than it was in France.

THE NATURE of Symbolist art demands a knowledge of the intellectual and philosophical background, for without it a full understanding of the motives compelling artists is impossible. As far as concerns the French scene, much of value is to be found in Raymond Rudorff's *Belle Epoque: Paris in the Nineties*.[5] It is not a specialist book, but the bibliography attests to the energy with which the author has tackled the topic. He brings into sharp focus such important matters as the relationship between art and anarchy, a topical subject after the Angry Brigade affair. His passages about the role of the famous Théâtre de l'Oeuvre, which was founded by Lugné-Poë, are instructive and permit the influence of the stage on such painters as Bonnard, Vuillard and Sérusier to be fully grasped. This is a book that can be read with pleasure and profit.

In one major respect, our period differs from the 19th century. Nowadays little opposition is shown on the part of the Establishment or even the public to the most ultra forms of modern art. It may be that it is an inevitable corollary of an essentially eclectic and permissive culture such as ours that any form of expression (whether artistic or not) should find an audience. Perhaps it would be salutary if the modern artist had to fight rather more sharply for support and pit his wits and his talents against a modern Comte de Nieuwerkerke.

The way in which artistic battles raged from the mid-century down to the years just before the Second World War forms the theme of Mr Ian Dunlop's racy and well-illustrated book, *The Shock of the New*.[6] His aim is to examine those exhibitions which have proved significant in terms of taste since the days of the Salon des Refusés 1863. These comprise, in addition to this unofficial Salon, the first Impressionist exhibition (1874), the Salon d'Automne of 1905 (which contained a room of Fauves), the New York Armory Show (1913) and the International Surrealist exhibitions of 1938. As a concluding chapter he provides a clear account of the notorious exhibition of Decadent Art held by the Nazis in Munich in 1937, which was the best attended of them all, netting some two million visitors.

Mr Dunlop has worked with enthusiasm and skill and, although the specialist will know much of the material, it will be fresh to most of his readers; he has a sharp eye for the significant detail and for amusing and relevant quotations. It is fascinating to find, for instance, that the British were numerically the strongest contingent after the French at the Paris Surrealist exhibition.

His book raises many questions about the nature of modernism. He refers, for instance, to Sickert's contention that the boosting of Cézanne and other worthies of the French School was due in part to the operation of the dealers. This was exaggerated as were so many of Sickert's *boutades*, but now that Cézanne's art can be seen in some perspective, the early English enthusiasts are seen to have been on the fulsome side.

Inevitably excessive praise of an artist is succeeded by a revaluation. Now that the painting of the Barbizon School is more appreciated than, say, twenty years ago, may one consider that qualitatively a painter such as Daubigny is on the same level as Pissarro or Sisley; the difference lies in the technique and point of view. By the same token, Renoir fits easily into a Victorian setting. His pictures of pretty women, bourgeois

---

[4] *Symbolist Art*. By EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH. Thames and Hudson, £2.50

[5] *Belle Epoque: Paris in the Nineties*. By RAYMOND RUDORFF. Hamish Hamilton, £4.15

[6] *The Shock of the New*. By IAN DUNLOP. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £4.95

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conversation pieces and even his nudes have more in common with their typical Victorian counterparts than used to be suspected. This does not mean, however, that Renoir should be demoted in critical estimation but that the differences between artists tend to look less definite with the passing of time.

ART APPRECIATION never remains static; this is one of the pleasures of the critic's game. In Roger Fry's time, Sargent's opulent pictures seemed offensive to a man of his nature. Today we think less of the grandeur of his sitters (or most of them) and more about the brilliance of his technique, so well shown in his landscapes and water-colours, which has been claimed as an ancestor of action-painting. A generation such as our own, which is charmed and excited by Surrealism, finds more in Symbolism than did the previous one, which was hostile to "literary" painting. The pack has once more been re-shuffled; a new hand is being dealt.

Other Books Received

Leon Battista Alberti. *On Painting and Sculpture.* Edited by Cecil Grayson. Phaidon, £4.25.

Michael Baxandall. *Painting and Experience in Fifteenth Century Italy.* Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £3.25.

William Blake. *Water-Colour Designs for the Poems of Thomas Gray.* Introduction and Commentary by Geoffrey Keynes. Eyre Methuen, £7.95.

Anita Brookner. *Greuze.* Paul Elek, £7.

Albrecht Dürer. *Dürer in America: His Graphic Work.* Edited by C. W. Talbot, G. F. Ravenal and J. Levenson. Collier-Macmillan, £5.95.

E. H. Gombrich. *Symbolic Images.* Phaidon, £5.

César Graña. *Fact and Symbol.* Oxford University Press, £3.45.

John Gage. *Turner: Rain, Steam and Speed.* Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £1.95.

Joel Isaacson. *Monet: Le Dejeuner sur l'Herbe.* Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £1.95.

Marilyn Aronberg Lavin. *Piero della Francesca: The Flagellation.* Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £1.95.

Paul H. Walton. *The Drawings of John Ruskin.* Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £7.

J. M. Nash. *The Age of Rembrandt and Vermeer.* Phaidon, £6.

R. W. Pickford. *Psychology and Visual Aesthetics.* Hutchinson Educational, £4.50.

Frederick Solomon. *Critique of Modern Art.* Vision Press, £3.60.

Adrian Stokes. *The Image in Form.* Edited by Richard Wollheim. Penguin, 60p.

Roy Strong. *Van Dyck: Charles I on Horseback.* Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £1.95.

Hugh Thomas. *Goya: The Third of May 1808.* Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £1.95.

William C. Wees. *Vorticism and the English Avant-Garde.* Manchester University Press, £6.25.

Historical Writings: Lord Bolingbroke
Edited and with an Introduction by Isaac Kramnick
Along with Winston Churchill, Lord Bolingbroke is the outstanding British example of a statesman and politician who was also a historian. As a political and philosophical essayist, he drew such wits as Pope, Swift and Gay to his circle in opposition to Walpole. This selection of some of his finest historical writings reflects his elegant style, mordant wit and the sheer intellectual brilliance that make him a pleasure to read. **£6.10**

Medieval English Drama
Essays Critical and Contextual
Edited by Jerome Taylor and Alan H. Nelson
Rejecting the tendency of earlier criticism to view all forms of medieval drama as mere antecedents of Renaissance achievement, Jerome Taylor and Alan Nelson have edited this collection of essays to build a less partial and more plausible history of medieval English drama. Some of the essays are new, others have been re-edited and several have been extensively revised. **£6.30**

The American Mail
Enlarger of the Common Life
Wayne E. Fuller
For almost three hundred years the postal system was virtually the only means that widely scattered Americans possessed for communicating with one another and with relatives in other countries. That system became inextricably woven into the fabric of American civilisations and Wayne Fuller's fascinating study shows that the postal service was both a promoter of national progress and a mirror reflecting it. **£4.05**

The Intellectuals and the Powers
and Other Essays
Edward Shils
For over a quarter of a century the writings of Edward Shils have commanded international attention. Revised for this collection, these essays have arisen from the author's concern with intellectuals, their work, their institutions and their relations with society, culture and the non-intellectual segments of the population. This book is the first volume in the *Selected Papers of Edward Shils.* **£5.65**

The University of Chicago Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bonn Notebook

Willy Brandt's Victory

By John Mander

THE BONN politicians, psephologists, pundits —and indeed the simple voters they try to woo, scare, or analyse—were agreed on one thing: this was going to be the narrowest, most exciting, most significant General Election in the history of the Federal Republic. And why? Partly, I think, because everybody had been told that the result would be close for so long that everybody now believed this to be the case—and the polls, on the whole, supported it. People have also been told that the *Wahlkampf*—"election campaign" sounds remarkably mild beside that resonant *"kampf"*—was going to be especially vicious: Strauss and Barzel are in fighting trim, and Brandt (always a bonny fighter in a tight corner) and Scheel and Helmut Schmidt are going to give as good as they get. Tires were being slashed (we read), posters disfigured, hecklers manhandled and—as always in the Springer press—crime was soaring to unbelievable heights. No wonder: the Fatherland is in danger, Berlin is to be sold to the Russians, Brandt is (variously) a war-time traitor, a drunkard (*Willy-Weinbrand*), illegitimate, a murderer (a former Gestapo man, declared unfit to plead by the court that dealt with him, has accused Brandt of killing an S.A. man in 1933: a charge quickly stamped on by the courts).

And so it rolls on. He is a divorced man (true, but that was thirty years ago); he fought in Norwegian uniform against Germany (untrue, he merely wore uniform in 1945 as a member of the Norwegian mission in just-conquered Berlin). His son—a veteran of the West-Berlin street battles (now almost forgotten) of 1966–68—was once defended by Horst Mahler, now known to be deeply involved in the sorry Baader-Meinhof affair. It was absurd, easily refutable, and not new; but the poison still flowed. An ex-headmistress tells me that she actually heard a neighbour repeat a tale that, of Brandt's two eldest sons, one is studying in Moscow, and the other in Warsaw. As it happens, her own children have been at school with the Brandts', and she can tell her that it is nonsense: both are studying in Germany.

But could all, or any of this actually hurt Brandt? It is known that he has suffered much personally in the past from such vicious taunts. After 1965 he was to confess that he had not "come out of the election unscathed." Brandt is not, as he can often seem, the granite-faced Northerner whom no insult can touch: he is a surprisingly vulnerable and emotional man, and the occasionally stony visage is a mask. My own impression during the campaign was that the anti-Brandt campaign was misfiring this time. Brandt has won a new kind of status over these last three years. He is no longer, as *Der Spiegel* puts it, the *jung-Siegfried* of West-Berlin (he has just turned fifty-nine): rather he has been elevated to a place among those father-figures of German folklore, like Bismarck and Hindenburg and Adenauer, who have so often proved indestructible in the past (I make no comparison of their relative merits). Brandt took the *Wahlkampf* in his usual quiet and deliberate fashion; and this, one judges, is what the German people really wanted. He is, almost, the Chancellor of the *status quo*—an asset his enemies cannot hope to deny him. Could it be that Germany was really on the edge of an abyss? The *Bild-Zeitung* (Springer again) told us all so. It is probably the paper my airport taxi-driver reads. What does he think? Nothing much to get excited about in this election: all parties out for themselves: still, Willy's made a good job of it, people respect him abroad, and as for Barzel—well, you can see he's not up to it, can't you? Was this "bitter, close-fought *Wahlkampf*" perhaps an invention of the press? I am beginning to think so. Airport taxi-drivers are always right.

IT HAS BEEN, after all, a quiet election. But quietness is no doubt relative; and our picture of an unquiet German election is bound to be tinged with memories of the student unrest of 1968, or even with older memories of marching stormtroopers and fiercely organised *Saalschlachten*. But this is a very different Germany. Nobody comes to blows: but plenty of violent rhetoric and genuine fervour are to be seen in the meeting-halls. Herr Franz Josef Strauss is unquestionably the most colourful among the platform-performers; and his style is not always as it is caricatured—he can play it softly, and with razor-sharp repartee, if he wants to. Yet there is no doubt that, popular draw as he may be in Bavaria, his style is genuinely repellent to most contemporary Germans. Is this due to revulsion against "the style of a Goebbels"? Possibly. But far more, I think, it is because Strauss is not in tune with contemporary Ger-

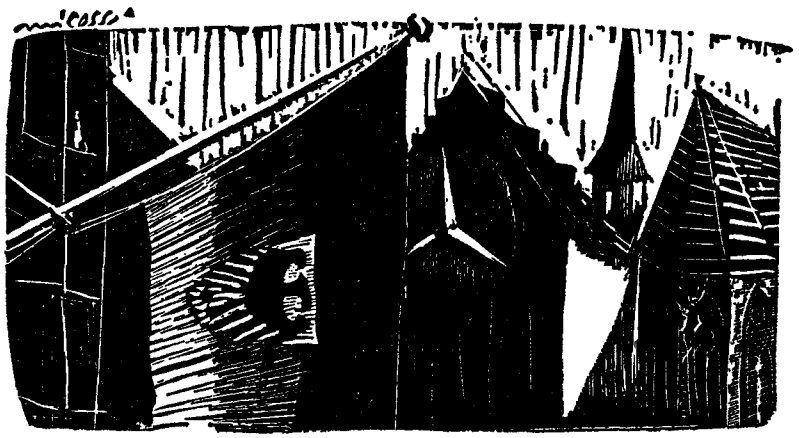
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many (he won his spurs under Dr Adenauer in the 1950s, and is in fact only a year younger than Brandt). *Ruhe* is what the burgher wants; and Strauss cannot help stirring things up. In this sense, he plays directly into the hands of a man like Brandt (there are other S.P.D. leaders—Helmut Schmidt, for example—who would be more inclined to play the game Strauss's way). Brandt is not, I think, a born orator. There is something a little too deliberate, even plodding in his style of delivery. Yet observers have noticed that there is something in the emotional audience response of the old-time, semi-religious Social Democrat fervour. Brandt is "one of us", a genuinely working-class leader. Without accusing Herr Strauss of being insincere, one could say that his flamboyant style turns people off, whereas Brandt's honesty and deeply-hidden passion are even strengthened by his understated rhetoric. He waves down the applause when it becomes too frenetic; and this "cool-it" style of speaking seems to suit modern Germany very well. According to one newspaper, Brandt had spoken during the election for 90 hours, Strauss for 150 hours. Brandt had to retire to hospital for treatment of his vocal chords: Strauss was bouncing around the next day, happily stirring the pot for 1976. But who will win then: and who has won now?

THE QUIETNESS of the 1972 election should not be overdone. There has certainly been a strong *politisierung* (as the local pundits say) among the German electorate. Estimates were that 92 per cent of the electorate would go to the polls—and that figure, despite the appalling weather, was indeed very nearly achieved (a world record? In the Nixon election only 56 per cent of Americans bothered to vote at all). But there is one aspect of this *politisierung* which the foreign press has not brought out nearly strongly enough: I mean, the so-called *Bürger-initiativen*. A *Bürger-initiative* can mean, more or less, what you want it to mean. Theoretically, it is a group of honest burghers from some profession (writers, scientists, lawyers), or particular location, who come together and, after due deliberation, sign and publish a declaration of intent, an intent, usually, to support a particular party for a particular reason. It was Günter Grass, undoubtedly, who set the trend among writers in the last two elections (1965, 1969) with his serio-comic private campaign for Brandt (*Loblied auf Willy*). Many other writers have now joined him—in particular Brandt's fellow-Nobel-prizewinner, Heinrich Böll. I do not think Günter Grass himself would make any too ambitious claims for his loyal exertions on behalf of Willy. But it would appear that he has set a fashion—though he may be suffering twinges of dismay at certain of the creatures he has fathered.

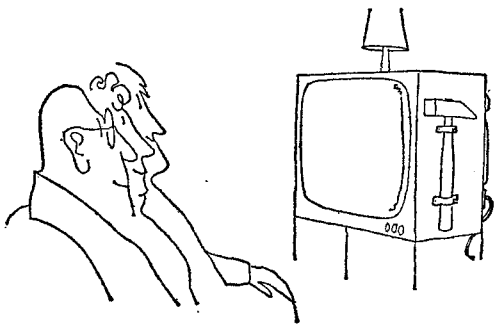
This time every party has had its *Bürger-initiativen*, consisting of pop-stars, football pin-ups, glamorous media-men, revered academics, and so forth. These *Bürger-initiativen* are genuine enough, though they have not perhaps set the Rhine on fire. I must confess that the pro-C.D.U. "initiators" were mostly not known, or barely known, to me—and I suspect to most West Germans. A breakdown in *Der Spiegel* certainly shows that, among writers, the S.P.D. is the favourite by long odds. A few of the 1968 *enragés*—Gisela Elsner, for example—have gone over to the newly-legalised Communist Party (not the old K.P.D., you understand, which the Constitutional Court banned in 1956, but the new D.K.P. which is apparently considered constitutionally unexceptionable). And a few well-known left-wing names—Rolf Hochhuth—have preferred the Free Democrats to the S.P.D. But the right-wing list is, to say the least, uninspiring; and there are certainly no writers (or indeed anyone) prepared to come out openly for the lost cause of the "Neo-Nazi" N.P.D. But the S.P.D., and particularly the much-maligned "*Jusos*" (Young Socialists), are certainly the focus of support for most of the left-wing *Bürger-initiativen*. And, at the very least, the S.P.D. has gained a kind of literary-intellectual glamour from these activities which it has often sadly lacked in the past.

But some of the *Bürger-initiativen* are less



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

innocent than they would wish to appear. There is an *"Aktion der Mitte"*, which has devoured acres of newsprint over the past couple of weeks, bearing some no doubt worthy names, but the whole all too obviously financed by Herr Springer and his rich and enterprising friends. From the content of these appeals one would gather that Germany was on the brink of full-blooded Socialist Revolution and a total sell-out to the East—a vivid harking-back to the days of Dr Adenauer's famous declaration in Bamberg during the 1957 election that a victory for the S.P.D. would mean the end of Germany, a Spenglerian *"Untergang Deutschlands."* These "Burghers" are doubtless all good men and true; but it is not astute of Herr Springer to be so blind journalistically to the gulf that now separates the mood of 1957 from the mood of 1972. This is the language of yesteryear: and Herr Springer evidently does not know it. Perhaps still more grotesque was the appearances *à deux* by Professors Karl Schiller (lately resigned from the Finance Ministry and the S.P.D.) and Ludwig Erhard (ex-Chancellor of the C.D.U., and reputed father of the *Wirtschaftswunder*). "At one time we were in disagreement: now we speak with one voice"—about, needless to say, Inflation and how to beat it. The absurdity of this particular *"Initiative"* lies, of course, in the fact that Dr Erhard was overthrown by Barzel and Strauss in 1966 precisely because his economic policies were in disarray—poor fellow, why do they have to wheel him out now? It lies also in the fact that if anyone is responsible for the present inflation (at 7 per cent, a lot less bad than the British) it must presumably be Erhard's successor, Schiller, economic overlord with Strauss from 1966 to 1969, and sole overlord from 1969 until his petulant resignation in the summer of 1972. As Brandt commented, "Two failed economists do not make one successful one. . . ." The S.P.D.'s delight when Professor Schiller's constituency went to the S.P.D. this time with a slight increase was unconcealed. Germans may respect Professors: but even Germans do not defer to Professors who try to rewrite recent history in so unlikely a fashion.



ELECTION EVE

NEVERTHELESS, I THINK no serious observer would wish to mock this new phenomenon of the *Bürger-initiative*. In the past it was said that West Germans were only democrats every four years—at election time. (There are, of course, no "by-elections" in Germany; and changing your party, as some of the Coalition's earlier supporters did, does not mean that you have to face the electorate—*i.e.*, "do a Dick Taverne"). But it looks as if the *Bürger-initiative* movement could change all this. There are, it is reported, no less than a thousand parent-groups up and down the country demanding a modern-type *kindergarten*. Some three-hundred-and-fifty committees have come together spontaneously to "preserve the Environment." Like mushrooms, committees for the treatment of drug addiction, for the after-care of prisoners, for the protection of objects of historical and architectural interest, for abortion-reform and against industrial pollution, have sprung up all over West Germany. None of this, perhaps, will seem too surprising to an Anglo-Saxon. How many petitions has he not signed, how many star-studded letters to *The Times* not read, in the course of his adult life? But Germany has never been a "public-spirited" nation in this sense (one would be at a loss in fact to translate the term). "Public spirit" was a matter for those paid to look after public things—the higher and lower *Beamte*, the Judiciary, the Church, the Army. The new activity of these groups will certainly have the effect of gingering up "the authorities"; *"die Obrigkeit"* will lose some of the awe in which it has so long been held; and there will be unpredictable effects on German voting behaviour. Already, indeed, the massive desertion of Catholic voters to the S.P.D. and F.D.P. this time is evidence enough that a quite new political orientation may be taking shape.

To the extent that all this represents a real extension of West German democracy, a true *politisierung*, it is surely to be welcomed without reserve. But it is only fair to add that, like most things in Germany, it can easily be taken too far. Does it matter that a *Bürger-initiative* in Wiesbaden should have launched a campaign against "old-fashioned" bathing-costumes and won (by 68 per cent!) every Wiesbadener the right in future to disport himself naked? Well, it's all right by me. It's no cause for concern either—perhaps rather the opposite—that in Frankfurt a parlour-game with a Women's Lib theme has been invented and is said to be spreading ("You're born a girl—lose three points"). Certainly, the reefs of unreason are sighted when we read of the Nuremberg housewife, a fighter against

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"nuclear pollution," who has produced a pamphlet attributing the sinking of the Titanic to damage caused to the Captain's cortex by the radioactive properties of an Egyptian mummy stowed away by accident on the bridge. Well, stranger—and much more sinister—things have come out of Nuremberg before now. What is happening, no doubt, is that many more groups—politically, socially, or culturally deprived—are now beginning to "participate" in German society than was the case until very recently.

That this process will open the floodgates to a lot of odd, and possibly even dangerous, demands is surely to be expected. On the whole, certainly, the *Bürger-initiativen* are apolitical, though they are often led by individuals with a tendency to the left. But that right-wing groups could develop should certainly not be ruled out. Already it is not always so easy to draw a line. The New Left, like the American New Left, is much obsessed with conservation. Indeed, one hand-out I was given showed a Germany of the future which consisted entirely of green fields and flourishing *deutschen Wald*. Very *romantisch*, no doubt, but not really so very different from the kind of right-wing propaganda which rages against fluoridisation, and which the Nazis were keen enough on in their day. But what is "right-wing"? Those peasants, for example, angered at the damage caused by U.S. army manoeuvres, who recently showered American soldiers with stout clods of Bavarian earth—or their Lower Saxon compatriots who attempted to seal up the observation-slits of British tanks with clay—were they Neo-Nazis or some new breed of rural radical? Perhaps they were just angry peasants.

The best answer to the question "What happened to the revolutionaries of 1966–68?" is probably two-fold. A large number—the more lunatic fringe—has withdrawn from the battle. One of them, Langhans, has taken up yoga and declares that Baader and Strauss, terrorist and politico, have at least one thing in common—They Both Want Love. But much of the impetus of that sudden upheaval seems to have gone into these proliferating *Bürger-initiativen*. Is there in this some kind of justification for the riotous extravagances of 1966–68?

Victory & Defeat

THE POLLS CLOSE EARLIER in West Germany than in Britain (six o'clock instead of ten); but voting on Sundays is considered no sin, so the system probably benefits all parties—hence the huge, 91·1% participation. Equally, the results come in early, and the computers are out with their first predictions by 7 p.m. Between 7 and 8 the results come flooding in; and within two hours of the polls closing there can be no real doubt about the result—the Free Democrats have taken the 5% hurdle easily, and the S.P.D. appears to be polling some 3·7% better than in 1969. The C.D.U. vote has fallen badly in some areas; but Strauss's C.S.U. in Bavaria seems to be holding its ground. The extremists—the Communists and the N.P.D.—have been wiped out (a total poll of less than 1%). This raises at least one interesting question: what has happened to the 4·8% of the vote the N.P.D. won last time? Still, the main lines of the result are clear enough. The Brandt-Scheel Lib.-Lab. Coalition is going to win handsomely; the C.D.U.-C.S.U. is in for four years of opposition. The congratulatory telegrams from heads of government are beginning to flow in, couched in the most flattering terms—and with an almost audible sigh of relief. The world wanted Willy to win: the German people have delivered the goods.

But do these results tell all? Does the very good result for the Free Democrats (8·4%) mean what it appears to mean? Has Strauss's C.S.U.—the man is actually claiming to be one of the "victors" of the election!—*really* done better than its sister party, Herr Barzel's C.D.U.? Where have the neo-Nazi votes gone? Where have Brandt's new votes come from? And, at least as important, why the apparent regional differences between, say, Schleswig-Holstein in the far North and Hesse or Bavaria to the South? The commentators are already talking of a *"Gefälle"*, a differential pattern according to which the further south you go the stronger the right-wing, and *vice versa*. This shows up most strongly in Schleswig-Holstein, hitherto considered safe C.D.U. territory, with a population of conservative Protestant farmers. Here the S.P.D. has leapt from 44·5% in 1969 to 52·1%, the F.D.P. from 5·2 to 8·6; the C.D.U. has fallen from 47·3 to 42·9%. I am using the *"zweitstimmen"* figures for F.D.P. here, and the "constituency" or *erststimmen* for C.D.U. and S.P.D.

This can legitimately be called a landslide, and bodes ill for the *Land* election in a couple of years' time (and for its ambitious C.D.U. leader, a possible future Chancellor, Gerhard Stoltenberg). Yet whereas the S.P.D. has won 7·5% more of the vote, and the F.D.P. 3·5, the C.D.U. has lost only 4·4%. This is the stranger in that at least 4% N.P.D. votes were up for sale, and it is hardly credible that they can have gone to the left-wing parties. But if they have indeed gone to the C.D.U., the C.D.U. must have done *even worse* than the figures at first suggest—in the sense that it must have lost something like 8% of its former vote to the Coalition parties. The election-night thesis, an alternative Strauss-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proposition that the N.P.D. vote has gone to the Left, has since been shown to be false. These were no protest-voters, who might as well have turned to Left as to Right. The areas where the C.S.U. in Bavaria, or Strauss's friend Herr Dregger's C.D.U. in Hesse, have gained ground have been shown to correspond precisely to the areas where the N.P.D. did well in 1966—causing a general, if temporary scare (see: ENCOUNTER, "Neo-Nazis", February 1967).

JUST SOUTH OF Schleswig-Holstein lies Hamburg, West Germany's largest city and a *Land* in its own right: since the War it has been one of the great strongholds of the S.P.D.—what would happen here? Surprisingly, it is a tame result. The C.D.U. has fallen from 33·8 to 33·3%; the N.P.D. and K.P.D. together have gained 1% of the vote; the S.P.D. has done fractionally worse than last time —54·6 to 54·4% (that is, on *zweitstimmen:* on *erststimmen* it has gone up from 57·8 to 60·2%). This is certainly on the face of it a poor result for the S.P.D. But there is one party in Hamburg, as in many other major cities, which has improved spectacularly on its national average: the F.D.P., with a lift from 6·3 to 11·2. Much has been made of the success of the F.D.P. in this election, and since the campaign run by Herr Scheel and his colleagues deserves all praise, one would not wish to pour cold water on a triumph like this—a doubling of the party's vote. But there is here a trap for the unwary. The German election system is complex; and a poll before the election revealed to universal horror that at least 60% of the German population did not understand it. This year they have had to put up with a popular Chancellor who had to organise his own parliamentary defeat in the Bundestag in order to present himself for re-election. But the poll revealed that most Germans thought that it was the *first* vote on the ballot paper (the *erststimme*) that was decisive and that the *zweitstimme* they were also entitled to was only of secondary importance.

In fact, of course, it is precisely the other way round. An *erststimme* for the F.D.P. would be wasted anywhere in Germany, since the F.D.P. cannot hope to win a constituency (British-type, but far larger) outright. It is only the existence of the *zweitstimme*, deciding the final *proportion* due to each party in the Bundestag and drawing on the *total* vote throughout the country, that keeps the F.D.P. in business at all. As you can split your vote, it is possible to vote for the S.P.D. in your constituency, and for the F.D.P. with your *zweitstimme*—thus supporting both parties in the Brandt-Scheel coalition simultaneously. As this requires some degree of sophistication, it is not surprising that "splitting" occurred much more strongly in the large cities than elsewhere. Thus the F.D.P. victories in Hamburg and elsewhere are not all that they seem. It may well be that the 3% or more average national increase for the S.P.D. simply went to the F.D.P. in Hamburg.

In other words, the "true" picture is that the S.P.D. did as well in Hamburg as anywhere—which is the converse of saying that the F.D.P. vote was artificially swollen by a large number of S.P.D. voters giving their *zweitstimmen* to the F.D.P. One wonders whether the F.D.P. can be too happy about this piece of artificial respiration?

But the North-South differential theory does appear to be borne out by the facts. In Bremen the S.P.D. *erststimmen* vote goes from 53·4 to 61·8%; the F.D.P. *zweitstimmen* from 9·3 to 11·1%; the C.D.U. falls back from 32·7 to 29·8%. In the two largest *Länder* of the North—Lower Saxony and North Rhine-Westphalia—the result looks to be much the same. In Lower Saxony, the S.P.D. is up from 45·3 to 51·5%—for the first time an absolute majority. In the most important *Land* of all, North Rhine-Westphalia, the industrial Ruhr and its environs—a *Land* with the same population as the East-German Republic, and in which one out of three West Germans lives—the S.P.D. goes up from 47·7 to 52·8%—again, a first-time absolute majority.

We are now approaching the ever-convenient (if a trifle nebulous) North-South division across Germany. Straddling this imaginary *limes* are two largely Catholic *Länder*, the Saar and the Rhineland-Palatinate. The industrial Saar is evidently following the northern pattern very distinctly: there is a rise from 41·4 to 50.4% for the S.P.D.—again a first-time absolute majority,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a landslide almost on the scale of Schleswig-Holstein. In largely rural and Catholic Rhineland-Palatinate, the increase is from 40·2 to 47·6%—at 6·4% a good result, not at all dissimilar to the S.P.D.'s victories in North Germany.

But now the picture changes. In Hesse, a stronghold of the S.P.D. since the War, the party's increase is rather below average: 2·7%. Similarly, the C.D.U. vote has only fallen from 40·5 to 38·8—not too bad, and a personal boost for a man we may be hearing a great deal more of, Strauss' C.D.U. protégé, the right-wing Herr Dregger. (However, as I have mentioned, Herr Dregger has clearly profited from the collapse of the N.P.D.) Further south, in Baden-Württemberg, the result is only average for the S.P.D., though no disaster: 37·9 to 42·8—4·9%. The C.D.U. has lost a little ground (·4), but is still just above the 50% mark. The F.D.P., traditionally strong here, has done well with 10·2%—though once again they must have profited from S.P.D. *zweitstimmen*.

We are now approaching the Deep South of the *Bundesrepublik*, Bavaria, where Herr Strauss has already proclaimed himself one of the victors. What basis is there for this claim? Certainly, he is one of the few conservative leaders, apart from Herr Dregger, to have held his vote well—though even he has lost ·7%. He has not prevented an excellent result for the S.P.D., which has since boosted Herr Vogel, the S.P.D. leader and ex-burgomaster of Munich, into the Federal Cabinet; an increase of 35·4 to 39·4—at 3·5%, a good result, given the frosty Bavarian climate. The F.D.P. too has pulled up two points on *zweitstimmen*, giving the Coalition an overall *zweitstimmen* increase of 5·2. In view of this it is not altogether clear how Herr Strauss can claim that his thin blue lines held fast against the Coalition onslaught—unlike, of course, the cohorts of poor Herr Barzel up north. Still worse, as I have mentioned, the once-large N.P.D. vote of 5·5% (in 1969 it actually *exceeded* the F.D.P. vote) has fairly plainly gone over to the C.S.U. This can only mean that the C.S.U. in fact *lost* voters to the S.P.D., and probably the F.D.P., and made good the deficiency with the raggle-taggle of the N.P.D. If this surmise is correct, it could be said that Strauss not only lost some 5% of his following, but fell for the first time since 1957 below the 50% mark. My apologies, *lieber Herr Strauss*, but you too were among the losers.

The Future of German Democracy

ONE FACT STANDS OUT so clearly that we require no psephology to interpret it. This was Willy Brandt's election. His personal pull on the German voter was everywhere to be seen—as much in the F.D.P. "successes" as in those of the S.P.D. I have suggested that this pull is very much bound up with his personal qualities; and I think even most C.D.U.-C.S.U. men would agree that this was a "Brandt-election" quite as much as those of 1953 and 1957 were "Adenauer-elections." I have argued further that once a German politician achieves this kind of standing he acquires a charisma that is exceedingly hard to challenge. Here again, I think that most opposition leaders know that if they have to fight Brandt again in 1976 or 1980 (or even 1984), and have only a Barzel at their disposal, the S.P.D. is likely to grow (it has grown at a steady 3% at every election since 1949) until it commands an absolute majority in the Bundestag (thus requiring no support from the F.D.P.), the choice of the Presidency, and a majority in most *Länder* (which would give it control of the Federal Council or *Bundesrat*). No wonder many people—and not all on the Right—are speaking in terms of an *S.P.D.-Herrschaft* over West Germany which could quickly become institutionalised (*Beamte*, as in America, are frequently party choices), and well-nigh impossible to overturn.

The point that Anglo-Saxons often miss, but which is quite clear to the German public, is that there is no *pendulum* in West German politics. Politics here is not a chummy in-and-out affair; it obeys different laws. And the rising curve of the S.P.D. from 1949 to 1972—a long march indeed—raises not unjustified fears. It could be, of course, that a sudden economic recession or other catastrophe might change this picture: the pendulum might then be set in motion. But perhaps Germans are wise to regard that stealthy 3% increment with a certain trepidation.

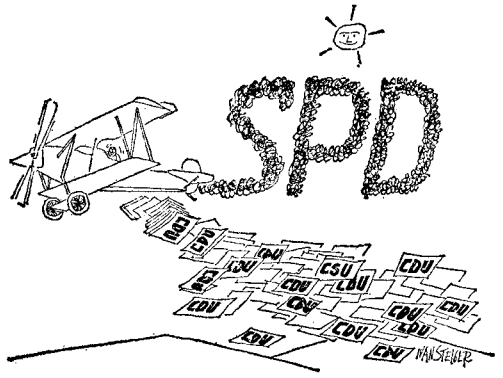
But it was not, of course, Brandt's charisma alone that won the election for the Coalition. Many commentators would argue that it was the *Ostpolitik*, capped neatly by the appearance of the *Grundvertrag* between East and West Germany a few days before the election, that chiefly swayed the voters. I am not at all sure. Quite possibly there has been too much talk about the *Ostpolitik* in foreign newspapers, and its impact on ordinary Germans has been greatly exaggerated. Many, I know, would disagree with this—certainly *The Times* and *Guardian* leader-writers after Willy Brandt's victory. My impression was that Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, far from being a burning issue, was in the minds of most Germans already taken for granted. It is known, after all, that Dr Barzel was on the point of agreeing to the ratification of the treaties last summer, until he was heavily sat on by Franz Josef Strauss, so that the entire C.D.U.-C.S.U. contingent was compelled, rather ignominiously, to abstain.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Equally, it is assumed that Barzel (Strauss willing) would have agreed to sign the *Grundvertrag* if he had won the election. The aggressive tactics of the Right were therefore hamstrung from the beginning by this dog-in-the-manger attitude: and certainly an impression of confused counsels and of weak and divided leadership was given. The *Ostpolitik*, as is so often said, is after all no more than an acceptance of reality. But is not a people in a basically conservative, self-satisfied mood more likely to "accept reality" than a fearful or uncertain one—as the Germans were in the 1950s and '60s? The *Ostpolitik* is often seen by non-Germans as a great leap forward towards a European *détente*. It is supposed to bring great relief to the peoples of Eastern Europe, and to lead to a general "liberalisation". But will it? Certainly the East German and Czech establishments are already pretty scared that it might have precisely that effect, and are taking all precautions against it (party members and functionaries are to sign a pledge in East Germany that they will not seek contacts with the West). Certainly, it was not my impression that Germans were taking it in any very euphoric spirit. It was, literally, an "acceptance of reality." It had to be done; but nobody can say that the Russians have given much away to the Germans. Still, Willy Brandt deserves every credit for pushing this (for the Germans) disagreeable measure through.

IN FACT, APART FROM the pull of Brandt's personality, and the possible impact of the *Ostpolitik*, I fear we have to admit that the sociologists and psephologists offer the most plausible explanation. The household god of the S.P.D. is known as *Genosse Trend*—Comrade Trend. It was he who provided the four-yearly 3% increments, which began, after all, before Willy Brandt was on the scene.

Where do these increments come from? There are, certainly, many factors at work. The S.P.D. is strong among young voters—it is reckoned that of the four million or so new voters a good two-thirds voted for the Coalition. There is no question that the S.P.D. has broken through the Catholic anti-Socialist barrier, and that a great part of the Catholic working class now votes according to Class and not according to Confession. More surprisingly, this appears to be the case not only in the large cities, but also in the small towns and in the rural areas—all new ground, certainly, for the S.P.D. I have mentioned the pull the S.P.D. now exerts on the intelligentsia (the old, fateful polarisation of Weimar days seems far away); and there is the prestige that power itself conveys, especially perhaps in Germany. A constantly defeated party —and that was how it looked in the 1950s—is not likely to attract either the idealists or the ablest minds among the rising generation. That is a hard fact of politics; and one that will now work for the S.P.D., and against the C.D.U.


SPD
CDU
CSU
CDU
CSU
CDU
CDU
CD

its supporters to the right—thus producing, conceivably, a C.D.U.-C.S.U. victory. Certainly we cannot know, and the F.D.P. undoubtedly won many of its votes on its own powers. But even this is a delicate proposition. For many of these "true" F.D.P. *zweitstimmen* should perhaps be qualified as so-called *Bremsstimmen* ("brake-votes"), given to make sure that the F.D.P. holds back the S.P.D. from any dallyings with Socialism as interpreted by the *Jungsozialisten* and the strengthened S.P.D. left-wing in the *Bundestag*. Thus the F.D.P. vote could be said to be made up of one section that wanted to help the Socialists back to power, along with another which sees its function as opposing Socialism wherever it finds it. For a party not known for its consistency in the past this would not seem to be an enviable position. The truth is, the F.D.P. has never been a party with even the degree of unity of the British Liberal party—the split between the "liberal" Southerners and the more "national-liberal" Northerners runs right through its history. And by "Liberal" I do not mean Liberal in the English, still less in the American sense; the F.D.P.'s Liberalism is much closer to what a Dutchman or an Italian would understand by that word. That the F.D.P. has good men at the top (and a strong youth movement too) is a healthy sign. But it is permissible to have doubts about the party's inner strength and stability: the record is not good. There is also an element of artificiality about its survival, as I have argued: it has survived very largely because others wanted it to survive. After all, under the British system it would have no representative in the *Bundestag* at all; and even under the complex German system it would, on *erststimmen* alone (4·8%), not have taken the 5% hurdle and been represented in the *Bundestag*.

FINALLY, the C.D.U. What is its future now? Frankly, it is difficult not to be extremely pessimistic. True, it held a strong vote in most areas, and its national proportion of 45% means that it lags only one per cent behind the S.P.D. But this percentage is misleading. There is hardly a single area where it is not now on the defensive. The Catholic Church—and the core of Adenauer's C.D.U. was the old Catholic *Centrum* of which he was a leader—is clearly losing political and social control over its congregation (as, indeed, in Holland and elsewhere). It is true that the Church is bitterly opposed to the abortion legislation which the Coalition is now certain to pass; but it was perhaps not necessary to intimate that compulsory euthanasia would come next. And, once again, it is still more evidence that Germans today (at long last) do not like being told what to think—whether by the Church, or by Professors Erhard and Schiller. The turning away of youth and of the female half of the population is obviously extremely serious for the C.D.U. strategists; as is the combined effect of a general flight from the land (one million a year) and a willingness even on the part of those who stay there to go it with the S.P.D. But, above all, it is the reliance of the C.D.U. (the C.S.U. perhaps less so) on the great triumphs of the Konrad Adenauer era that is now the party's most serious handicap—much more so, I think, than the choice of a suitable candidate. The massive involvement of Big Business, the Church, the remorseless tendentiousness of the Springer press, and the scare-propaganda about inflation, all proved counter-productive.

Already, the symptoms of decay are becoming painfully obvious. Herr Springer has declared, in a fit of pique, that "the C.D.U. is not my party"—which ought to be good news for the C.D.U. Herr Barzel is already being treated with open contempt by Strauss; and yet the often-made suggestion that Strauss should go it himself and turn his C.S.U. into a national party somewhat to the right of the C.D.U. is not viable. Any new party of the Right needs now to woo the centre, since it already has the former N.P.D. votes in its pocket. There are half-a-dozen candidates whom the C.D.U. could put forward without disgracing itself, but none are proof against further trouble from Herr Strauss. Neither the (Protestant) Stoltenberg in Schleswig-Holstein, nor the (Catholic) Helmut Kohl in Rhineland-Palatinate can be sure of carrying even their own *Länder* in the regional elections which must be held before 1976. Yet, after the *débâcle* this time, defeat for either on his own ground would be surely disastrous. The best candidate in many ways, and certainly the candidate with the highest prestige, would be the (Protestant) ex-Foreign Minister, Gerhard Schröder—who first set the *Ostpolitik* in motion. But Schröder is probably "too old", and his health is said to be poor. And again, Strauss would almost certainly not have him. The field, as they say, is open. But the outlook is about as bad as it could be. Ideally, the best solution would be for the C.D.U. to model itself on the British Conservative party, and to prevent by all means the drift of middle-and lower-middle-class voters towards the F.D.P. and the S.P.D. In the end, it will depend on Franz Josef Strauss. Strauss would say he is only trying to prevent that *"Untergang Deutschlands"* of which Dr Adenauer spoke.

As it is, he is more likely to be remembered as the man who finally broke the once apparently unchallengeable power of the party of Konrad Adenauer.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Ethiopia—Forty Years On

By David Holden

BACK IN THE 1930s, when Mussolini's troops were marching on Addis Ababa and the Hoare-Laval Pact sold Abyssinia down the river, Haile Selassie was the name that first awakened my political consciousness. With childhood's certainty I suddenly grasped from the Emperor's plight that something was wrong with the world; and I can more or less date my birth as a political animal from one Saturday night when my father pulled out, as he often did, a topical plum from his week-end reading. It must have been, I think, an entry in a *New Statesman* clerihew competition and it ran something like this:

Haile Selassie
Said, "The air smells gassy.
"It's clear
"Civilisation is near."

Not long afterwards the little Emperor left his country for Europe and exile, *il Duce's* new Roman Empire was proclaimed in Addis, Evelyn Waugh wrote *Scoop*, and the world slid swiftly towards the most widespread war in history. The romantic, mediaeval world of Abyssinia, as I had dimly imagined it through the mists of propaganda and poison gas, vanished into the limbo of unregarded history. The tiny figure in the black cloak, with the sad eyes and the trim black beard, disappeared in the turmoil, to be glimpsed only occasionally by zealous photographers, waiting in lonely pathos for the London train on the up platform at Bath.

IT ALL SEEMS a terribly long time ago now; and as the VC-10 came in to land at Addis Ababa on my last visit there, in a cold, grey dawn, I wondered if there could possibly be anything left of that strange arena of my childhood, whence I had first sensed the shape of things to come. It seemed unlikely. Once before, on a previous visit, I had found a number of relics but I had thought then I was in at the death of the old Abyssinia. That was just before Christmas 1960, when I had travelled up from Djibuti with thirteen other correspondents from five different countries to cover the aftermath of an attempted *coup d'état* by the Emperor's Royal Bodyguard. In its way it had been a memorable journey. As Addis airport was closed we had persuaded the French Governor of Djibuti to have an elderly passenger-coach attached to the rear of a goods-train that was to take the first supplies into the Ethiopian capital since the *coup*. We were 48 hours on the way—long enough to ensure that we arrived considerably hung-over but mighty pleased with ourselves at so splendidly upholding the traditions of the Fourth Estate. In sober moments a tattered copy of *Scoop* had been passed reverentially from hand to hand, and the spirit of the 1930s had seemed to offer a macabre greeting when we emerged to find the corpses of the rebel leaders swinging from telegraph poles among the rusting tin roofs of Addis.

But the writing then had been clear upon the wall. Harold Macmillan had just said his piece in Cape Town about "the wind of change" and here it was howling through the antique fastnesses of the Ethiopian Empire—as most of us promptly wrote—in the classic contemporary form of a military uprising against an ageing and autocratic ruler. The world of *Scoop* was dead. The Lion of Judah (such a godsend for the headline writers!), legendary descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba (such a nugget of golden colour for our features!), had become a symbol of the past in the new revolutionary Africa. Gassy or not, modern civilisation was treading hard on Haile Selassie's old heels, and he could hardly be expected to outpace it for much longer.

OR SO WE THOUGHT. In fact, of course, he proceeded to confound our dire predictions by shrewdly surviving for more than another decade, resisting every challenge, evading every trap, promoting a little change here, permitting a little retrenchment there, getting a little greyer and a little frailer, yet remaining astonishingly alert and apparently indestructible. In 1970 he celebrated the 40th anniversary of his coronation as Emperor and the whole world paid him its respects. In 1972 he reached his 80th birthday and enjoyed another celebration. Forty years ago, who could have guessed the little man would have so much life in him? But what, after all this time, will he leave behind?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ETHIOPIAN EMPIRE. How grand the words sound beside the ramshackle reality. True, most empires, of their very nature, are ramshackle. Roman, Persian, Byzantine or Ottoman, Russian, Austrian, British or whatever, they share similar intractable confusions of peoples, tongues, and creeds. But Haile Selassie's inheritance was, and remains, a bigger mess in smaller compass than most of the more familiar examples. Essentially, it is the empire of the Amhara—that strange, arrogant, elegant people of the Ethiopian highlands, half-Arab half-African in colour and physiognomy, who number no more than a fifth of Ethiopia's 30 million people. But around the Amhara core there are a hundred different tribes speaking 70 different languages in a territory only twice the size of France. The Amhara give the empire a Christian identity and a Christian government, yet more than half their subjects are either pagan or Muslim, and among themselves the Amhara rulers have established a record of baronial rivalry that has dogged Haile Selassie for much of his life with threats of war, murder and intrigue of Jacobean ripeness. He fought his way to the throne through several pitched battles and at least two attempts to murder him; and even now there are many who secretly dispute his title to what is called the "Solomonic succession."

That honour, they whisper, belongs to the children of Lij Yasu, Haile Selassie's long-dead cousin and rival, who was named heir to the throne by Selassie's great-uncle, the Emperor Menelik, on his deathbed, 60 years ago. Lij Yasu lost his crown to Selassie in a mediaeval battle that was part of the complex entanglement of great-power politics and Ethiopian ambitions in the middle of the First World War. Half-mad with syphilis, drunken and devoted to exotic vice and murder, he emerges now from the faded photographs and modern history books like some ghastly Ethiopian Nero. Yet some still uphold his memory, for in his last years Lij Yasu turned Muslim; and although that apostasy outraged Ethiopia's Christians, it won goodwill among the followers of the Prophet. Around the Muslim town of Harar, where he spent some of his last days, his natural heirs are reputed to be numerous. His old house stands there empty, a rusting horse-shoe of corrugated iron. A suggestion that it might be made a museum was brusquely rejected a few years ago by Haile Selassie, who recalls his last battle with Yasu as the turning-point of his life and still fears, over half-a-century later, any act that might restore respectability to his name. Not long ago the British Consul in Addis was handed a letter from Harar asking Her Majesty's Government to condemn Haile Selassie as an "interloper" and support the restoration of the Solomonic line through one of Lij Yasu's descendants; and somewhere in the central highlands two ambitious barons are said to be still imprisoned for an attempted rebellion a quarter-of-a-century ago in Lij Yasu's name.

POVERTY, IGNORANCE and inaccessibility compound the old family, tribal and religious jealousies. Outside Addis Ababa, Ethiopia nowadays is one of the most benighted lands in Africa. Its mountains are spectacular but abominably difficult to travel. Aside from half-a-dozen new highways its roads are few and frightful. Only a third of the Empire's people live within a day's horseback ride of any road, nine out of ten of them cannot read or write and the majority cannot even understand the spoken language of government. In the southern province of Sidamo, 150 miles from Addis, I stopped to talk to young men by the roadside, but although my interpreter tried them in five different native languages he could find none that they understood. Probably four-fifths of the people don't operate within a cash economy. In the capital a sheep may cost $20 in the butcher shops. Twenty miles away its price will have fallen to $5. Beyond that, over probably half the country, it will have no effective cash price whatever because nobody uses any money there bigger than a penny piece.

And yet, no doubt about it, most of Ethiopia has a coherent character—and not just that of romantic isolation. Its mountains give it a physical distinction that much of the rest of Africa lacks and its peculiar history bestows a kind of unity on its variety that stamps it as an empire in more than mere name. It does not depend on alien institutions of government or justice for, with the exception of Eritrea—occupied by the Italians for 50 years—it escaped all but the briefest of colonial experience. It retains, therefore, a stout sense of difference. In other parts of Black Africa it is often all too easy in the general sameness for an outsider to mistake one people for another, the next place for the last. But in the Ethiopian highlands there is never any possibility of error. There, Haile Selassie's empire is manifestly *sui generis*; and however ramshackle it may be, it smacks of authority as well as intrigue and a conviction of that civilising mission that every true empire should possess—as well as the ruthlessness needed to accomplish it.

THREE THINGS HOLD the Empire together: the Army, the Emperor, and the Church. In recent years the Army has become the indispensable arm of secular power (and the recipient of about a third of the national budget); it seems a safe assumption that when Haile Selassie goes, as

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one day he must, it will be the balance of forces within the Army that decides what, or who, will take his place.

On the other hand, it seems unlikely that the Army will want, or be able, to abolish the imperial throne. It is too powerful a focus of national unity, going back in legend to the Biblical union of Solomon and Sheba, two-and-a-half thousand years ago, from which the first Emperor Menelik is supposed to have been born. In fact, whoever or whatever inherits power in Ethiopia will probably need all the more to cultivate that centralising royal myth, for when Haile Selassie goes he must leave an appalling psychological hole. After all these years his personality has acquired a special aura of authority that pervades the most distant reaches of the country. His name seems to be everywhere—on schools, hospitals, roads and institutions. (If they happen to be named after anyone else it usually turns out to be one of his family.) His photograph appears on the front pages of the newspapers every morning, his doings dominate the radio and television news programmes every night. Every act of government finally comes back to him, all legitimate power devolves from him. Mingling cunning and ruthlessness with benevolent paternalism and his almost mystical image as an international figure, he outwits or overawes everyone around him. Peasants walk for days to present petitions to him on the smallest matters—a family dispute, the need for a new well, the replacement of a local schoolteacher. Promptly at twelve every morning on the balcony outside his office he receives each daily batch of petitioners, listening, judging, advising and passing on their requests for further study. They approach him on their knees. To them he must seem something very close to God. Even his intellectual critics seem to find him overwhelming and view him with almost as much fearful admiration as contempt. "As long as he is alive we can do nothing," one of them said to me. "We are like rabbits—and he is a cat."

And when he is dead? Well, there is his son, the Crown Prince Asfa Wossen: but few people can see him as more than an amiable figurehead. Plump and nervous, he has already reached the age when most men are thinking of retirement; and having lived so long in his father's shadow he has only once shouldered any real responsibility, when the rebels of 1960 forced him at gunpoint to broadcast his support of their *coup*. Beyond him there are others—grandsons and nephews, influential barons and Army officers—who might contend for power. But a vast sense of national loss seems inevitable when Haile Selassie dies, for the man is as unique as his Empire.

ONE OF THE THINGS that will help to fill the vacuum, however, will certainly be the Coptic Church, which has been Ethiopia's principal *raison d'être* for the last 1600 years. Essentially, I think, it still is. Even in Addis Ababa, where a veneer of prosperity, modern architecture, and half-baked intellectualising tends to disguise the real tenacity of tradition, the Church is ever-present. Haile Selassie himself is frequently at prayer and, in the crowds that assemble daily at his palace for an audience, monks and priests in various degrees of scruffiness seem to outnumber all the secular representatives of state.

Scarcely a night goes by when some part of the city is not racked through the small hours by the chants and dirges of the latest obscure solemnity in a neighbourhood church, often electronically amplified nowadays—like the *muezzin* of the Muslim world—for the wider edification of the faithful and the greater torment of the sceptic. Fast days and feast days are the bane of civil administration. There are 180 obligatory fasts in the Ethiopian calendar and another 70 or so to be observed at discretion. Was this, I wondered sometimes, why the Emperor was so small? Probably not, for there are also over 100 feast days to make up for them, including no less than 33 in honour of the Virgin Mary alone. Asceticism and gluttony are apt to go hand in hand, and the unpalatable mess of *tej* (honey beer), *wat* (an explosive stew), *injera* (a kind of india-rubber bread), and raw meat on which Ethiopians like to gorge themselves when they can, may more than compensate for the lean days. All the same, I must record that I didn't see a single fat priest anywhere in the Empire—and as Ethiopia is more obviously priest-ridden than any country I have ever seen, with the possible

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exceptions of Laos and Nepal, that is not a statement lightly made.

Outside Addis Ababa in the vast and intricately dissected plateau of flat hilltops and tumbling ravines where Christianity took root so long ago, the monasteries and churches, fasts and feasts, supply most of the purpose and rhythm of peasant life. In any little village on practically any day you may come upon a church packed to its doors for some saintly celebration. A score or more of priests (and as many boyish acolytes) will be filling the place with acrid clouds of incense—happily disguising what would otherwise most surely be an overpowering stench of sweat and ingrained dirt. The service is like nothing ever seen in a Western church: a cross between the rituals of the Synagogue and Byzantium with a strong dash of African magic.

The Ethiopian Church is, in fact, almost as much Judaic as Christian. Both its buildings and its services are focused upon a symbolic Ark of the Covenant, supposedly smuggled here from Jerusalem for safe keeping in some remote, pre-Christian century, and most village churches are circular, built around a central holy of holies which houses this legendary Ark. Multi-coloured spangled curtains shroud the entrance to this tabernacle, and primitive pop-eyed frescoes of saints, angels, and Biblical scenes are often painted on its walls. The congregation is usually segregated by sex, but the smoke is sometimes so thick and the robes are so enveloping that it may be hard to tell which sex is which. It is even harder to tell whether the services have a beginning, a middle, or an end. As they seem to go on for a minimum of ten or twelve hours at a stretch, most people tend to dip into them as the fancy takes them, so that the church is in a constant flux of coming and going. The priests, though, are apparently inexhaustible. They drone on with their offices hour after hour, each with his body supported on a long thin prayer-stick wedged under one armpit like a crutch, with one foot raised to rest on the opposite calf—an assembly of crippled storks wailing in the gloom.

The combined shuffling, chanting, moaning and crying of priests and congregation sounds weird enough, but that is only the background noise—a funereal chorus upon which others impose the irregular boom and thump of heavy drums, the sharp hiss and tinkle of sistrums, the erratic groaning and fluting of home-made horns and pipes. Ethiopian experts have compared the scene to the one in the Book of Samuel where "David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals. . . ." Give or take a harp or a psaltery or two, it is indeed just so; and anyone who wants to know what the religious celebrations of the Old Testament must have been like should catch the first plane to Addis. But I fancy they will find when they get there, as I did, that if the spectacle is curious it is also mournful and immensely depressing to the spirit.

INEVITABLY, SUCH A CHURCH is a deeply reactionary influence. It is landowner, teacher and confessor to the nation in a way that Europe has not known since the Middle Ages. One third of the Empire's estate is owned or controlled by the Church and its tithes probably amount to a third of peasant income. It is the chief source of opposition to modern education, insisting in a hierarchical proclamation only a few years ago on "the evil consequences of curiosity." I should be astonished if more than a handful of its leaders had ever heard of contemporary ecumenism, or would do anything but reject it if they had. Yet over much of the country the Church also remains the only door to enlightenment. Its priests may be ignorant but they are often the only people who can read and write. They are certainly scruffy, but they are the only sure repository of Ethiopian identity, apart from the Emperor himself. Hidden up here in the mountains for centuries, precariously protected from the world, they have preserved their peculiar Christianity in the aspic of solitude, and made it both the cross and the salvation of the Empire.

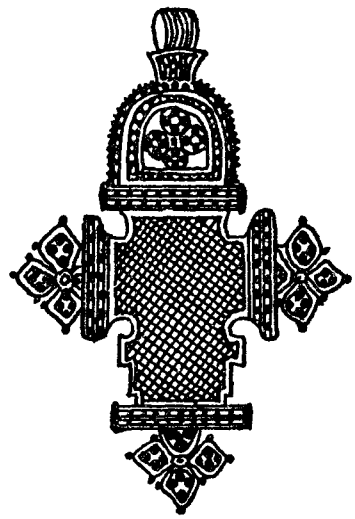
Now they are under attack because the mountains don't protect them any more. Modern education and communications have pierced some of their defences and the vanguard of the international travel business has already taken over some of the Church's most cherished places and occasions for tourist camera fodder. Only a few years ago places like Aksum, Gondar, and Lalibela were unknown to anyone outside Ethiopia, save for a privileged or persevering few. Now they are part of an Ethiopian Airlines "imperial tour" for the package groups: Aksum, where the Empire was founded in the millennium before Christ; Gondar, where 17th-century emperors erected some of the very few stone buildings of Black Africa to rise much above the level of glorified sheep-folds; Lalibela, most isolated of them all, where one man's dream of a new Jerusalem is carved into Africa's rock.

A weird place, still, is Lalibela—weird and rather pathetic. Ten years ago you couldn't get there at all except on a donkey and it's still three days' drive in a Land Rover from the nearest main road. But now in the dry season you can fly in one of the ancient DC-3s of Ethiopian Airlines on to a grassy airstrip that runs beside a river bed, climb out beside a straw hut with a notice that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

says *Welcome to Lalibela* and grind away in a Land Rover along a new and dusty track to the sprawling little setttlement of mud and corrugated iron that took its name from one of Ethiopia's most celebrated Emperors. Altogether, it takes perhaps two-and-a-half hours from Addis—and if it isn't quite as easy as getting to the Costa Brava, it's certainly no great expedition any more.

As a result, Lalibela's churches are full every day with the usual unromantic gawpers, like me, moving one step ahead of the Mediterranean herd and turning the wonders of Ethiopia's God into the clichés of their home movies between the Cairo camel ride and the lions of Nairobi's game park. Like all such prospects it is demeaning and disappointing. Not that the wonders are, in any absolute sense, so wonderful. If they were—like, say, Venice, Isfahan, or Durham Cathedral—they might withstand the tourist assault with more assurance. The truth is they belong rather to the category of cultural oddities. Lalibela, the emperor, must have been a great visionary but, cruel though it is to say so, he seems to have had ideas above his station. With Jerusalem in Muslim hands in the 12th century, he conceived the thought of recreating the Holy City in the secure fastness of Ethiopia's central highlands. And there, in miniature, it still is —with a little river called the Jordan, and seven ancient olive trees, a Church of Golgotha and a Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, and even (according to the local guides) a ground plan that resembles the old Jerusalem. I must say, I couldn't quite see it. Stir as I would at my sense of historical connections, the place simply did not produce the right vibrations.



Lalibela seemed to me a fossil—and it expressed as much fear as faith. Perhaps that was inevitable, for Islam threatened Ethiopia in the 12th century with the same fate as the Holy Land. Encircled by Muslim power, the Christian Empire went, like a hunted fox, to ground—and in Lalibela it did so literally. The chief distinction of Lalibela's churches is that they are mostly hewn vertically *downwards* out of the solid rock, so that the roof of each church is at, or slightly below, ground level and the walls stand within a narrow trench sunk 60 or 80 feet into the earth.

All things considered, they represent a remarkable technical feat, but the sense of enclosure and secrecy that is necessarily imparted by their structure is somewhat self-defeating. All the advantages of their site are lost. The rock-cut façades of Petra, chiselled into the great red cliffs of southern Jordan, are a less virtuoso feat of earth sculpture but they make far more impact simply because you can see them properly. And mental comparisons with, say, the immense, grandiloquent, even pompous front of the great rock-cut temple of Ramses at Abu Simbel make Lalibela's churches seem frankly provincial. They are curious, but they do not astonish. They are ingenious, but they are not beautiful. They are mysterious, but they are not enticing. And now, as their grubby priests pose for photographs and twirl their sistrums for a shilling or two, there is a touch of pathos about the whole idea of the place. That grandiose idea of the new Jerusalem, buried away here in mingled fear and faith, cut off from the rest of Christendom for centuries by geography and Islam, and now exposed for the mere titillation of the world—somehow both its conception and its fate summarise the Ethiopian experience of an empire that seems to live beyond its means, dreaming of greatness in a backwater.

ADDIS ABABA is surely the corrugated iron capital of the world. From the air, its tin roofs seem to stretch for miles—in little glittering trickles and streams that swell into roaring rivers of the stuff where the meandering, unmade side roads meet the high streets of the city; in sprawling, rusting, junkyard heaps where the shanty towns of the poor are piled upon the hillsides; in glistening, well-spaced spangles where the residential villas of the wealthy have sprouted among the surrounding eucalyptus groves.

On the ground the impression of crinkled confusion is reinforced. In some parts of the city corrugated iron seems to have taken over every function of construction normally fulfilled by bricks and mortar, timber, cement, slate or tile. It is the only city I know where quite respectable residential districts have their gardens enclosed by unbroken fences of corrugated iron, eight feet high and shining bright—protection, no doubt, from thieves and thugs, but unbelievably ugly. As a result, the city has the air of a permanent building site or an overgrown army encampment, as if it had never quite outlived its transient beginnings 80 years ago, when Haile Selassie was born and his great-uncle Menelik decided to make

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his new capital here, on virgin soil, and turn it into the first permanent centre of the empire since Gondar, 300 years before.

The high-rise buildings of the past decade of lavish foreign investment and urban explosion fail to erase this impression. In some ways they even confirm it, for about much modern architecture—especially that of the under-developed world, where it seems to have even fewer roots than usual—there is something horribly perishable, as if its designers saw the world as little more than a fairground stand for the exhibition of their own changing fashions. Up they all go in Addis—the banks, the office blocks, the ministries, the hospitals, the grand new centres of international brotherhood and the luxury flats to house the tax-free brothers who work in them. But it is difficult to believe in any of them in this setting. True, the banks manage to function and the offices are stuffed to overflowing with the files and formulae of contemporary trends. Plans for development, plans for health, plans for labour, plans for anything you like to name. But what does it all mean, how much is it achieving, where is it going?

Perhaps it is the altitude that provokes discouraging answers. At 8,000 feet a newcomer finds himself quickly tired and out of breath. He slows down and looks around out of eyes a little hooded, perhaps, with weariness and sees the inevitable blemishes behind the new façades. That enormous hospital on the hillside over there—built at a cost, they say, of £2m or £3m and packed with Europe's finest medical equipment—unfortunately has not opened because there is no staff. Those ministries that look so modern, on the other hand, are overstaffed by nepotism and their chief equipment appears to be the adhesive in-tray from which few documents ever escape. Those international offices offer in some ways the biggest illusions of all. They are so very grand and their occupants so very smooth and their aims so entirely worthy: Africa Hall, the Organization of African Unity, the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa, FAO, WHO, ILO—you name it and Addis probably has it, providing an honourable and comfortable life for a very large number of international civil servants. But it is not simply cynical to wonder: what for?

I must not carp unduly. Neither the proliferation of international bodies nor the frequent irrelevance of their bureaucracy is the fault—or the peculiarity—of Addis Ababa. The world being what it has been since the Second World War, these things have become part of everyone's experience. But Addis has more than its fair share of them—has become, indeed, the nearest thing to Africa's international capital—partly through the quirks of history and partly through Haile Selassie's skill. As the one African country that fought successfully for its independence in the great European scramble of 80 years ago and as one of the very few to emerge from the Second World War with that independence intact, after Mussolini's brief occupation, Ethiopia offered a natural home for all those organisations that were eager to embrace or exploit the embryonic new Africa. Neither Francophone nor English-speaking—although a kind of garbled American has become its second language now—it avoided identification with either of Africa's two great colonial blocs; and in Haile Selassie it had a uniquely valuable head of state. His martyrdom in the dying days of the League of Nations had given him a symbolic international standing, his long experience and advancing years won respect. Traditionalists saw in him the promise of stability in a changing continent, revolutionaries praised him as black Africa's father-figure. The Emperor, they say, gave all this shrewd encouragement so that, little by little in the 1950s and then in a stampede in the 1960s, the world's new organisation-men beat a path to his door.

WITH THEM CAME the diplomatists—representatives of the new African states these organisations were supposed to succour and ambassadors of other nations who wanted to keep in with the new Africans. Swiftly, the concrete mushrooms sprouted. Skyscrapers and convention halls spawned modern villas and luxury apartments as Parkinson's Law took over along with the bulldozers and transformed the centre of Addis within a decade. As late as 1960 Evelyn Waugh would still have recognised the tin bungalows, rickety verandahs, open markets and unmade streets on the hillside below Menelik's church of St George—the chief focus of the city for 70 years. By 1970 much of it had gone. A vast civic centre had obliterated some, new boulevards had sliced through the rest, and at the foot of the hill a whole new city of banks, hotels, ministries and airline offices had risen on virgin ground. Rents and land values had risen to undreamed-of heights and vast new buildings were being happily amortised within five years of their construction.

Yet still, behind and around all this extravagant novelty, the corrugated iron marches on down every side street and over every stretch of waste land. Still there is only one public lavatory in the city, the garbage collection in some quarters might as well be done by hyenas—as it was in Menelik's day—and running water remains a luxury for, at a guess, two-thirds of the population. Waugh's hotel is still there—the "massive, shabby building of sepulchral gloom" that he described in *When The Going Was Good*. Now, I suspect, it's even shabbier and gloomier than he

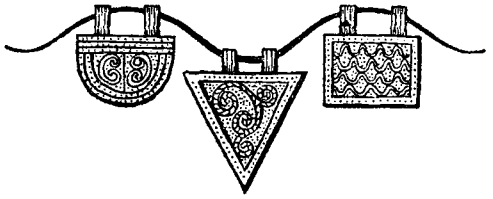
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knew. In the red light district a few streets away I doubt if anything has changed since the city was founded—except, perhaps, the language. *"Hey Johnny!"* the girls shout from their little shacks as you stumble through the lanes of mud and rock, *"Hey Johnny! I give ya cuppa cawffee!"* God knows what might happen if one were rash enough to accept. Perhaps only what is supposed to happen, but for my part one glimpse of those awful, screaming creatures and the rancid interiors of their huts—mostly filled with smoke, for some reason I couldn't fathom—was enough to set me scurrying for the broad new highways again.

In fact, according to one's friends, it is wise never to leave the highways at any time, especially after dark. Like many modern African capitals Addis has a serious problem of law and order. Walking back to my hotel one night with a colleague, we crossed a small piece of waste land near the new football stadium and emerged in a petrol station. The attendant was astonished.

"Where you come from?" he asked with wonder. "Where you been?" He thought we were mad when we told him.

"You stay right here," he said, "or you get taxi. Some man murder you out there." Well, it happens in New York, too, so they say.



ON THE ROAD TO the Blue Nile we climbed through the eucalyptus forests above Addis and stopped at the summit, overlooking the capital. The tin roofs glittered 2,000 feet below. The air was cold and tangy with the scent of gum. Menelik planted the first of these pungent forests to provide firewood for his new city. Without the eucalyptus Addis might have shared the fate of other Ethiopian capitals, burning its surrounding hillsides to ash until the court was forced to move on to some other encampment. But the trees grew fast, seeded and spread. Now the eucalyptus is ubiquitous in the highlands, supplying timber and firewood to millions of people. An object lesson in conservation.

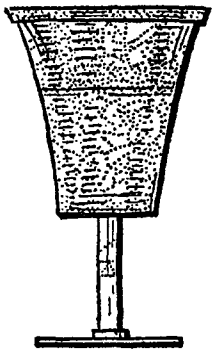
Beyond the summit the road dropped again to a vast plateau. Mile after mile of rolling, flat-topped hills and fields of tall, yellow bloom, like daisies, called the Maschal flower—because its appearance coincides with the Maschal feast at the end of the summer rains. The air was so clear we could see for 40 or 50 miles into a blue haze of mountains. Buzzards and kites circled overhead. A huge grey-and-white harrier hawk glared at us from a telegraph pole. Swallows and house martens were lined up in migrating thousands on the telegraph wires. A sudden cloud of yellow butterflies appeared, pattering softly upon the car as we drove. It must have been two or three miles long, and the ragged corpses fluttered so thickly over the windscreen that we had to set the wipers going, sweeping them into papery piles at either side.

Here, in the heart of the Christian highlands, every hill was topped by a round church in a little grove of eucalyptus trees. Beneath them were scattered villages of *tukuls,* thatched mud huts, surrounded by living fences of prickly pear. Horsemen cantered occasionally across wide open ranges, like figures from an American Western; and twice we saw large groups of men gathered not far from the road, their animals tethered under trees, at what I thought at first must be some sort of horse fair. But the second time we went across to them and discovered through our guide that it was an *afarsata*—a kind of local magistrates' court in which all the men of a community gather to uncover a criminal under the inquisition of their elders. Four men—the elders—sat apart and interviewed the rest, one by one. The others chatted quietly in groups while they waited, unsmiling and aloof. Dressed in the characteristic costume of the highlands—broad straw hat, tight cotton jodhpurs, and a filmy white toga, called a *shamma*—they seemed hardly to belong to Africa at all. Rajasthan, maybe, or even Mexico—but not the noisy and generally smiling world of Black Africa: that seemed a very long way away.

SEVENTY MILES FROM Addis we turned off the main road towards Debra Libanos, the most powerful of all Ethiopian monasteries, whose founder was a saint called Tekla Haymanot, credited with ensuring the succession of the Solomonic line 600 years ago. Nowadays its prior is confessor to the Emperor, and it is a place of pilgrimage for Christians thoughout his kindgom. A large and ugly modern church was ledged precariously above an enormous gorge—one of the upper tributaries of the Blue Nile. A troop of baboons played on the brink and beggars lined the road to the church gates. Under the trees nearby were hundreds of ornate graves. From the tiny photographs that many of the new ones bore, it was clear that they housed the mortal remains of priests and monks, come to this holy ground for their last rest. More, evidently, were on their way to join them, for as we watched, two funeral processions passed into the church, with much Biblical wailing and gnashing of teeth.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the way back to the capital we met another funeral, this time apparently, of some local notable. A line of horsemen had pulled up by the roadside, where a track debouched from a distant village. They were caparisoned as if for a mediaeval pageant, each horse covered in emblazoned draperies from head to tail, with collar, bridle, and saddlebow hung with bright ruffs and tassels. The riders carried swords, and many wore costumes of coloured silk or monkey skins. In the midst of them a bevy of satin umbrellas in scarlet, purple, royal blue and yellow shaded a group of priests; and along the back of a grey hooded horse, upon a blanket embroidered with a red cross on each flank, lay a simple coffin. As we came abreast of them and stopped, the leading horseman wheeled, a horn sounded, and the whole cohort clattered slowly down the road away from us. Twenty minutes later we were at the summit of the pass again, with the tin roofs of Addis spreading out below.



IN HARAR every small boy knows the house of Rimbaud. Odd to think that such a cultivated soul could have dwelt in such a stony place for a decade when—only 90 years ago—it must have seemed even stonier than it does now. Odder still to stumble through Harar's narrow lanes today, still unsurfaced except for the main street, with a pack of children shouting *"Rambo's house! Rambo's house!"* and tugging you firmly in that direction as if you could never have had any other interest in their town than that.

It turns out to be one of several characteristic Hararian villas of the period: built, so it is said, by Armenians, but largely Turkish in conception, I suspect, with perhaps a touch of Indian influence—like one of those extravagant, gingerbread wooden villas on the Bosphorus that has been hung from top to bottom through three or four sagging floors with the wide verandahs of an Assam planter's bungalow. A profoundly baroque conception, anyway, and made all the more remarkable by its present state of ruin. Typically of Ethiopia, the whole thing was executed in corrugated iron that is now rusting and twisting most perilously in all directions—a giant scrap-heap of the past on the brink of total dissolution.

When Arthur Rimbaud came to Harar, as the agent for a French trading firm in Aden, the place was in Egyptian hands, ostensibly on behalf of the Turks. It was barely 30 years since Richard Burton had managed to get there in disguise on one of his first African journeys, and only just before Menelik added it to his Christian empire. The change of régime and the passage of the years don't seem to have made a lot of difference. What Burton found was:

> "An irregular wall, lately repaired, but ignorant of cannon . . . pierced with five large gates, and supported by oval towers of artless construction. The material of the houses and defences is rough stones. . . . The only large building is the Jami or Cathedral [in fact, the main mosque], a long barn of poverty-stricken appearance, with broken-down gates, and two white-washed minarets of truncated conoid shape. They were built by Turkish architects from Mocha and Hodeydah: one of them lately fell and has been replaced by an inferior effort of Harari art. There are a few trees in the city, but it contains none of those gardens which give to Eastern settlements that pleasant view of town and country combined. The streets are narrow lanes, up hill and down dale, strewed with gigantic rubbish heaps, upon which repose packs of mangy one-eyed dogs, and even the best are encumbered with rocks and stones. The habitations are mostly long, flat-roofed sheds, double storeyed, with doors composed of a single plank, and holes for windows pierced high above the ground, and decorated with miserable woodwork . . . the exterior of the people is highly unprepossessing. Amongst the men I did not see a handsome face: their features are coarse and debauched; many of them squint, others have lost an eye by small-pox, and they are disfigured by scrofula and other diseases: the bad expression of their countenances justifies the proverb, 'Hard as the heart of Harar'. . . ."

It is, I regret to say, a description still easily recognisable. Scrofula seems to have disappeared, happily, but there are not many handsome faces to be seen, except perhaps some of the young girls of the Galla tribe who come to market hung about with earthen pots of sour milk and old beer bottles filled with paraffin, their hair twisted into short schoolgirl pigtails, with only rough brown shifts and strings of beads to cover their slim bodies and their faces brightly smiling. In Harar they are a treat for the eye, for most of the rest remains a pinched and squinting sort of place.

The Jami looks no better now than it did in Burton's time, the town walls remain feeble and artless constructions, the streets are a trial to both wind and limb, and half the men seem to spend their time—as so many do in the Yemen, on the other side of the Red Sea—in soporific mastication of the narcotic *qat*, or *tchat*, which grows on the hillsides all around. Chewing and dribbling, their mouths ringed in green scum from the leaf and their cheeks bulging as though with a giant bull's-eye, they may rouse themselves to demand a cigarette from the passing visitor, but not much more.

IT IS UNHAPPILY SYMBOLIC of the Harar atmosphere that the town's chief entertainment for the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visitor—proudly proclaimed now in the tourist brochures—is the "hyena man." Every night at one of the crumbling gates in the town wall, he appears with a lantern and a bowl of dried offal and calls the neighbourhood hyenas to him. They slink out from behind the prickly pear and the wattle bushes into the flickering circle of light, and scuffle for scraps from his hand. His favourite trick is to pass some especially revolting piece of tripe directly from his mouth to theirs, holding it forward in his teeth with a series of strangled cries. The creatures creep towards him, yellow eyes flashing, venting whimpers and whines of indignation, squeals of alarm and jealousy. Then one scuttles forward, snatches the piece and retreats to the darkness again with an extraordinarily human chuckle of satisfaction. It is a thoroughly stomach-sinking scene.

Officially, however, Harar is an altogether nobler place than it looks, because Haile Selassie was born not far away and spent his boyhood in the town. His father, Ras Makonnen, was Menelik's provincial governor, a successful military commander at Adowa (when the first Italian invasion was defeated) and a man of comparative enlightenment in the mediaeval gloom of Ethiopian affairs at the time. Some evidence of his enlightenment remains. The Ras Makonnen Hospital and the Ras Makonnen school were both his foundations and were among the first such public institutions in the empire. There is also a tiny convent school where his son took his first lessons from French nuns. Their successors are still French, and the little classroom off a mud-walled courtyard can hardly have changed since Haile Selassie sat in it. I was tempted to look for his initials carved into a chair, but if he ever stooped to such un-princely pursuits the nuns keep it quiet. To suggest such a thing would smell of *lèse-majesté* against such a dignified little Emperor.

But the chief official glory of Harar now is the military academy. When I was there it was preparing for the annual passing-out parade at which the Emperor's attendance was eagerly awaited. Sounds of *Colonel Bogey* and *The Entry of the Gladiators* drifted from the parade ground as the cadets rehearsed their drill.

Unfortunately, no one seemed to know precisely when the parade would take place because no one knew when the Emperor would decide to come. In Addis, court officials had told me one date. In Harar, the Commander of the college gave me another. The Provincial Governor's office suggested a third date and a few days later, in another government office, I was told positively it would be a fourth. In the end the Emperor went on still another day, I believe, but nobody seemed at all put out. Some said the uncertainty was the Emperor's way of keeping everyone on their toes, some that it was all a security ploy. It seemed to me however, all of a piece with Ethiopian bureaucracy in general—simply a reflection of the national way of life, in which disregard for precision and indifference to time normally assumed proportions that I had previously associated only with the remoter parts of Arabia.

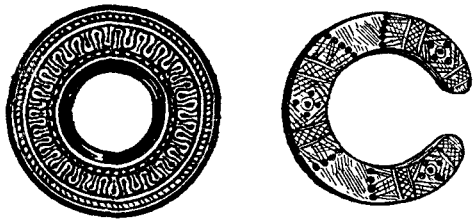
Arabia, of course, is never far away from the Ethiopian fringes. If Harar exhibits much of the barrenness and ingrown secrecy of many small towns in the Arabian interior, Massawa, on the Red Sea coast, is in all essentials an Arabian seaport. Languidly hot after the cool mountains, it has the same sour-sweet smell of dung, dust and dried fish that hangs over Bahrain, Dubai, or Mukalla. Its harbour is full of Arab sailing dhows and its old medina is a place of graceful minarets, hidden squares and narrow streets where old men drink mint tea and ship-chandlers sell seventeen different kinds of rope. But for a statue of Haile Selassie on horseback outside the arabesque building of the Bank of Ethiopia, and a number of persistent Amhara prostitutes in the distinctive white *shammas* of the highlands, it could be a mini-Aden.

I got there by bus from Asmara—a clean, dull, European sort of place, with an enormous Roman Catholic cathedral in colonial gothic, which likes to think (and probably with justice) that 50 years of Italian rule and seven years of post-War occupation by the British have made it the most sophisticated city in Ethiopia. The bus was full of men, women, children and market baskets, and I spent three hours on the last fold-down seat in the aisle with women on either side of me being sick indiscriminately out of the windows or on to the floor. But the road was a compensation. It drops over the edge of the Eritrean plateau like a piece of old rope, twisting and looping through 7,000 feet of cactus, forest, fruit farms and scrub until it reaches the last broad sweep of baking desert before the Red Sea. Sometimes it plays snakes and ladders with the narrow-gauge railway that makes the same journey, and now and then I caught glimpses of an antique locomotive labouring upwards at walking pace under an enormous pall of smoke. A lovely target for guerrillas of the Eritrean

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liberation Front—who had, indeed, knocked off several railway coaches in the previous few weeks and who obviously kept the whole province in a state of nervous military manoeuvre. On most roads traffic could only travel in escorted convoys and not at all by night, and my bus was stopped and searched twice at army check points.

Asmara and Massawa between them contain the foundations of the ELF campaign. Both are obviously alien to Amharic Ethiopia, albeit in different ways, yet both are subjected to Amharic pressure. Historically, Eritrea has always been part of the hostile circle of Islam around the Christian kingdom of Ethiopia and even non-Muslim tribes in the area have rarely recognised the authority of the imperial throne. Yet now the children of the province who naturally speak Arabic or Tigrinya, or some less common tribal tongue, are forced to learn Amharic as their first language and their parents must accept it as the vehicle of all administration. Amhara officials and military men are sent to rule them, Amhara churchmen come to proselytise for their souls. For those in Asmara and elsewhere on the plateau—many of whom accepted the Roman Catholic church along with the technical benefits of the Italian occupation—all this must be quite bad enough. To them the Amharas are an ill-educated lot and the Coptic church is a primitive and reactionary medium for the word of Christ. For the Muslim inhabitants of Massawa and the coast, the imperialism of Addis is probably even more exasperating: an extension of the ignorant infidel's grip upon the followers of the Prophet.



DISSENT IS INEVITABLE; and given Ethiopia's strategic situation it is bound to raise questions far beyond local horizons. Leaders of the ELF have turned naturally to the neighbouring Arab world for support; and at various times Syria, Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Sudan have all lent financial or propaganda aid. Equally naturally, the Emperor has found Israel his best friend. For more than a decade Ethiopia has been Israel's prime base in Africa, partly because of the development of Addis Ababa as an African capital, through which the Israelis could pierce the Arab diplomatic blockade, but even more because it is the only other non-Muslim state with a Red Sea coastline. Further removed, but with parallel interests, are the Soviet Union and the United States. America has been the Emperor's chief patron since 1945 and he has responded by maintaining what is now their only friendly foothold in north-east Africa. The Russians, on the other hand—and the Chinese, too—have won friends in Aden since Britain's withdrawal in 1967; and with an apparently pro-Soviet régime in Somalia waiting to lay claim to the French enclave at Djibuti (although only over Ethiopia's dead body) Moscow might welcome a successful rebellion in Eritrea as a means of extending its own control of the Red Sea.

But it is the Israelis who seem to be most earnest and most active. Since their conquest of Sinai in the Six-Day-War, Ethiopia has become even more important to them, because it is now possible for *El Al* to fly directly into Africa from Tel Aviv *via* Addis, and for Eilat to achieve its potential as Israel's window to the East. But only if Eritrea remains in sympathetic—*i.e.* non-Muslim—hands. So, gradually but discreetly, and with the Emperor's equally discreet acquiescence, they have moved into Ethiopia in strength. They have "advisers" with the armed forces and the security police. They are consultants on house and road building, on pharmacology and fisheries, and they have helped in the first comprehensive geological survey of the country. They run the traffic controls in Addis Ababa and the port operations in Massawa as well as the central blood bank, while Israeli diplomatists talk blandly of an historic "emotional affinity" between the two countries. The Solomonic legend, with its Biblical union of Israel and Ethiopia, is dusted off for the purposes of strategy and projected for the benefit of tourism, with *El Al* and the Ethiopian Tourist Organisation joined in extolling the charms of "Sheba-land." Israeli package tours are on the way.

One morning on the airstrip at Lalibela, outside the straw hut that serves as the airport lounge, a man broke away from a party of six that had just stepped from an Ethiopian Airlines DC-3 and came over to me, with his hand out. His face was vaguely familiar. "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" said he, facetiously; and introduced himself. He was a journalist from Tel Aviv whom I had last met there just after the Six Day War and who was travelling now with five Israeli colleagues around the tourist routes of Ethiopia at the joint invitation of *El Al* and the Ethiopian Tourist Organisation. Solomon and Sheba—reunited in the new Jerusalem!

PRACTICALLY EVERYWHERE I went the schools had broken windows—the result of student "demos." Like so many other people

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nowadays, Haile Selassie is constantly in trouble with his students. I say "his" students deliberately, because he has always regarded himself as the father of Ethiopian education and misses no opportunity to emphasise in public the unique importance of the process. Unfortunately, it is a sorry mess for which, as is the way of things, the Emperor gets the blame.

A more justifiable scapegoat might be history. Ethiopia's isolation was always a mixed blessing and the empire's proud resistance to European colonialism only left it further up the creek of neglect and reaction. Except in Eritrea the Italians were not there long enough to achieve anything, so the development of education and other modern interests could come only from an internal stimulus and domestic resources. Haile Selassie, like his father, Ras Makonnen, seems to have done his best to provide both, but there has never been enough to go round. With nearly half the population under 15 now and 600,000 new school-age children every year, Ethiopia still has only 2,000 elementary schools and less than a score of vocational and secondary schools throughout the country. The result is one of the lowest levels of school enrolment and the worst literacy rate in Africa. Only about 10% of children are in elementary schools, and 2% in secondary. Over nine out of ten people are illiterate now and because of the inability of the schools to cope with the swelling numbers of children the overall number of illiterates is actually increasing.

The comparative benefits of colonial rule may be measured in Eritrea where the overall figure for literacy rises to 25%. Elsewhere, only Addis Ababa reaches double figures, with nearly two-thirds of its people claiming to read and write—although my limited experience leads me to suspect a certain inflation there. In most provinces the figure falls to 5% or less.

Desperate efforts to improve the situation have left correspondingly desperate confusion. A few years ago the American Peace Corps provided one-third of the country's entire secondary teaching force. The jealousies and emotional disturbances it aroused among Ethiopians ensured its rapid fall. Today there is only a handful of Peace Corps teachers left. As Europeans are too expensive to hire and Ethiopians are untrained, Indian teachers have been secured as replacements, especially for instruction in "English" as a second language. The result is another fall in standards as Indian and Ethiopian tongues mangle English syllables in mutual incomprehension.

The drop-out rate is appalling. In the university only two out of five students reach their final year. In the secondary schools over a third of the candidates usually fail the examination for a school-leaving certificate; and four out of ten first-year pupils in the elementary schools leave before they even start their second year. In the circumstances it is hardly surprising that long-range planning is apt to go wildly wrong. In 1962–67 the Ethiopian Planning Board foresaw a need for 1800 professionally trained graduates, including—for reasons now impenetrably obscure—no less than 120 chemical engineers. In fact, not a single chemical engineer was employed in those years, but there turned out to be a real demand for several hundred economists. Ethiopia was able to supply precisely 20.

THE BEST INSTITUTIONS, without exception, are those run by foreigners, with the British Council's General Wingate school—a secondary boarding college in Addis—playing the role of Eton to the Ethiopian establishment. The Americans dominate the university, for what that's worth (little enough, apparently), running the agriculture and business schools and supplying lecturers in several other faculties. Swedes staff the building college; British doctors run the Medical School; the Russians have a vocational college at Bahar Dar on the Blue Nile. French, Germans, Bulgarians and Canadians are all engaged in other official projects, and Christian missionary societies of every conceivable denomination and nationality—with the exception of South Africa's Dutch Reformed Church—run more than 300 schools and institutes throughout the country. Ethiopia is probably the only country in the world where the local directors of the various governmental aid programmes meet regularly, communist and non-communist alike, to try to establish some coherent division of educational labour between them. But the task is virtually impossible. Combined with the efforts of the Ethiopian Government and the Ethiopian Church, not to mention those of the Koranic schools in Islamic districts, the result of all this well-meant endeavour—according to those in the midst of it—remains about as near to bedlam as makes no matter. As a recipe for student unrest it makes the academic aridities of France or the disillusioned materialism of the United States seem like student tranquillisers.

All the same, it has contributed to the march of a sort of progress. But it is the progress of the half-educated and the half-employable, with their minds full of envy, disappointment, and unfulfillable expectations—that characteristically growing and menacing band throughout the underdeveloped world. You can meet some of its members in the bar of the Ethiopia Hotel in Addis, most nights, morosely whispering their grievances to each other over their status-symbol whiskies

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and waiting for the Emperor to die. "D'you know," one of them hissed to me, from behind dark glasses, "he has 45,000 political prisoners? 45,000! That is what his education means . . . ." The figure is probably nonsense—at least, I never found any evidence to support it—but that is not what matters. The point is that the young man believed it. With his education it was not enlightenment but iron that had entered his soul.

THE FIRST TIME I met Haile Selassie he was alone. He sat in the great throne room of his palace in Addis Ababa on a little gilt chair placed just so, in the middle of a Persian rug. Beneath the rug was a fitted, flowered carpet that stretched from wall to wall—twenty yards in one direction and fifty in the other. Ten yards behind the Emperor was a small, gold-lacquered throne on a dais draped in red and purple. At his left hand was a little, round walnut table with a bowl of pink and white carnations. By his right foot were two tiny bundles of grey-brown fur which proved to be chihuahua dogs—his only permanent companions. At right angles, in front of him and three yards to either side, were four more gilt chairs.

Otherwise this huge barn of a room was empty, and when I entered by the farthest door, with a colleague and the Minister of Court, the Emperor seemed a horribly long way away. It felt like 500 yards, rather than 50, as we walked towards the distant chairs, with the Minister bowing at every other step and the Emperor sitting, unblinking as an idol, waiting for us to arrive. At last we stopped, bowed and took our seats on either side of him. There was a tiny, hesitant smile and an almost imperceptible nod of welcome as the Minister introduced us, and then we launched—*via* the Minister's translation—into a nervous protocol exchange of courtesies and platitudes full of laboured references to "His Imperial Majesty" and devoid of any substance or meaning whatever beyond the mere fact that we had actually been permitted to utter in the Presence. It didn't last long, but the translation gave me time to watch the Emperor pretty closely.

He was as small and as neat as I had always imagined. His hands were slender and tiny, his feet—in beautifully hand-made shoes—scarcely bigger than a young girl's. His grey suit fitted perfectly, and could surely have been made only by an English tailor, and he held himself straight-backed and still in a self-contained way that made me feel instantly clumsy. But what most impressed me was his strange, shy sadness. After so many years of supreme power I had thought to find him firmer, more sure of himself, even if he was nearly 80. Instead, I saw a lonely old man who spoke, and looked, with a nervous wistfulness, as if he was peering over the top of a wall that he could never climb at a world that he longed for but could never join.

Only once after that first, faint hint of a smile did his face lose its air of sadness. As we got up to leave, we bowed again and then, following the Minister's practised example, began to back away down the room, still bowing diffidently as we went. After ten yards or so I was embarrassed by this performance and, conscious of another 30 yards to go, I half-turned and began to sidle more comfortably towards the door. At that moment the chihuahuas came to life, yapping loudly; and one them suddenly scuttled across the floor to sink its tiny teeth into my ankle. It was no more than a nip, a mere insect bite, and I restrained my natural impulse to smack it smartly across its little chops. But when I bowed again to the Emperor he was smiling quite broadly—a most un-imperial, mischievous smile.

WHEN I SAW HIM AGAIN in the same room a few days later, the place was full. Diplomats and their families from 100 different countries, ecclesiastical gentlemen from a dozen different churches, military officers drenched in gold braid, court officials in formal morning dress, ladies in Ascot hats—they were there to pay homage to Haile Selassie on the 40th anniversary of his imperial coronation. This time he was standing on the Persian carpet ten yards in front of his throne. To one side, in the background, were members of his family: daughters and grandsons, nephews and nieces, gazing placidly upon the throng. On the other side stood the Crown Prince, perspiring in military uniform and exchanging jolly greetings with ambassadors. But Haile Selassie stood alone. From time to time the Court Minister bowed and introduced a guest for a brief passage of formal conversation. Otherwise, although there must have been a thousand people in the room, laughing, talking and drinking champagne, the Emperor simply waited with nothing around him but a deep, respectful space.

Still, small, straight and sad, with his finger tips pressed precisely together just below his navel and his black eyes flickering wistfully round the room, he might have been back on the exile's platform at Bath waiting in lonely dignity for the London train. Perhaps, in his own mind, he was. Or perhaps he was only wishing we would all go home and let him rest his poor old feet. But I know that in my mind, as I watched him, the years had fallen right away. *"Haile Selassie said, 'the air smells gassy. . . .'"* Well, 40 years on, civilisation had arrived all right; and my heart went out to the little man, all over again.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION

Anglo-American Differences

By Stuart Hood

THERE IS A PECULIARLY American style of journalism which is distinguished by the accumulation of irrelevant detail. Martin Mayer provides a paradigm of it.[1] He is unable to describe a television transmitter without setting down the name of the farmer in whose field it stands and identifying the colour and breed of the cows that graze round its base. Scarcely a television producer, executive or researcher is mentioned without a descriptive phrase as inevitable and conventional as a kenning to specify colour of hair, height or other distinguishing features. The compulsion behind the style is to persuade the reader that the reporter was indeed there, did see the cows and meet the man, whether he was "casual, blond, wearing square-cut glasses" or had "a large head of gray hair descending to fluffy gray sideburns and pointed beard." But the trick is more than a demonstration of accuracy of observation, proof that pencil and notebook were at the ready, tape-recorder switched on. It implies, where men and women are concerned, a degree of involvement with them as genuine as the greeting of an air-hostess welcoming you on board our Boeing-707 flight to New York.

Accurate Martin Mayer may be on his home ground, but as soon as he visits the British scene his observation is curiously blunted. Thus he believes that the secretary to the Board of Film Censors discharges the functions lately performed by the Lord Chamberlain and is "censor of all live theatre in London." He imagines that British television is recorded "live on tape" (as they say in the industry)—namely, that once recorded it is not edited. Even in the days when videotape had to be physically cut and joined, editing was carried out, in spite of the efforts of administrators, executive producers, and production managers to prevent it. With today's electronic processes, editing of television plays is routine. He is persuaded that the BBC has women newsreaders (which it once had until male prejudice caused them to be taken off), and that they act as presenters to link programmes (which they never did although there were women presenters in BBC Television and still are in ITV). He states that the ACTT, the television technicians' union, insists on shooting local assignments in London with two camera crews; this is not one of the conditions laid down for crewing by the union. He comments on *Yesterday's Men*, the persiflage on Labour politicians mounted by *Twenty-four Hours*, apparently under the impression that it was produced by the *Panorama* team. He believes that Alf Garnett was "the scourge of the Labour Party in 1970", which as a piece of political analysis comes strangely from an author who considers that the effects of television are minimal. Perhaps this remoteness from the actuality of British television is to be explained by the fact that he concentrates on Channel Television, having (or so it would appear from internal evidence) perhaps passed a vacation there.

ACCUMULATED DETAIL, if it proves inaccurate where it can be checked, induces a certain scepticism in the reader who may therefore follow with less attention than they perhaps deserve his blow-by-blow accounts of the conception and birth of *Sesame Street* or his other stories of the in-fighting in American television. He will also skip, with some impatience, colourful descriptions of how an outside broadcast is mounted or of the recording of a show in NBC's West Coast studios in "beautiful downtown Burbank"; not, in this case, because they are inaccurate but because they convey nothing that has not been fairly common knowledge to the general reader who has read even the television programme journals. What Martin Mayer needed was a good and ruthless editor to pare away the verbiage, the kidding, and the local colour, and to allow his central message to emerge clearly. It is—and here there is no doubt that he is completely accurate—that the one driving force behind the commercial television stations in the States, whether they be network owned and operated, affiliates or independents, is the maximisation of profits. It is greed that leads the affiliates to drop public affairs programmes; which made them prefer the *Ed Sullivan Show* to the first televised interview with Khrushchev; that caused CBS to prefer *I Love Lucy* to the Senate hearings on the war in Viet Nam. For the men who run the three major networks, as for the owners of the individual

STUART HOOD *was for many years Controller of Programmes for BBC Television. After his resignation he joined Rediffusion Television in London as Controller of Programmes. At present he is Professor of Film and Television at the Royal College of Art.*

[1] *About Television.* By MARTIN MAYER. Harper & Row, $10.00.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stations, the sole justification of a programme is its financial success measured in terms of "share of the audience" or "cost per thousand." These two measurements, one of which is a function of the other, are of immense importance for (as Mayer points out) they determine the profit and loss statements of the companies. These companies are concerned with television not primarily as a communications medium but as a prime sales tool for the purveyors of commodities, for the twenty-five companies from whom the networks, for instance, derive half their revenue. Selling conditions programming. Films are good audience-holders; they are also relatively cheap. So by simple logic American television is becoming a medium dedicated increasingly to the showing of movies. Selling power determines the life of programmes which may be cancelled, not because they are attracting too few viewers but because those viewers are of the wrong age-group and income-bracket—middle-aged, not young, country-dwellers not townspeople, not easy spenders. It also determines the shape and content of the schedules. Thus in May 1969, Mayer records, there were on Channel 5 in New York 10 hours of children's programmes with 54 commercials; in mid-November of the same year, 22½ hours with 540 commercials. The change did not reflect an increased interest in providing programmes suitable for children—merely the fact that there were just over thirty-shopping-days-till-Christmas. Two years later, in 1971, he notes, the only exception to the rule of scheduling programmes designed to attract maximum audiences was "the once-a-month two hours public affairs show on NBC and CBS", which he rightly describes as a minimal gesture towards the obligations of the franchise.

THE SITUATION as Martin Mayer finds and describes it presents him with what is in essence a political dilemma. He is by instinct an old-fashioned supporter of *laissez-faire* economics, who finds in audience research one of the hallmarks of democracy. Deeply conservative, he is convinced that Democratic students come from a zoo. Of academics he is contemptuous because they are seriously concerned over the effects of television advertising and scoffs at Galbraith for suggesting that the medium stimulates artificial needs. Such a view he regards as part of "a Puritan war against cheerful consumption."

Yet he is forced to concede that one of the main functions of television advertising is to serve as "an indispensable tool for forcing new products onto already crowded shelves in the stores." In his attempt to wriggle out of the dilemma he is constrained to argue that television does not in fact have any appreciable effect on the viewer and to subscribe to the theory that what it imparts is "communications-pleasure"—a form of self-enchantment induced by the mere act of watching a series of images which are themselves without significance. It is a theory which raises the question of what the presidents of the networks and of the companies who advertise on them are wasting their money on.

His difficulty is reinforced by his suspicion—it is congruent with his economic liberalism—of intervention by the agencies of the state. The public must not be deprived of access to the eternal carnival of American television on moral grounds, for "only the cruel and unthinking will actively seek to deprive their adult neighbour of his right to live an unexamined life." Yet Mayer does understand that television poses social problems and that its regulation may require what he describes as "a degree of aristocratic intervention." Such intervention must, he believes, be cautious, for pressure for a higher intellectual level comes from the literary and academic communities which he suspects as being composed of worshippers of Mailer, McLuhan, and Laing. In his reluctance to appear to be in even minimal agreement with them he is prepared to argue that government intervention—he means intervention by a body like the Federal Communications Commission or the ITA (now IBA)—by demanding a greater quantity of ambitious programming "guarantees a higher proportion of bad specials," that is to say, documentary or public affairs programmes. It is not surprising, therefore, that having dragged himself to the point of saying that some serious programmes should be mandatory on the networks, he should put forward minimal demands: an hour a week of non-fictional programming in prime time on each network and ("even more necessary") an hour—"maybe ninety minutes"—of "heavy entertainment." To judge by past performance on the networks this would mean Shakespeare, Ibsen or Chekhov, all of whom the networks accept as classics, provided always that the cast includes a theatrical knight or lady.

IT IS A PITY THAT in Britain his study should have been so restricted and so largely confined to Channel Television, the most unimportant of the ITV programme companies, and that he did not inquire more closely into the functions and functioning of the ITA, a body which was, at one stage in its history, almost as weak as the FCC and still is notably reluctant to use the wide powers written into the Television Act 1964 by a Parliament which had seen the Authority act more as a public-relations body for the commercial companies than as a watchdog on the public's behalf. But at least, sometimes under public pressure, it has stemmed the worst excesses of the profit motive in British television. But for its interven-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions there is no possible doubt, as the history of the early years of ITV demonstrated, that the logic of the "cost per thousand" and "share of audience" would be the deciding factors in the construction of the ITV schedules; for profits are profits whether here or in the States. Here, as in the States, the men who sit in on the boards of the television companies are not primarily interested in communications but in return on investment. The logic of the market place still determines the content of much of the ITV schedule, decides the fates of programmes, blocks new ideas and perpetuates stale ones; but at least the Authority has made certain programmes mandatory—documentaries, plays, public affairs programmes. One result has been that a number of executives and programme-makers have found it possible to continue to work in commercial television and to turn out programmes which not only attract audiences but have certain intellectual standards. The divorce between the intelligentsia and the medium, which in the States is almost complete, has not taken place in Britain. If television in this country continues to be taken seriously, if it is not merely the sports programmes that attract the most intelligent audiences (as Mayer tells us they do in the States) then the Authority has played some small part in preserving the standards.

One of the aspects of television which puzzles Mayer is its relationship to public policy. That there is a link he concedes; nobody, he believes, knows how it functions. What he does state categorically—it is impossible not to agree with him—is that, given a broadcasting system dependent to a greater or lesser extent on a licence from Government, the ruling party is bound to have the edge over the Opposition in access to the medium. It is a rule which has long been recognised in this country. Indeed one of the stock replies of BBC management to disgruntled members of the Opposition is that, were they but to win the next election, the advantage would be theirs.

It is difficult to envisage any social or political system under which this rule would not obtain. The hypocrisies of the broadcasters derive from their attempts to lay claim to spurious independence or to deny that an obvious rule is observed. It is not necessary, as Mayer rightly says, to appeal to any conspiracy theory to explain the link between public policies and broadcasting policies; it is sufficient that the men and women who run the broadcasting systems should be carefully chosen and carefully indoctrinated. Broadcasting organisations are self-regulating bodies of great sensitivity. It is significant, for instance, that in this country the BBC, in its self-congratulatory moments, prides itself on having itself invented and adhered to the rules imposed on ITV by the Television Acts. With such ability to evolve unwritten codes and to see that they are internalised by their employees, the great broadcasting institutions require no conspiracies to force them to conform to the consensus.

IT IS THE WRITTEN or unwritten commitment of great broadcasting organisations to a central consensus within society, spuriously described as being a position of objectivity, which has led to the demand for access to the medium. Mayer dismisses it as "an immense phony issue" in American life and believes that it can be resolved by "professionalism behind the transmitter." Here, as he remarks when discussing news broadcasts, the question is one of editorial control, which comes down in Mayer's simplistic view to the professional judgment of the men who make the news programmes. Objective, unbiassed news is what the professionals judge to be objective, unbiassed news. It is a circular argument which explains nothing and illuminates nothing. More enlightening is that confidential letter sent by Reith to his heads of department after the General Strike of 1926 which, in the received view of BBC history, established the BBC's objectivity and independence in news reporting.

> Since the BBC was a national institution [Reith wrote] and since the Government in this crisis was acting for the people, apart from any Emergency powers or clause in our Licence, the BBC was for the Government in the crisis too.

It was, he went on, unfortunate that the BBC had been unable publicly to define its position; but this is precisely what he did intrinsically in a statement of rare honesty. The demand for access is an attack on the assumptions which underlie the terms of this document, on its definition of "the people" or, as the newscasters now say "the public", that entity which excludes strikers or other deviants from the consensus, the parameters of which the broadcasting authorities chart in a constantly evolving series of editorial definitions and internal policy decisions. Access means the ability to express views which do not fall within the consensus and to do so without the mediation of broadcasters who are committed to enforcing limits on discussion or to providing what they conceive to be "balance."

How to achieve access poses difficult questions about the nature and mode of functioning of democracy. Technical solutions, such as cable television with its proliferation of channels, is not necessarily in itself an answer. In the States cable television is already being described as "stores television"—an ideal method for the great

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emporia of the consumer society to advertise their goods, an electronic Sears-Roebuck catalogue. But the problem is not a phony issue. Since television is not likely in any foreseeable future to be part of a network to which the ordinary citizen can have access as he has access to the telephone, the question of control, of gate-keeping, is bound to remain. The pressures are on for a breaking down of the monolithic structures, for easier access, more participation on the part of the public, greater accountability on the part of the broadcasting organisations. They are not likely readily to surrender their powers.

It may not, of course, come to a "power struggle"—at least not unless we are to envisage some radical change in the nature of our society. What is more likely, in the short run, is that the broadcasting organisations will find themselves outflanked by a television system which is not rigidly organised (barely organised at all, in fact) and which does not "broadcast" its programmes from transmitters. The arrival on the market of Japanese television cameras and recording gear which is both cheap and easy to use—one model is hand-held, has a zoom lens and a compact recorder—means that clubs, community groups, schools, colleges, trade unions, political parties and groups, can afford to use television to communicate with similar groups rather than film, which is both costly and cumbersome to use. (It is significant that such a hand-held camera was being advertised as desirable consumer goods in *Der Spiegel* during the Olympic Games.) A new network, tenuous and loosely knit, already exists in an undeveloped form. It depends on the exchange of tapes to be played back as a basis for discussion, propaganda, and experiment. In short, "underground" cinema is about to be joined by "underground" television. Implicit in its growth is a rejection, especially by some of the most intelligent young people, of what they are offered by either the commercial or the public service organisations. If they somehow succeed they may be able to make television into a communications system in which the message is no longer unidirectional but engenders a form of dialogue.

Luigi Barzini

Peking to Paris

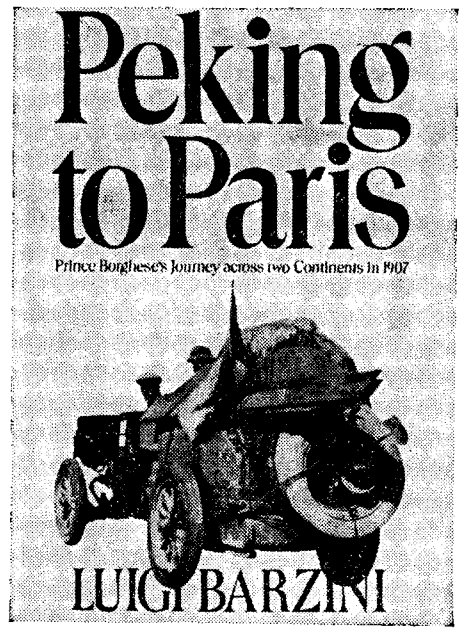
A journey across two Continents in 1907.

"For those who, like me, loathe books of adventure, especially adventure in *cars*, **Peking to Paris** provides a glorious exception. . . . One of the raciest, funniest, gentlest tales imaginable. . . . It is a lovely book, wonderfully evocative. . . ."
JAN MORRIS, **Guardian**

"One can only marvel at Barzini's eye for detail. . . . Arguably the most heroic drive of all time. . . . A wonderfully descriptive and evocative picture of two mysterious countries." MAXWELL BOYD, **Sunday Times**

"Fascinating. . . . Marvellous pictures. . . . Great stuff about doing 60 across the Gobi desert. . . . The real charm of the book is in the people it describes". **Observer**

£5



Alcove Press

59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS Tel: 01-836 4194

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Dr Miller's "Hospital"

IN THE inaugural Marsden Lecture printed in your September issue, Dr Henry Miller writes that, in the provision of community care for the elderly, "the local authorities' performance has been generally poor. Few approach even the national average, to say nothing of the appreciably higher recommended norms. . . ."

Many harsh things can truly be said about our treatment of our old people. But this at least surely cannot be right? I am reminded of that familiar, though rarely expressly stated, principle of incomes policy; that it would be unfair for anyone to have less than the average increase while some cases—that of my group, for instance—are exceptional and must have more!

ANTONY FLEW

Department of Philosophy,
The University of Calgary

NATURALLY I bow to the philosopher, but my statement is correct even if clumsy. Few local authorities approach the national average because a relatively small number devote very many more resources to provision for the elderly than the rest. The norms referred to are not the averages but the targets suggested by the Department of Health and Social Security.

HENRY MILLER

Newcastle upon Tyne

"Just a Little Violence"

PERHAPS this has already come to your attention. In the August 14th issue of *Time* (on pp. 22-23) there is a report on the behaviour of Arthur Bremer, the man who shot Governor Wallace but didn't quite succeed in killing him. The article prints excerpts from Bremer's diary.

> "Could have had enough guns to start a revolution. . . . Fantasied killing Nixon while shooting right over the shoulder of that cop. Yesterday I even considered McGovern. I have to kill somebody, that's how far gone I am. . . . I am one sick assassin. . . ."

Particularly interesting is this entry:

> "*May 4.* Milwaukee. Saw *Clockwork Orange* and thought about getting Wallace all thru the picture. Fantasing myself as the Aleck but without 'my brothers'. Just 'a little of the old ultra violence'. I've decided Wallace would have the honor of—what would you call it? . . ."

Here, at least, is positive proof that viewing a film picturing "the horror of violence" did not shock a man purposing violence out of his insensibility, as John Trevelyan [ENCOUNTER, August] claims the film was supposed to do. The excuses that intellectuals are dreaming up these days to justify the uses of decadence are pitiful.

LAWRENCE SMITH

Brookfield, Conn.

Nisbet's "Radicalism"

ROBERT NISBET, in his article "Radicalism as Therapy" (ENCOUNTER, March) writes accurately of the Old Left's fearful and venomous reaction to what he calls a "reflexive radicalism."

This "reflexive radicalism" was unquestionably a potent force on school campuses in the late 1960s. Its disparate elements—a muddled "inter-personalism," rock music, drugs—constituted an incoherent pop-think which seemed likely to tumble liberals and Old Leftists from their book-walled redoubts. The assault failed, and, as Professor Nisbet reports, this mode of social-political theory is now undergoing serious development by *scholars* in the University.

The threat to the heart and flesh of the University is still very present, however. The newest revolutionaries on campus are dour and disciplined Maoist Communists, a very different breed, who think nothing of breaking up meetings (and heads) which are not to their fancy. The German manifestations of these (decidedly non-reflexive) radicals are well described in Melvin J. Lasky's "Letter from Berlin" [ENCOUNTER, September].

Charles Reich's pathetic ragamuffin children have faded away. Their inevitable successors draw their tactics from the example of street-thugs, not from group-therapy sessions. Old Leftists and others have much to fear in the future from those whose God has, as yet, not failed. Is there not an already antique flavour to Professor Nisbet's analysis, which does not seem to account for the latest, very different phenomenon of radicalism?

GARY M. GILLMAN

McGill University,
Montreal, Canada

Blood & Irony

APROPOS Maurice Cranston's point in his "Ethics and Politics" (June 1972), concerning the changing vocabulary of politics:

> "Now it is becoming increasingly accepted that the word 'violence' may be used either as a neutral or a laudatory word."

It might interest your readers that, after the American *T.V. Guide* had printed the B.B.C. Guidelines for curtailing violence on television, several viewers

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wrote in to say that was all well and good in Britain but—that was for tiny tots: *i.e.* O.K. for

> "the close-knit and somewhat docile society of the British. In an enterprising society such as America, violence seems to be much more a part of our lives."

How does one define, or even identify, "irony" these days?

STELLA SLADE

University of Victoria,
British Columbia

Quote Unquote

JOHN R. LEE, Timothy H. Little and I are preparing a book entitled TEACHING SOCIAL STUDIES IN THE SECONDARY SCHOOL for publication as an original text by The Free Press. Publication probably will take place during 1973. I would like permission to include the extract noted below in this volume and in all future editions of it, this permission to cover publication throughout the world.

If your rights in this title are confined to the United States only, I shall be grateful if you will let me know the name and address of the person or firm to whom I should write to obtain permission throughout the rest of the world.

Please instruct me as to the exact wording of the copyright notice and acknowledgement that is to be used, if you should have some preference in this matter.

Extracts from
Title: *"The Lonely Crowd 20 Years After."*
Author(s): *David Riesman*
Edition: Date of Publication: *Oct 1969.* ENCOUNTER.
Page 36

Quotations:
". . . knowledge proceeds by successive approximations and even by speculations which turn out to be wrong."

PROFESSOR STEPHAN E. ELLENWOOD
The School of Education.
Boston University

[ED. NOTE—*All we can say is yes. . . for knowledge obviously spreads by successive quotations and even by bits-and-pieces which may turn out to be copyright-free.*]

"Aftermath of Empire"

JOHN GRIGG in his "Aftermath of Empire" [ENCOUNTER, June] has made a few observations which should not be allowed to go unchallenged. In the first place Grigg says: "His [Gandhi's] methods probably delayed India's attainment of sovereignty by two or three decades." Grigg implied that India would have attained her sovereignty or independence not in 1947 as she did but in 1917 or 1927. It is only Gandhi's tactics and strategy which prevented India from doing so. Who in this wide world would believe this? Gandhi was almost a nonentity in 1917. It was Tilak who shone on political firmament in India at that time. Gandhi was helping in the war in 1917. How did he delay India attaining sovereignty is for Grigg to explain. No doubt by 1927 Gandhi was the most powerful personality on the Indian political scene but he was so moderate, liberal, generous, forgiving, peaceful and truthful that to charge him as the man who delayed India's sovereignty is nothing short of perversity.

Secondly, Grigg has characterised Congress leaders' attempt to bring the Government down during and after 1942 as "unwise." What was unwise in it? If only Britain had granted independence to India in September 1939 when the World War II broke out not only the War would have been much shorter but also far less bloody than it was, and Britain would have earned the gratitude of India into the bargain. To wrest independence from a foreign power is the birth-right of an enslaved nation. Is there a more opportune time to do so than when she is in a crisis? Not to benefit from the troubles of the enslaving country is rank stupidity. The great depression of 1929 and the World War II were such occasions which India should have utilised. I am glad she did.

Thirdly, Grigg does not seem to believe that Britain pursued a policy of divide-and-rule in India. We Indians do not believe that Mountbatten subscribed to this theory. But by the time he was sent to India Moslems had been so pampered and egged on that nothing short of a complete division of the sub-continent could satisfy them. We argued in vain before the U.P. Moslems, who had nothing to gain from Pakistan, as to what they would gain if Pakistan came into being. But they would simply not listen. I am of the view that collectively people behave suicidally. League passed the resolution demanding Pakistan in 1940, and in a short span of seven years the demand grew so powerful that it had to be conceded. If we had not we would have been charged with the intentions of enslaving the Moslems. But who nursed and fed that demand? Why do such demands not thrive in free India? The then rulers of India thought that by encouraging such centrifugal tendencies they were ensuring their rule over India till eternity. Had those evil-minded rulers got another five years or so they would have developed the demands for Achhutistan, Sikhistan, Rajastan, Christianistan and so on. But alas the forces of history were against them. Otherwise how do we explain the nipping in the bud the demands of Dravidistan and Sikhistan in free India? Some lunatics still raise such demands but they get no encouragement. The invisible nursing hand of the British rule is not there.

Fourthly, Grigg would like us to believe that to the majority of Indians British Raj was tolerable for there were so few Britishers and so many Indians. How could so few rule over so many unless the so many liked them? *Q.E.D.* No doubt in 1947 84% of Indians were illiterate yet they had a robust common sense which told them the oceanic difference between slavery and freedom. Grigg could not have insulted

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us more than by saying that the majority of us tolerated their rule.

R. G. BAJPAI

Principal, Brijindra College
Faridkot, Punjab,
India

AS AN AMERICAN, it was pleasant to read in Mr John Grigg's article, "Aftermath of Empire," that the post-war policy of the United States (like the Soviet Union's) was anti-imperialistic—"that is to say, a determination to see West European nations deprived of their empires." It followed that, to quote him again, "British intransigence over India would thus have meant incurring the hostility of both the post-war giants."

It is true that President Roosevelt was, as Charles E. Bohlen states in his *Transformation of American Foreign Policy*, "morally opposed to British imperialism yet counted upon the power of Great Britain (essentially powerful as the leader of a great empire) as an equal democratic power in the post-war world."

Mr Bohlen, former U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union and France (and the interpreter for two presidents in war-time and post-war conferences), said that Britain's decline in power immediately after the war was "unthinkable and indeed unthought of" in Washington. However, in 1947 the Truman administration has its first intimation of it when the British Embassy in Washington informed the State Department that England could no longer support the Greek and Turkish Governments and that if anyone were to accept the challenge it had to be the United States. That same year both India and Pakistan became independent.

It seems clear that the United States decision to grant military and economic assistance to Greece (at the time waging a civil war against Marcos' Partisans

Bertrand Russell: a Footnote

I MET BERTRAND RUSSELL *some years ago, on two successive afternoons, alone with him in his house in London. He was thin, very frail, and as alert as a sparrow with a phenomenal I.Q. His lucidity was all I had heard it to be. He spoke with meticulous precision, quite slowly, using up long snatches of time to think out his answers before he uttered a word. He would puff on his pipe, or suck on it, or clean it out and light it up while organising his thoughts—then the sentences emerged in a parade of peerless clarities. I have met many brilliant conversationalists in my time, but never have I heard anyone coin so many aphorisms in so short a span of time.*

*But something about him perplexed me: his resolute remoteness, a non-*rapport, *a coldness of manner and an unwarmth of response. I am not alone in feeling these things; Russell's preservation of emotional distance puzzled or offended many who had known him for years. His autobiography offers us striking clues to his personality-structure.*

The book begins with a breath-taking sentence: "Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. . . ."

But in his patch-work account of a remarkable life, gussied up with his correspondence, Lord Russell describes a series of romantic liaisons in which his conduct toward the ladies, young and middle-aged, can only be called rapacious and unbelievably insensitive, especially for one who harboured such "unbearable pity" for the sufferings of others. He was in many ways the very model of the man who "searches for love" but forever doubts, suspects, repels or betrays it.

The type is not uncommon among original, creative minds. The combination of a painfully unhappy childhood (Russell's was evidently a chamber of Gothic horrors) and a retreat into the safer solitude and excitements of egocentrism has been analysed by Freud, who ended by confessing the inadequacy of his hypotheses, and is more doggedly explored, as "schizoid," in Anthony Storr's recent The Dynamics of Creation.

To me, for whatever a comment based on such brief acquaintanceship is worth, Russell was a perfect example of the man who loves Humanity—but not the specimens all around him.

He was one of the commanding intellects of our century, I have read him—on philosophy, education, science, politics—with unfailing respect and profit. But his autobiography persuades me how oddly adolescent he remained in sexuality and how stubbornly credulous in politics, to the very end of his long life. (Let those who admire his utopian politics and honourable pacifism remember that the great philosopher recommended that if the Russians did not accept certain ultimata of concord, the United States should, in the interests of humanity and the future, drop A-Bombs on Moscow.)

I had talked to Russell about an article I wanted him to write on agnosticism, for a series I was editing (for Look *Magazine) on varieties of belief. He sent me a marvellous little essay, unrivalled I think, for clarity and substance. After the article was published in the United States, I mailed him an editorial from the New York* Daily News*: a brief, scorching paragraph that concluded that Lord Russell's opinions proved there* must *be a merciful God—because why else would the famed agnostic, an exponent of free love to boot, still be alive?*

Russell's reply seemed to me a gem of ironic rejoinder. It has not been published before, and is reproduced by permission:

Dear Mr Rosten:

Thank you for sending me the extract from the N.Y. *Daily News*. I think the evidence for the existence of God supplied by my continued

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supported by the Soviet Union *via* Yugoslavia) and Turkey, followed by the announcement of Marshall Plan aid to Europe among other foreign policies, was an *ad hoc* reaction to events. They were hardly, as some modern historians claim, long-planned initial shots in the Cold War. After all, George C. Marshall did invite the Soviet Union to join his programme. Had Foreign Minister Molotov accepted the offer during a subsequent conference in Paris, history might have been differently written. In any case, the United States was obviously too busy fielding challenges from a Russia relentlessly expanding its power in Eastern Europe and elsewhere to have insisted that England, against its will, fold up its colonial empire. Perhaps the basic reason was, following a cost-benefit analysis, simply a point of no returns.

FRANCIS V. ROBERTS

Les Allegres,
La Colle S/ Loup 06,
France

By Leo Rosten

existence is strengthened by the continued existence of the N.Y. *Daily News*. It and I can agree in wishing that His mercy were less infinite. *Yours sincerely,*

BERTRAND RUSSELL

I NEVER FORGOT *two anecdotes Russell told me during my visits with him. The first involved his entrance into prison, during the First World War, which he publicly and passionately opposed—and for which, to England's everlasting shame, he was convicted. "When I reported to the warder," he said (his eyes for the first time changed their objective gravity to twinkle at the memory), "he asked me the customary questions*—name, age, place of residence—*then inquired* 'Religious affiliation?' *.... 'Agnostic,' I replied .... The poor man looked up. 'How do you spell that?' he asked. I spelled 'agnostic' for him. He wrote the word carefully on the prison admission-form; then he sighed, 'Oh, well; there are a great many sects, but I suppose they all worship the same God.' "*

Russell permitted a faintly amused smile to flit across his thin, perpetually-tightened lips.

The next afternoon, we talked about his Why I Am Not A Christian, *and his preference (if he had to choose among all the religions of mankind) for Buddhism, because of its pacific emphasis and the absence of Buddhist inquisitions or crusades or holy wars. He repeated some of the somewhat scathing observations he had made about the history of Christianity. I asked him how he felt not about the Christian faith, or its Pauline transformation, but about Jesus.*

A wry expression (I know no better adjective) crossed Russell's features. He tapped out his pipe, tamped fresh tobacco into it, lighted up, and—as if regretting the need of uttering the most banal platitude—said, "I see no reason for assigning undue importance to the views of an uneducated young Jew who lived almost two thousand years ago."

Hate America First

IN CONNECTION with much current British comment on the American elections, may I offer

AN ACCURATE ARROW AT
ZIGZAGGING ZOMBIES

Anti-Americans angry again,
Brazenly bitching, become Britain's bane.
Critics cry curses, clergymen clown,
Drivelling dons do democracy down.
Eagle, exuberant emblem, examine:
"Fascist fowl, fiendishly favouring famine!"
Gyrations get giddier, Gadarene grow:
"Hell, Hubert Humphrey! Heil, Hanoi Ho!"
Ill-read intellectual indicates ire,
Journalist joins, jejune Jeremiah:
"Kennedy kid's karate KO
Laudably leftist, laid Lyndon low.
Messianic McGovern monopolised mana.
Now Nixon—Negation's necrotic nirvana!"
Or orators often of oiliest odour
Push prayer-wheels past Peking's party pagoda....
Quit querulous queenings, quarrelsome quacks!
Russophile ravings, raw rhymesters, relax!
Stop showbiz slobber!—sillier such
Than teachers' true totalitarian touch:
Unctuous ushers unblushingly use
Vicarious Vietcong veterans' views
Who, with "World! We whites wither while worthless West wrecks!"
Xenophiliacally xerograph "X X X X."
Yet "Yank"-yapping yields your yardstick—Yes, you!
Zionward zoomers?—Zaniest zoo!

TED PAUKER

London

Beloff & Censorship

IT IS NO depreciation of Michael Beloff's sensitive description of the quandaries of the censorship laws [March] to question his conclusions.

> "Rude words, never hurt anyone. . . . Sticks and stones are what break the bones of civilised society."

The trouble with these organic references is that they divorce body from psyche, bones from brains. Psychic damage is real damage and, before "the bones of civilised society" are broken, they are made fragile by attacks on the nervous system that supports them.

GWYNN NETTLER

University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Canada

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXIX

THE INDEX to Volume XXXIX (July-December 1972) is now available and will be sent, free of charge, on application to ENCOUNTER, 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS. Standing orders for future indexes can also be accepted.

Readers who have already applied to be put on the standing order list need not apply again, as they will receive the new index automatically.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

index

on censorship

Double issue 3/4 out now

250 pages 75p

Libel, Privacy & English Law by John Foster and Paul Sieghart.
"Not in Rhodesia's interest" by Judith Todd.
How the Soviet censor works.
Apartheid "the primary homeland" by Nadine Gordimer.
Letter from Australia.
Information control in Brazil.
Intellectual Freedom in France.
Solzhenitsyn's Nobel Prize Speech.
An interview with Brodsky.
Lysohorsky/Sithole/Osadchy/*Indice*.
Index *Index*, a chronicle of intellectual repression around the world.
DOCUMENTS, extracts from official speeches, reports and memos.
BOOK REVIEWS.

Subscription Offer

A free copy of issue No 1 or 2 will be sent to all who use this form to start a subscription to Index. Choose now and get your 1973 copies promptly and regularly.

Subscription rate: 1 year or 4 issues £2 ($7).
3 years or 12 issues £5 ($18).

THE TIMES "Index does not merely record the facts of repression and protest but offers real insight into the experience of living under tyranny".

To Index (SubsEnc), 35 Bow St, London, WC2R 7AU. (01-240 2254).

I wish to receive a free copy of Index No 1/2 (choose) and to subscribe to Index.

I enclose £2 ($7) for 1 year ☐ *please tick*
£5 ($18) for 3 years ☐ *box*

Cheques or Money Orders payable to Index

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Name.....

Address .....

.....

AUTHORS

D. N. Segre is Visiting Associate Professor of Political Science at Haifa University. His most recent book is *Israel: A Society in Transition* (OUP, 1971). **J. H. Adler** is Associate Professor of Physiology at the Hebrew University Hadassah Medical School, Jerusalem. . . .

Julius Telesin is a Russian mathematician who in 1970 left the U.S.S.R. to live in Israel. He is currently teaching at St Andrews University. He was an activist in Moscow *samizdat* and human rights circles, as described in his foreword to Peter Reddaway's *Uncensored Russia* (Cape). . . .

Paul Overy is the author of books on *Manet*, *De Stijl*, and *Kandinsky*. He was art critic for *The Listener* from 1966–68, and since then has written regularly for the *Financial Times*, *New Society*. . . .

Derwent May is Literary Editor of *The Listener*. His latest novel, *The Laughter in Djakarta*, will be published later this year by Chatto & Windus. . . .

Edward Lucie-Smith has written art criticism for the *New Statesman*, *The Listener*, *The Times* and the *Sunday Times*, and used to be a regular member of the BBC Critics. His books on art (he is also the author of three volumes of poetry) include *Movements in Art Since 1945*. . . .

Denys Sutton is Editor of *Apollo* and art critic to the *Financial Times*. He is the author of books on Bonnard, Derain, Rodin, and Whistler, and edited the recent *Letters of Roger Fry*. . . .

Anthony Powell, best known as a novelist and author of the "Music of Time" sequence, also writes on art for *Apollo*. His most recent book, *Temporary Kings*, will be published by Heinemann later this year. . . .

Pierre Schneider is art critic for *L'Express* in Paris. His ENCOUNTER articles on visits to the Louvre with Miró, Giacometti, and Steinberg (March 1965, March 1966, March 1968) were included in his *Louvre Dialogues* (1971). . . .

Sebastian Haffner, formerly leader writer for *The Observer* in London, now writes a regular column for *Stern* (Hamburg). His latest book *Failure of a Revolution: Germany 1918–1919*, will shortly be published by André Deutsch (UK) and the Library Press (USA). . . .

Richard Lowenthal, who wrote regularly for ENCOUNTER, is at present Visiting Fellow at All Souls, Oxford.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS to David Holden's article on Ethiopia have been taken from David Buxton's *Travels in Ethiopia* (1949) and Hans Helfritz's. *Äthopien, Kunst im Verborgenen* (1972).

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London

RESURRECTION: Ian Brady, the Moors killer, is changing for the better in prison, the Earl of Longford said in Manchester last night.

He had visited Brady "very recently" and although he showed no sign of remorse the fact that Brady received him at all was a hopeful sign.

"I believe he could be helped to become completely normal, given psychiatric treatment. He is showing great interest in literature, especially the work of Tolstoy. His way to truth and peace will come through Tolstoy if at all."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

FASHIONS IN WORDS: *Several words are jostling for the honour of "vogue word of 1972" [several readers write]. I think the favourite is "simplistic". For a dark horse I give you "lifestyle". I don't believe that journalists are the main offenders. It is amusing to see how left-wing intellectuals and radio and television pundits naively flock to use the latest words and expressions (e.g., "things like this") and then drop them again (back to "things like that") as usage percolates ever lower. . . . I add "parameter" and "paradigm" as journalistic vogue words. And what about phrases? Put it this way, at the end of the day, that's the way it is. . . . But has it got credibility?*

THE TIMES

London

BEYOND FRANGLAIS: *The authors of the new Harrap Dictionary have produced an outstanding piece of Anglo-French scholarship [writes Professor John Weightman]. Because of the change of atmosphere in England, obscene words and expressions necessary for the understanding of everyday French conversation are included for the first time. As a test, I have just listened to the radio for half-an-hour and noted a few modern terms at random. The two volumes stand up very well to the experiment.* Les grandes surfaces (*supermarkets*) *is in: the uninitiated would be able to deduce that* les petits porteurs *are not "diminutive porters" but "small investors",* visionner un film (*to preview*) *and* l'écoute *in the sense of radio or television audience are both given. But* les media (*singular,* le media!) *is missing and so is* le racisme boomerang (*backlash*). *However, the Editors are no doubt already at work on the next supplement and have noted these terms, but one of the major difficulties is to know which of the new expressions are going to survive and which will fade out. They don't give* l'industrie pondéreuse, *which I have heard occasionally in the sense of* l'industrie lourde (*heavy industry*)—*unless French is spontaneously evolving three grades:* légère, lourde, pondéreuse?—*and perhaps they are right to leave it out. Any dictionary is a gallant attempt to fix the unfixable.*

THE OBSERVER

Hanoi

UNTROUBLED FICTION: *Boys and girls in their last year at Hanoi High School began taking their final examinations the other day—[writes Anthony Lewis].*

"The young hero Le Ma Luong has said 'The most beautiful life is on the front line against the enemy.' That is also the thought of the present Ho Chi Minh young generation.

"Please explain why such a thought is entirely correct. You must rely on poems and writings from the period of resistance against the French and the Americans, for national salvation, to demonstrate that our literature has reflected that most beautiful thought.

"Speaking of realistic literature during the period 1930 to 1945, Truong Chinh [a leading present member of the Politburo] pointed out that 'in that realistic development there were literary works which reached relatively good levels of thought and action, unmasking the brutal and rotten face of the colonialist and feudalist systems, describing the misery suffered by various strata of our people who were turning their thoughts to revolution.'

"Relying on different works of realistic literature in the period 1930 to 1945, please demonstrate the above assessment and show these works in relationship with our present struggle. . . ."

NEW YORK TIMES

London

OBIT: *Both the British short story and the British essay [David Cante writes] have died alongside their nanny, the serious magazine. On entering a bookshop in Paris, Munich or Milan, or even on approaching a newsstand, you will immediately be struck by the generous display of general magazines willing to do justice to serious subjects. In other words the genre represented almost exclusively in this country by* ENCOUNTER *is developed on the Continent with dazzling ideological variety. But a British writer who wishes to explore an abstract or speculative theme in more than 2,000 words can either cut it or forget it.*

THE TIMES

Boston

THE VERSE IS YET TO COME: Composer Leonard Bernstein has assumed the Charles Eliot Norton professor of poetry chair at Harvard University.

Harvard president Derek C. Bok said that Mr Bernstein will serve as a full professor for one year and deliver at least six public lectures on poetry during his term. The lectures will be illustrated with musical performances by various groups including the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Harvard Glee Club.

The Norton chair was established in 1925. The term poetry is used in the broadest sense to include all poetic expressions in language, music or the fine arts.

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irène Lagut, Portrait of Apollinaire, 1919

'Most writing on art is done by people who are not artists—thus all the misconceptions'—Delacroix.

THE DOCUMENTS OF 20TH-CENTURY ART make available the most significant and revealing writings of the artists of our time, many of which have never before been published in English. Each book contains commentaries, a bibliography and a chronology, and in most cases rare or unusual illustrations also form an important part. The well-known painter and art historian Robert Motherwell acts as general editor of the series and Bernard Karpel, Chief Librarian at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, fulfils an invaluable role as documentary editor.

'Irreplaceable documents for anybody interested in the history of art since the Fauves': so *Apollo* greeted the first two volumes in the series, **My Galleries and Painters** by Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, with an introduction by John Russell, and **Dialogues with Marcel Duchamp** by Pierre Cabanne, with a preface by Salvador Dali (each cloth £2.50, paper £1.25). Professor LeRoy C. Breunig's **Apollinaire on Art: Essays and Reviews 1902–18** (cloth £6.00, paper £2.95) is equally rewarding: 'If the student will read this one volume he will find that he has saved himself many hours of library research'—Douglas Cooper, in *The Cubist Epoch*. In **My Life in Sculpture** (£4.00) by Jacques Lipchitz, published in October, the great sculptor recounts his long and eventful life with eloquence and a delightful informality. Further expansion of the series is planned during 1973, to include **Picasso on Art**, edited by Dore Ashton and illustrated with Picasso's own book designs (cloth £3.00, paper £1.50); **The Blaue Reiter Almanac**, edited by Wassily Kandinsky and Franz Marc (cloth £3.75, paper £1.95); **Constructivism** edited by Stephen Bann (cloth £3.75, paper £1.95); and **Functions of Painting** by Fernand Léger, edited by Edward F. Fry (cloth £3.75, paper £1.95). As Andrew Forge has written, **THE DOCUMENTS OF 20TH-CENTURY ART** series is 'a really valuable departure, one which will be of great use to students for a long time to come'.

For further information on new titles write to **Thames and Hudson,** 30 Bloomsbury Street, London WC1B 3QP.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED